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A DIPLOMATIST IN THE EAST

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A DIPLOMATIST IN EUROPE

A DIPLOMATIST IN THE EAST

By the Right Hon.

SIR ARTHUR H. HARDINGE
P.C., G.C.M.G., K.C.B., M.A.



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A DIPLOMATIST IN THE EAST

CHAPTER I

CONSTANTINOPLE

At the beginning of 1889, my three years' residence in Russia reached its close, for I received orders from the Foreign Office to join the Staff of our Embassy at Constantinople. I was naturally sorry to leave my kind chief, Sir Robert Morier, who was so good as to address to Lord Salisbury a very flattering report upon my services. But from another point of view, I was strongly attracted by the prospects of seeing more of the Near East, and especially of Greece, in which I had, for many years, even before I first went to Russia, longed to travel. I had tried, in fact, before my first appointment to the British Legation in Spain, to be sent to Athens; and I now had the prospect of being able, from the shores of the Bosphorus, to visit those of Hellas, and to become a close spectator of the shifting scenes in Eastern politics, which in Russia I had only followed at a distance.

My new chief, Sir William White, was a man of remarkable ability and energy; I was indeed fortunate in serving, one after another, three of our most brilliant diplomats, Morier, White, and Evelyn Baring, afterwards Earl of Cromer. White, himself a north of Ireland man, but an earnest and loyal Roman Catholic, bore, in many ways, a striking resemblance to Morier, and his knowledge of the Nearer East, in which most of his career had been spent, was as abundant and minute as was Morier's of Central Europe, and especially of Germany. He had begun his official life as a Consul at Danzig in Prussian Poland, and had then been, successively, British Minister at Belgrade and at Bucharest. He had represented at Constantinople, whilst awaiting the arrival there of Sir Edward

Thornton in 1885, British interests at the Conference of Tophané, which sanctioned, largely owing to his own able defence, the union of Eastern Rumelia to Bulgaria, and had been rewarded, after Thornton's resignation, by being appointed his successor at the Porte. He had been for some years married to a German lady, by whom he had a son named Nevill, and a very attractive daughter, Leila, who became the wife of a Swedish diplomatist, Monsieur de Geijer, and, after the latter's death, of the fourth Lord Abinger. In appearance he was tall, broad-shouldered, and burly, with a bushy white beard, a deep resonant voice, and he spoke English with a marked north of Ireland intonation. He had not many distinctive British tastes, was a little contemptuous of the English passion for outdoor games, and sometimes confounded tennis and cricket. Though omniscient in regard to the Slav languages and politics of Eastern Europe, he was himself unfamiliar with Turkish, and was, therefore, less intimate with the Mohammedan aspects of the Eastern question than with the views of those mainly Slavonic and Orthodox nationalities, which had, as a result of the Treaty of Berlin, become Christian self-governing kingdoms.

He believed that the attempts made by Russia to reduce Bulgaria to vassalage had profoundly alarmed these new-born States, that Austria had rather forfeited their goodwill by acquiring Bosnia, and that Bulgaria, some of whose leading statesmen had imbibed Liberal views in the American 'Robert College' on the Bosphorus and other more advanced Nihilistic doctrines in the Russian Universities, could, if they were judiciously handled, be converted into a barrier against a Muscovite absorption of the Balkans. He also thought that Greece, enlarged by the acquisi-

tion of Thessaly and Epirus, but still dependent in the main on the goodwill of the great Western Powers, whose fleets, as had recently happened, were able to blockade her coasts, might be won, in spite of her Queen's Russian birth and sympathies, and persuaded to support a pacific foreign policy, at once Conservative and Nationalist, throughout the entire Nearer East.

In the Armenian and other purely Eastern Mediterranean questions, Sir William White took a somewhat lesser interest, except in so far as they furnished a pretext for Russian interference; for he spoke no Oriental language, nor had he, so far as I am myself aware, ever paid much attention to Mohammedan history or law. With the Austrian Ambassador, Baron Calice, who was married to an English lady, and with the German Count Radowitz and his Russian wife, he was on very friendly terms; for, as France gradually seemed to be drawing nearer to Russia, England tended more and more to a closer co-operation with the Triple Alliance of Austria, Germany and Italy. With the Russian Ambassador, Monsieur de Nelidoff, a stately long-bearded gentleman of the cautious Muscovite school, which is peculiarly secretive in the East, Sir William's relations were polite, rather than really friendly.

Our diplomatic staff was a large one. Mr. Fane, a distant connection by marriage of my own, was First Secretary. Gerard Lowther, a brother of the late Speaker of the House of Commons, and afterwards White's own successor at the Porte, was head of the Chancery. My first cousin, Charles Hardinge, Mr. Findlay, I myself, Mr. des Graz, and Mr. Jolliffe (now Lord Hylton) formed the secretarial staff, and lived during the winter in the Embassy at Pera, a charm-

ing old Turkish house at Therapia on the Bosphorus, which had been occupied in the old days by Lord Stratford. Here we had a mess and a good cook, and entertained colleagues and other friends.

The life at Therapia was pleasanter than at Constantinople. We kept horses, and had delightful rides in the Belgrade Forest, bathed regularly in the warm waters of the Bosphorus, and played tennis in the gardens of the various Embassies and Legations which moved thither, or as the Russians did, to Buyukdere, a short distance farther to the north, situated across a pretty bay.

When I first began my work at Constantinople, Said Pasha, who had reversed the Liberal policy inaugurated in 1874 by Midhat, in the hope of averting war with Russia, had been just succeeded by Kiamil Pasha, a polite and dignified native of Cyprus, whom Sir William used, now and then, playfully to claim as a British subject, and therefore as one of his own countrymen. Though a dignified, amply-bearded Turk, he was friendly to Europeans, and free from any tendency towards fanaticism. Unfortunately, the agitation which had broken out among the Armenians, not so much in Asia Minor as in European Turkey, in favour of the greater liberty claimed by them, as promised in the Treaty of Berlin, became more and more pressing, while their grievances in the Eastern vilayets of Anatolia, and even more so in Kurdistan, undoubtedly called every day for more and more drastic redress. A Kurdish chief named Mussa Bey was tried at Stamboul – I attended the proceedings myself – for atrocities committed on Armenian villages, and condemned to imprisonment, to be followed by banishment from his native province. In the year following his condemnation, demonstrations

organized by the Constantinople Armenians alarmed the timid Sultan, who began to encroach, on the ground of their assumed disloyalty, upon the rights and privileges enjoyed by them as a Christian 'millet' or more or less recognized self-governing religious body. Its rights had been confirmed, not merely by Mohammed II, when he conquered Constantinople, but also by the Hatti Sherif of Gulhané and the somewhat later Hatti Humayun of Sultan Abdul Majid II. The sympathies expressed for the Armenians by the acute pro-Turk zealots in England, which Kiamil was accused by his enemies of sharing, inspired his suspicious Sovereign with a constantly increasing distrust, and four years later, in 1893, brought about his final downfall. His successor, Jevad Pasha, Vali of Crete, became a mere tool in his Imperial master's supple hands. From that time – and in this lies the importance of the change of Viziers – the Porte became entirely subject to the personal despotism of Abdul Hamid. Its functions had no doubt been long performed in a sluggish and dilatory fashion. Correspondence with the Porte was long and inconclusive: its archives, instead of being docketed, classified, and arranged in accordance with their dates, were, I believe, never properly put together, but left lying loose in large bags made of canvas, whose contents, when a paper or reference was wanted, were tumbled in confusion on the floor of the room in the Porte which was believed to contain the particular document required.

A good deal of our work was concerned with the famous Capitulations, which had protected, ever since the sixteenth century – but have now, to the discredit of the Great Powers of Europe, ceased to do so – the rights of foreign subjects against oppression at the

hands of the Ottoman authorities and tribunals. They had, it must be owned, in some degree permitted the powers of the foreign Consulates to be abused, for they frequently supported Levantine adventurers in pressing claims to protection at the hands of European Embassies, which were not, strictly speaking, defensible. The drafting of documents intended to justify these claims was often entrusted to me, and some of them were rather peculiar. After preparing a powerful statement on behalf of a native of Galata, who bore the scarcely Anglo-Saxon surname of Dimitrake, and proudly citing Lord Palmerston's 'Civis Romanus sum,' I had, for example, to defend a still more interesting case, that of the heirs of a Scio family, who at the time of the massacres in that island, during the Greek insurrection of 1826, had been put up to auction as slaves, while several of its members had been purchased and freed by a charitable English lady, Mrs. Abbott. Their contention was that a slave had no personal rights of his own, for his original nationality was merged or absorbed in that of the master or mistress who bought him, just as cattle, sheep, or other goods passing by sale from an Ottoman to a British subject ceased to be Turkish and became British property. The whole question of the Moslem law of slavery in Turkey was so complex that a decision of the point was not easy, but, if I am not mistaken, the Porte accepted our contention that the slave's purchase by Mrs. Abbott was valid, and that, as she herself was an Englishwoman, her national character would extend to any movable property, such as furniture, live stock and slaves, although by the local law of England, the latter might, if they wished it, claim their freedom. Several of these questions had been

argued, without ever being settled, for many years. When the Porte was hard pressed or reluctant to yield a point, it could change a local Vali, or appoint a new one, who would take several years to examine the question, and when he was transferred elsewhere, his successor would gravely recommence the interminable game.

The right of Great Britain to protect Moslem British Indians or Afghans; of France to protect Algerians and Tunisians; and of Russia to protect Moslem natives of the Russian Central Asian Khanates, was another frequent bone of contention between the Christian European Powers and the Porte, and was complicated by the revival, in the days of Abdul Hamid II, of his claim to be the Caliph, or Commander of the Faithful, throughout the entire Sunni world. It dated from the time of Selim I and rested on two foundations. One was the transfer to that monarch, when he conquered Egypt, of the powers, in themselves somewhat vague and indefinite, of the last of the Abbasside puppet Caliphs, Mutewakil Ullah, who declared Selim to be his own legal successor, and handed to him, in that capacity, certain relics of his own sacred predecessors, a cloak or robe, a sword, and some hairs of the Prophet's beard, preserved, ever since their presentation, in the Mosque of Eyub, the only one in the vast city of Stamboul which a Christian was forbidden, as late as my own stay there, to enter. The second ground of his pretension was the ownership acquired in right of conquest, also by Sultan Selim I, of the 'Haramein' or two great cities of the Hejaz, Mecca the home of the Prophet, and Medina, where he died and was interred. This claim to the Caliphate was contested by the Idrisite Sultan of Morocco, but the latter's pretensions Abdul Hamid

somewhat contemptuously disregarded, with much the same indifference as that which he affected towards the Shiah rulers of Persia. But, as his hold over the Christian European populations of the Balkan Peninsula relaxed, he clung more closely to his dream of restoring the Caliphate of Islam and himself ruling the greater part of the Mohammedan world from Yildiz Kiosk. Indian Moslem personages were encouraged to pay him visits, and one of these delighted him by substituting, when he entered the Imperial presence, for the courtly phrases which the later Sultans had copied or adopted from the more polished etiquette of Persia and of Europe the simple salutation of the early Moslems to Abubeker and Omar, 'Selam aleik! ya Emir al Mumenin!' ('Peace be to thee, O Commander of the Faithful.')

I saw Sultan Abdul Hamid II several times, once at a great levee at the Dolma Baghche Palace; on other occasions when he drove to the midday prayers at a mosque in the neighbourhood. I was presented to him and had some slight conversation with him, after a banquet which he gave to Admiral Tryon when that officer paid on his flagship a visit to Constantinople. At the levee at the Dolma Baghche Palace he seemed quite impassive. A long series of Pashas passed before him, bowing as they did so almost to the ground and kissing the end of a long ribbon, of what Turkish order I do not recollect, which hung from his shoulder; but he paid little attention to them, not even to Ismail Pasha, the deposed Khedive of Egypt, then living in exile on the Bosphorus, on whom he gazed somewhat contemptuously, as though that once powerful potentate were a mere unimportant stranger in the crowd of salaaming, fezzed and uniformed officials passing one after another before him.

When the ex-Khedive bent almost to the earth, in order to kiss the star of the Imperial ribbon, Abdul Hamid stared impassively, without the slightest sign of recognition, at the fallen successor of Mohammed Ali, the founder of that once powerful Albanian dynasty which had wrested Egypt and Syria from the Porte. When the Sultan went in State to prayers on Fridays, some of these portly Pashas were wont to run in tight uniforms behind their Imperial master's carriage, and arrived in a breathless and somewhat liquid state. At the banquet given to Admiral Tryon, I sat not very far from the Commander of the Faithful, and was able to watch all the movements of his markedly Oriental face, Semitic rather than Turkish or Aryan, whose features were obviously those of his Armenian mother; for he belonged, on her side, to that curious and intelligent people, of which he was destined to prove so relentless and cruel a scourge. He conversed alternately with Sir William and Lady White, and with Admiral Tryon, through Munir Bey, the Court interpreter, who, with many bows and salaams to the guests and to their Imperial host, repeated what seemed to be mainly conventional compliments, although as the wine went the round of the European guests this rather forced dialogue became increasingly cheerful. But what rather won my heart was the Padishah's reception of an unfortunate young flag-lieutenant on Admiral Tryon's ship, who, owing to some misunderstanding, had lost his way, and had only got to Yildiz Kiosk in the middle of dinner, looking horribly embarrassed and nervous as to what his chief would say to so grave a piece of unpunctuality. When the Sultan, however, saw the youth enter, searching with his eyes for an empty place, he rose, interrupting his conversation

with the British Ambassador, and from his seat beckoned to the young officer, in order to indicate the vacant place reserved for him. After the banquet, the Admiral was given, at a reception upstairs, a high Turkish decoration, and I was myself formally presented to him, with many other minor guests. Our short conversation was purely formal, but the Sultan, who spoke in a low, soft voice, was very affable and courteous.

I remember another instance of a similar kindly sympathy with foreign guests. Lord Alington, who was a distant connection of mine by marriage, one of his daughters, Miss Winifred Sturt, having married my first cousin Charles Hardinge, then one of the Secretaries at Constantinople, came out to pay a visit to Mrs. Hardinge, bringing with her one of her sisters. The Sultan, learning that Lord Alington was a British Peer, and a well-known friend of the Prince of Wales, conceived him to be a personage of great political importance. A special train was sent to meet him at the Turco-Bulgarian frontier; and as soon as his party had arrived on the Bosphorus, they were received on behalf of His Imperial Majesty in almost Ambassadorial state. A dinner was given in their honour, Lady White being invited to meet them; and they were afterwards, of course without Lord Alington, asked to visit the Imperial harem. The English ladies all received decorations. Lady White being given by the Sultan the First and Mrs. Hardinge the Second Class of the Shefakat, or Turkish 'Order of Female Virtue,' a compliment which, as she afterwards observed to a friend, 'was of a somewhat doubtful character.' Miss Mildred Sturt, Lord Alington's youngest daughter, who was subsequently married to General Lord Chelsea, and, after his death, to Sir Hedworth Lamb-

ton, displayed a certain shyness in playing a piece of music before the Sultan; he, however, bestowed on her a medal for excellence in the fine arts, because, as His Imperial Majesty politely observed, 'ses intentions avaient été bonnes.'

The curiously suspicious character of the Sultan was exhibited in an almost ludicrous fashion by the strange dislike with which he appears to have regarded a pack of harriers kept by a number of European secretaries of the Embassies and Legations, for the purpose of hunting in the country between Constantinople and the so-called 'sweet waters' of Europe. This suspicion, which was communicated to the members of the subscription pack, one of them being myself, appeared at first sight incomprehensible, when it was explained to us by Hobé Pasha, a German officer in the Turkish service. It appeared that one of the favourite meets of the hounds was situated in the immediate vicinity of a country house, in reality a secret State prison, occupied by Prince Rashid Effendi, who, in his capacity of senior Prince of the House of Othman, was, according to the Turkish succession law, the heir apparent to the Imperial throne. Some mischief-maker among the numerous spies had suggested to the Sultan that these frequent gatherings of mounted Europeans, in the immediate neighbourhood of the residence occupied by his future successor, might prove dangerous, should the huntsmen conceive the idea of capturing and then proclaiming him as Sovereign; nor was it without some difficulty that these preposterous suspicions were dispelled. It had been suggested by their authors that the hounds could meet in the forest of Belgrade, nor was it easy to satisfy the creators of this legend that its dense woods and thickets were unsuitable for runs How the difficulty was adjusted I

do not myself remember; for soon after it was raised, I had to leave Constantinople; but the absurdity of the Imperial suspicions was very typical of Abdul Hamid. He had never forgotten the deportation and tragic death of his predecessor, Abdul Aziz, which he was afterwards said to have avenged by sending its chief author, Midhat Pasha, to die of starvation at Taif in Arabia.

As Bulgaria gradually settled down under its new Prince, albeit still unrecognized by Russia and by the Porte, international problems began to play a less conspicuous part on the Bosphorus, and during the first year of my residence at Pera and Therapia, our most troublesome question was that of Crete, where two populations of mainly Hellenic race and language, one Mohammedan and the other Greek Christian, were engaged in continual strife. After the conclusion of the Treaty of Berlin, an arrangement known as the 'pact of Halepa' (a suburb of the Cretan capital Canea) had sought to modify an older 'Organic Law' providing that its Vali should hold his office for five years. He might be either a Christian or a Moslem, for the two creeds were a good deal more evenly balanced than in Syria, so long the scene of civil strife between Christian Maronites, Druses and Mohammedans, but he and his deputy might not profess the same faith, and he himself must moreover be assisted by a Council or Assembly of eighty members, in which the Christians, as possessing a numerical majority of eighteen, were for the time being predominant, any surplus of revenue over expenditure being divided between the Imperial and local administrations. But the successful achievement of the union between Eastern Rumelia and Bulgaria in 1885 had reacted upon Crete, and produced a powerful movement for the union of that island

with Greece. The opposition to the Greek Christian Vali, Karatheodory Pasha, now assumed a new and singular form; for the dissatisfied members of the Assembly withdrew from its deliberations and took to brigandage and other forms of plunder and looting within their respective districts. The Porte, incensed by this novel political strike, retaliated by abrogating the pact of Halepa, and supporting the Mohammedan Governor against the agitation kept up by the Christians and Panhellenists. The distracted island thus became a prey to continual disorders – a sort of Oriental Ireland without a genuine grievance. These disorders the Porte and the counsels of the Great European Powers were alike unable to restrain and they continued for nearly ten years. Sir William White took a keen interest in the Cretan question: so much so that one night, when he dined at our Secretaries' mess, he arrived with a cipher telegram from Canea in his hands, and, to our great concern, as we feared that a delay would spoil the dinner which we had very carefully prepared in his honour, set two of us to decipher it at once.

As in Russia, so in Turkey, I eagerly seized every occasion to make myself personally acquainted with those parts of the country which were easily accessible from Constantinople; and for this purpose, as well as with a view to earning the allowance of £100 for knowledge of Turkish, to lose no chance of improving my acquaintance with the language. My first expedition, to the vilayet of Khodavendikiar, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, in which the seat of Government was Brussa, the Ottoman capital during the period immediately preceding the capture of Constantinople by Mohammed II, was saddened by a tragic experience. My travelling companion was an old Balliol friend

named Malcolm Macmillan, the son of the distinguished publisher, who combined an attractive personality with considerable literary ability. After spending a couple of nights at Brussa, and inspecting its historic mosques and other sites, we determined to ascend Mount Olympus, and after visiting Isnik, the ancient Nicæa of the great Œcumenical Council, to return to Therapia by way of Ismid. Starting on horseback at eight in the morning from Brussa, with a Consular cavass as our guide, we reached the foot of Olympus at midday and resolved to climb the mountain before luncheon and enjoy the view from its highest peak. There was no single or regular path, and as I myself was both younger and much lighter than my companion, I soon got ahead of Macmillan without realizing that I had lost sight of him, and in less than forty minutes I arrived at the top of the mountain, and looked for some time at the magnificent panorama of the Mysian Plain and the distant outlines of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus.

On returning to the spot where I had left our horses and cavass, I found that my companion had not yet returned, and decided to wait till he did so before opening our luncheon basket. As some time passed without his reappearance, I did so, and demolished a portion of its contents; but, as the afternoon wore on, and no sign of him was visible, I began to wonder if he had taken a wrong path and perhaps lost his way. After waiting till nearly four o'clock, I began to feel a little uneasy, and suggested to our cavass that it might perhaps be prudent to obtain a guide from a small body of Albanian shepherds, who were, so he told me, in charge of the Sultan's large flocks, and lived in a few huts which we had passed at a short distance from the point at which we first dismounted. One of these men,

a grey-bearded old Albanian, declared himself ready to go with me, and together we explored on horseback, and on foot, when the paths were too rugged, the whole of the summit of the mountain.

Towards evening a thick mist came on, and we found it rather hard to see our way. I began moreover to fear that Macmillan might have slipped and injured a foot or ankle; but the old shepherd insisted that it was useless and even dangerous to go on searching the summit of Olympus in a dense and deepening fog, and that my missing friend had probably returned by some other way to the camping-ground occupied by the shepherds. As, on reaching the latter, I was told that he had not yet reappeared, I directed the cavass to return to Brussa, with a request to our Vice-Consul to send me, as early as he could next day, some Zaptiehs, or, if possible, soldiers, not because I then seriously feared that Macmillan had met with foul play on the part of the Albanians, but because I thought that the sight of Turkish uniforms would stimulate their energies and prevent them from slackening in their search. I accordingly asked the old shepherd to allow me to sleep on a rug in his hut, to which he quite willingly consented, and fairly early on the following morning, a small detachment of Zaptiehs and regulars appeared upon the scene, and explored with me, but to no purpose, all the ground we had traversed on the previous afternoon.

It was not till we returned, a few hours later, to the shepherds' encampment, that I suspected that Macmillan had met with foul play: for, a few minutes after I rejoined them, a party of schoolboys from Brussa, accompanied by a tutor, whose shaven face and chin proclaimed him a Roman Catholic clergyman, appeared upon the scene and accepted an offer of

refreshment made to him by one of the shepherds. As the latter crowded round us, seated on the grass, and conversing with one another in a strange dialect, to me unintelligible, but certainly not Turkish, I suddenly noticed an expression of anger on the young priest's face, followed by some hot words uttered in a language which was, I found, Albanian. 'These men,' he said, turning towards me, 'are robbers: do not trust them. I myself am a Catholic Albanian, and I heard them describing in our language the chances of acting as guides to our party up Olympus, and then robbing us. When one of them objected that we might perhaps resist, another suggested, also in his own language, that several shepherd guides might join us, might take us, without attracting our attention to the fact, along different or opposite and not easily discoverable paths in several directions; where we could, with impunity, be robbed or killed. I told them,' continued the priest, 'that I was myself a "Skipetar" (the native word for Arnaut or Albanian) and understood their language and intentions; but they tried to laugh me off, on the pretext that the whole proposal was merely a joke! Do not believe it,' he said: 'they are murderers and have very likely killed the English traveller who came up the mountain with you, and whose traces you are trying to find.'

That afternoon and the whole of the following day were devoted to a fruitless exploration of the mountain, and I began to be horribly anxious, and resolved to go to Brussa for further help. I did not get much from the authorities. A Turkish *Juge d'instruction*, who had been ordered to take my depositions, and had probably derived his conceptions of European life from French novels, was evidently of opinion that I had slain Macmillan in a *drame passionel* prompted by

jealousy, selecting, as a means of evading detection, the silent summit of Olympus; and I felt that, but for the Capitulations, I have might been hanged for the wilful murder of my friend, as the result of a Turkish jury's verdict, after a charge full of criticism of Frankish morals, by a Turkish Judge steeped in the latest *drames d'amour* of the Boulevards and theatres of Paris. The Vali of Brussa, a grave, long-bearded Osmanli, was far too polite to suggest so unkind an explanation. He preferred the hypothesis of a bear, of which there were, he thought, many in the mountains. I accordingly returned for a few days to Constantinople bringing back with me Mr. Adam Block, our second dragoman, in whose company I rode for many days all over the neighbourhood of Olympus, and throughout its smaller villages and towns, such as, for example, Ainegol. A suggestion which would, if it had been possible to listen, have most probably brought an end to the trouble was made by an Armenian Government official, who suggested that the shepherds should be put to the torture. It was not until many years later, when I was acting as Commissioner in East Africa, that the real truth was made known to me by my old colleague and successor at Madrid (Mr., now Sir Maurice de Bunsen), then Councillor of Embassy at the Porte. An Albanian Christian confessed to a priest of his Church on his death-bed, that he had murdered Malcolm Macmillan in order to rob him, and had buried him in a depression on the summit of Olympus. The actual circumstances attendant on this murder I never heard; but I have little doubt that the assassin tried to seize his victim's watch or purse, and in meeting with vigorous resistance – for Macmillan was a strong and active man, who would certainly have sold his life dearly – stabbed or shot him, and then con-

cealed or buried his body. These Albanian shepherds on the coast of Anatolia think nothing of taking human life, and a party of them had already attacked two English naval officers, one of whom died on being taken back badly wounded to his ship, in a quarrel due to the refusal of their Albanian owners to call off some fierce, troublesome sheep-dogs.

A few months later I accompanied a Fellow of my College, Dr. Headlam, now Bishop of Gloucester, who was interested in the Oriental churches, and a colleague, Mr. Marling, attached, if I remember rightly, at that time to the British Legation at Athens, to the famous monastic community of Mount Athos. I obtained a letter from the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, which we presented to the heads of the Monastic Commonwealth, at the seat of its central administration, and which ensured us a courteous and indeed hearty welcome. The Russian monasteries, in one of which, as also in the Greek one, we stayed, were the most luxurious, and their work and influence were in some measure political, and sought to extend the popularity of Russia as the champion of Orthodox Christianity throughout the Nearer East. I need not here describe scenes and manners familiar to all students of the Levant. Here and there little touches amused me, the detestation, for instance, felt for Athos by the Ottoman official who represented the authority of the Porte, and had been transferred from the Paris Embassy to a residence in this cœnobitic world, from which even hens were said to be excluded. He was not allowed to introduce into it even his lawful spouse, and was therefore obliged to leave her on a neighbouring peninsula. Every day he had to cross the gulf to his work on Mount Athos, a journey which, as he suffered seriously from sea-sick-

ness, constituted a continually recurrent form of torture. Another feature which provoked our merriment was the English of a worthy Ionian monk, who was directed to show Headlam and myself over the monastery of which he was an inmate. Bred for the Church in an Ionian religious community, he had afterwards served as a common sailor on a British merchant vessel, and had acquired on the forecastle an idiomatic knowledge of the English language, which constantly landed him in some strange *lapsus linguæ*; for he applied, with perfect gravity, to every member of that holy institution, apparently in an eulogistic sense or intention, the coarse epithet originally bestowed by the Orthodox Greeks on the Bulgarian heretics, and euphemistically described by Dr. Johnson as 'a term of endearment among sailors.'

In December, 1889, I was sent on a mission to 'Giaour Ismir,' or 'Infidel Smyrna' as the Turks termed it, in view of its predominant Hellenic population, and I enjoyed there the hospitality of its kind Consul-General, Mr. Holmwood. The question on which I was asked to confer with him, was whether the ancient Consulate-General, a large rambling building, dating from the days of the old Smyrna Company, which contained an Anglican church and a Consular court, as well as offices, should be sold, and a new and less pretentious residence, more suitable to existing conditions, acquired to take its place. My conclusion was in favour, on economic grounds, of retaining the old building for the present, and this view was, at least provisionally, approved by His Majesty's Government.

I was also enabled to make an instructive tour throughout the vilayet of Aidin, visiting Ayosuluk, the ancient Ephesus, Sardis, Magnesia, Colossæ and other historic spots, and riding eastwards as far as Denizli.

I was, moreover, interested in seeing something of the life of the old-fashioned Turkish country gentlemen, a very hospitable and courteous class of men, who exhibited some of the pleasing characteristics of the squirearchy in our own country, as well as of a somewhat less attractive element, the local Ottoman administrative officials. At Denizli, I was asked to a dinner, at which most of these personages were present, and was a good deal amused by the exaggerated loyalty expressed by one of them, an Armenian, who made an effusive speech about the Sultan of Turkey, declaring him to be the greatest Sovereign in ancient or modern history. On my observing that some other famous rulers, Alexander the Great, for example, might perhaps be held to approach him in the admiration of posterity, the Armenian became quite excited and exclaimed that not one of them could be deemed to equal, or even to approach, His Majesty Abdul Hamid II, the greatest ruler of this or of any other age.

One result of this Anatolian journey was to render me proficient in Turkish, and to it I was largely indebted for my success in passing, on my return to Constantinople, the Foreign Office examination in that language, which added, as it had already done in Russia, another £100 to my official salary as a Second Secretary in Her Majesty's Embassy. This allowance, joined to another £150 for passing in London an examination in public and private international law, and to free quarters in the Embassy houses at Therapia and Pera, rendered Constantinople a very comfortable residence for a young diplomatist, supplemented, as they were in my case, by the £200 a year which I derived from my Fellowship at Oxford. Life, moreover, on the Bosphorus was as cheap as it was pleasant: provisions and horses were exceedingly inex-

pensive, and social duties, at a post in which they were, comparatively speaking, light, made my stay there very easy and agreeable. From that moment onwards, my greatest ambition was that I might become Her Majesty's Ambassador to the Porte; and although that dream was never destined to become a reality, I continued to cherish it throughout my official career, till in 1906 it was offered to Mr. Gerard Lowther, then Minister in Morocco, who, oddly enough, did not himself really desire it, and had set his heart on going to Berlin. Such was my disappointment – at that moment I was Minister at Brussels – that I was on the point of resigning my post there, and reverting to my old ambition of a Parliamentary career. George Curzon, my old friend at Balliol, and my colleague as a Fellow of All Souls, persuaded me to remain in the diplomatic service, and I now recognize the soundness of his advice, for I had not the means requisite for standing for the House of Commons, and had I, moreover, then obtained permission to retire, I should have forfeited the pension which I afterwards earned as Ambassador to the Court of Spain.

That reminds me that Lord Curzon paid us a visit when I was still a Secretary at Therapia. He was then on his way to Persia, where he afterwards collected the materials for his admirable and almost monumental work on that ancient Asiatic Empire. He had a somewhat comic experience with the venal functionaries of the Turkish Customs, for he had filled his boxes with gold watches, snuff-boxes, cigarette-cases and other trinkets for presentation to Persian local chiefs and potentates. I sent an Embassy cavass to meet him, but the latter, with Oriental procrastination, arrived too late to be of much assistance, and I found him, when we met, indignantly protesting against the

attempts of the Turkish Customs officers to compel him to pay duty on these goods. His protests were roughly overruled, and when he pleaded that, as a member of the House of Commons, he ought to be treated with greater respect, these harpies added insult to injury. 'You a member of Parliament,' they exclaimed somewhat to his amusement, 'you are nothing of the kind. You are only a commercial traveller in cheap jewellery and will have to pay the full usual duty on it!' Curzon was, I believe, saved from this supreme indignity by the arrival on the spot of the Embassy cavass. This was, at least, his own version of the story, though he may perhaps have slightly embroidered on it, in order to make it more amusing.

CHAPTER II

EGYPT

My chief at Cairo was Sir Evelyn Baring, who then represented what Lord Milner has happily described as the 'veiled protectorate' of England over Egypt. A strong man, of few words, yet always ready to compromise, a soldier by profession during the earlier years of his career, yet essentially pacific and ready to conciliate, where this could be done without endangering any really important interest, a moderate Whig of the old school in English politics, a close student of Oriental institutions and of the religious law of Islam, he was probably the ablest representative whom his country had ever sent to Cairo. He had already, in 1885, negotiated a loan of nine millions sterling, in order to meet the expense of suppressing the Arabi rebellion, thus raising, a few years later, the Egyptian revenue from nine to over sixteen millions sterling, and had brought engineers from India to multiply canals, and to repair the great barrage a short distance north of Cairo. With the assistance of Sir Evelyn Wood, the first English Sirdar or Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army, he had completely reorganized that ill-paid and long mutinous force.

The reigning Khedive, Tewfik Pasha, was a well-meaning but not a strong ruler. All the earlier Viceroys of Egypt, since it became an autonomous dependency of Turkey, had been men of vigorous character. Mohammed Ali, the founder of the dynasty, ruled largely by terror. When some of the reforms which he initiated aroused opposition in old-fashioned Conservative quarters, he acted with decisive rapidity. The then British Consul-General, Mr. Rogers, who had to visit him on business, was surprised to observe, as he

approached the lofty citadel in which the Viceroy then resided, some ten or twelve corpses suspended from a gallows, and bearing on their breasts the inscription 'Hanged for speaking against the Pasha's reforms.' He asked Mohammed Ali what precise form the criticisms of these victims had assumed. 'None at all,' was the reply; 'they never expressed any opinion, good or bad, about politics. But I heard that there was disloyal talk about my Government among the Ulema and other influential persons, and I thought it best to nip it in the bud; so I told my police to arrest some twenty of the most notorious criminals and blackguards in Cairo, and to hang them on the gibbets which you noticed, as a timely hint to any critics of my administration. This judicious precautionary measure has, I hear, already produced a salutary effect.'

Abbas I, the successor of Ibrahim and grandson of Mohammed Ali, was a fanatical and cruel voluptuary, and was murdered in his bath by two young slaves, whose morals he had corrupted. One day he decided to pull down the Pyramids, in order to use the stones for a 'barrage' on the Nile. His French engineer protested, saying that his own name should not go down to posterity as that of the vandal who pulled down the ancient monuments, whence twenty centuries had looked down upon the army of the Great Napoleon. The Viceroy was, however, unyielding, and the Frenchman had to choose between obedience and dismissal from his post. He accordingly appeared before Abbas, just as the latter was starting for a great shooting expedition, bearing files of official papers, covered with long lists of figures, which His Highness must, he said, first examine, as they would show the colossal expenditure involved in the demolition of these gigantic buildings. 'Don't bother me about it now,' exclaimed Abbas;

'we will talk of it some other day.' That day never came, for another less ambitious fancy superseded the demolition of the Pyramids in the Viceroy's mind, and his French engineer breathed again!

Said Pasha, the successor of Abbas, was a portly and rather witty voluptuary. He loved practical jokes, and once terrified his courtiers by ordering them to walk in procession in front of him, through a powder magazine, all smoking long Turkish pipes, whose bowls rested on a floor closely littered with explosives. But he started, and firmly believed in, the Suez Canal, which his cousin Ismail afterwards completed. I need not relate in detail the latter's reign, its profuse extravagance, the Europeanization of Cairo, with its splendid palaces and gigantic new Opera House, the conquest of the Sudan, the State opening of the Suez Canal, graced by the presence of the French Empress Eugénie, to whose countryman, the famous Lesseps, the achievement of this stupendous work was due. One of the successes of which Ismail was most proud was the erection of a fine Opera House at Cairo, to which artists and actresses from all parts of Europe were invited to perform their parts in all the great tragedïes, comedies and operas of the day. On one occasion this passion involved him in a somewhat ludicrous mistake. He had engaged the services of a brilliant actress from France, a Mademoiselle Schneider, who was one of the finest theatrical artists of the time. When he learnt that she had arrived in the Egyptian capital, he sent his chief eunuch to meet her at the station and convey her to the Viceregal harem, where, as a preliminary to her introduction, she was to be handed to the Khedive's slaves and purified from the travel stains contracted on her long journey, in a warm and sweetly scented bath. The eunuchs, however, reported that some extraordinary misunderstand-

ing had occurred. They had understood that 'Schneider' was a lady; but had been confronted by a grey-bearded old man, who had violently resisted the attempts of the Khedive's slaves to undress and immerse him in warm water. He had, in fact, been very violent, and the Khedivial servants had received many blows at his hands. A telegram was dispatched to Europe to inquire the cause of this evident misunderstanding, and the reply explained the real nature of the blunder committed. Schneider the actress and singer had been confused by the Khedive's agents in Europe with a very learned Egyptologist, the author of numerous works on the reign of Rameses the Great and the Hyksos or 'Shepherd Kings' of ancient Egypt, and the erudite victim of this unintentional mistake was now stamping and threatening to complain to his Government of the monstrous outrage to which he had been subjected by the servants of the Khedive's harem. An apology was dispatched to Berlin, and the amused indignation of Prince Bismarck was effectually placated.

I need not here relate the final bankruptcy and deposition of the Khedive Ismail, as the result of his reckless extravagance, the establishment of the joint Anglo-French financial control, and the terrible 'capital levy,' to use a modern term, which oppressed the miserable agricultural population of the Delta. Sir Evelyn Baring had been the British Financial Commissioner at that time, and I remember his describing to me the return of the Khedive's representative, Omar Pasha Lutfi, from a journey undertaken in order to extract their last farthing from the wretched owners or tillers of the soil. As the bags were counted, in the presence of the British and French representatives, they were found to be full of copper or brass cooking pots. Here and there, when the house of some rich landowner or

well-to-do peasant had been stripped, these articles were replaced by silver in the form of coins or trinkets. 'I have done all I could,' said Omar Pasha to the European Commissioners, 'we have not merely skinned the fellaheen: we have picked the flesh and sinews from their bones! If the bondholders are not content with this, I can only tell the Commissioners of the Debt that nothing more can be wrung from these miserable victims.' It is not strange that when Arabi Bey, himself a fellah, became a revolutionary leader, he appeared to the ignorant masses in the light of a popular hero.

Immediately after his victory at Tel-el-Kebir, Lord Wolseley telegraphed to the British Government to announce his intention of shooting Arabi, as a rebel taken in arms and a traitor to his own sovereign, on the square in front of the Abdin Palace; but he was directed by the British Foreign Office to have him brought to trial, and provided with European counsel. He was eventually banished to Ceylon, and returned after a long exile to Egypt. Though himself an ignorant peasant, he was far from devoid of ability, and his repartees were often greatly to the point. At the time when he first defied the Khedive's Government, the Porte had sent to Cairo, as Special Commissioner, a high Ottoman official, Dervish Pasha, whose business was to treat, in the interests of Turkey, with the Khedive, and another secret agent, who was directed to cajole and humour Arabi. He suggested to the revolutionary leader that it might interest him to visit a Turkish man-of-war, which was lying in the harbour of Alexandria, and that the Admiral would be happy to entertain the national champion of Egypt on board, the real object being, of course, once he had set foot on the ship, that she should weigh anchor and sail with him, as a hostage, to Con-

stantinople, where he might be made a useful political tool in the hands of the Sultan. He was not so easily hoodwinked, and he let Dervish know his real suspicions. 'It seems,' he said, ' a pity that when the Padishah is doing so much for the union and good of Islam, some of his servants should be trying to lay traps for their fellow-Mohammedans,' and he bluntly declined to go on board the Turkish ship. At bottom, the native rebellion, though largely encouraged by fanaticism, was directed against the extortions of the Government, the burden of the *corvée* or forced labour which oppressed the fellaheen, the conscription of young fellahs for the distant expeditions into the Sudan, and the hatred inspired by the Greek or Levantine usurers, who corresponded closely to the Jews in Rumania, in the Ukraine, and in Poland. It was the detestation of these extortions, rather than religious fanaticism, which really instigated the massacres of Christians, many of them semi-Levantine extortioners, in Alexandria and other towns of the Delta, such as the bigoted semi-sacred city of Tantah, in which some of the worst outrages took place. But once the rebellion was suppressed, the Egyptians accepted its failure with Eastern resignation. All Cairo laughed at the story of the Egyptian commanding officer who, after surrendering the keys of the citadel to an English officer entrusted by Wolseley with the duty of receiving them, held out his hand for a gratuity with the words, 'Bakshish, ya Hawaga' ('A tip, please, your honour').

Tewfik Pasha, the son and legitimate successor of Ismail, who, as soon as the latter had been deposed, was permitted to retire to Naples, was a handsome and dignified man, the son, I believe, like his suzerain Abdul Hamid, of a Circassian concubine, sent to Cairo from Stamboul. He was inclined to stoutness, like

his father and so many members of his family, from Said to Abbas II. On the few occasions when I saw him, and talked politics with him, as acting Agent and Consul-General, he only once alluded to them, his theme being the extortionate treatment of Egyptian pilgrims to Mecca by the Grand Sherif Abd-el-Mutalib, who held numerous shares in a Dutch steamship company for the transport of pilgrims to and from the ports of the Hejaz, and forced travellers who had performed this sacred duty to re-book by its vessels, thus forfeiting their return tickets. I had already heard something of this scandal at Constantinople, and as the Embassy there, rather than our own Agency in Egypt, was the proper channel of remonstrance in regard to affairs in Arabia, I promised to have it taken up at the Porte.

The Khedive himself fully realized that his maintenance on the throne depended principally on the support of the British Agency, which alone stood between him and a fresh insurrection, or an overflow into Upper Egypt of the fanatical hordes of the Sudan, organized by the so-called Mahdi, Mohammed Ahmed, who had just proclaimed a Holy War there. He accordingly acquiesced in the control over his own policy which was a necessary corollary of the British occupation, and the Ministers who composed his Cabinet were really, though not nominally, guided by Sir Evelyn Baring's advice. One of them, Zulfikar by name, originally a Greek slave captured during the revolt of the Morea against Turkey, was an elderly man of courteous manners but without any serious education; and many stories, some of them most likely untrue, were related about him in Cairene society. One told how my predecessor, Sir Gerald Portal, had requested him to accept, on behalf of Egypt, an international Convention on the

subject of sugar bounties, and how, not knowing what a sugar bounty was, he had asked for explanations, on the strength of which he promised to raise the question at the next Cabinet Council. The form in which he did so rather startled his Ministerial colleagues, for what he actually proposed was that a 'commission should be paid to his trusted friend Sir Gerald Portal, then *Chargé d'Affaires*, on every ton of sugar exported from Egypt'; and when his colleagues declared that there must be some misunderstanding, he replied that they evidently did not realize, in their crass ignorance of political economy, what the term 'sugar bounty' really meant. He was said, in the same spirit of *sancta simplicitas*, to have asked the French Envoy whether the latter's lack of children was his wife's fault or his own, and to have advised him, in the latter case, to sleep on a tiger-skin, as a certain means of restoring his youthful virility. The first note which I drafted to him, and in which the closing paragraph began, in the polite conventional language of diplomacy 'convinced that this suggestion will commend itself to the enlightened judgment of your Excellency,' elicited from Sir Evelyn the amused exclamation, 'No, no, Hardinge, this will never do! you mustn't spoil him; for, as a matter of fact, he hasn't any judgment, and if he had, it would certainly not be enlightened!' He was, however, a kindly old gentleman, in spite of his oddities, and my own brief relations with him were always very pleasant.

The Diplomatic Body, or, to be correct, the Consuls-General composing it at Cairo – for Egypt was, technically speaking, like Bulgaria, a privileged province of the Ottoman Empire – was fairly large. It included several Syrians and Egyptians, who were unpaid Representatives of secondary foreign States such as Denmark, Portugal and Brazil, some of them being

local traders, between whom and the 'Consules missi,' a distinction was carefully drawn. The French and Belgian Governments, and especially the former, in their anxiety to emphasize Egyptian autonomy, gave the title of 'Ministers' to their Agents, and of *Chargés d'Affaires* to the diplomatists who acted for them in their absences on leave. The 'Dean' of the Corps Diplomatique was its senior member, Señor Ortega, who represented the King of Spain, and, in that capacity, was its official spokesman and head, whilst in his official position he also kept the archives or records of what was termed the 'Décanat.' These duties he took very seriously. An irreverent jester, on being asked at one of its meetings, 'Quelles sont les fonctions du Doyen?' replied with much gravity, 'Mais, monsieur, il décanize.' On several occasions in the year, usually great Mohammedan feast days, 'the Corps Diplomatique et Consulaire' paid State visits to the Khedive at the Abdin Palace, headed, of course, by Señor Ortega, who was followed by Sir Evelyn Baring, as the next in length of residence at Cairo. The Spanish Dean opened the proceedings by a short complimentary speech, to which the Khedive replied. We then, each of us, sipped, seated in a long row, according to the order of our precedence, a tiny cup of Turkish coffee, and puffed 'chibouks' or long Turkish pipes, whose bowls reposed in saucers on the ground. We then filed out in the same order to another side of the Abdin Palace, to write our names in the book of the Khedivah; and our signatures were carried upstairs by a tall eunuch, whose dusky complexion attested his Sudanese or Negro blood. On his return he replied in a high-pitched treble, 'Excellences et Messieurs du Corps Diplomatique, son Altesse la Khedivah est fort sensible aux aimables félicitations du Corps Diplomatique accredité au Caire

et me charge d'être l'interprète de ses vifs remercients!' At Alexandria, in the summer, the Khedive always gave a State banquet to the Diplomatic body, followed by a brilliant evening party, and on this occasion he invited, in addition to the foreign Representatives, the Turkish High Commissioner, Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, whom, as the special Envoy of the Sultan, His Highness' own Sovereign Lord, he met at the door of the Palace on his arrival, and accompanied back to it when he left. I had a great liking and admiration for Mukhtar Pasha, and he favoured me with long conversations, when I visited him at his palaces, one at Cairo and one just outside Alexandria, on the banks of the Mahmudieh Canal. He was most interesting when he talked of his military experiences during the Russo-Turkish War in Anatolia, and when fighting the Arab rebels in Yemen, whom for a time he actually subdued. I found him generally quite reasonable about the British occupation and the reforms which had followed in its train.

The Cairo season almost always ended on Her Majesty's Birthday, the 24th of May, with a parade of the British garrison, followed in the evening by a banquet given at the British Agency, at which all the British officials and the officers of the British and Egyptian Armies were present; and towards the end of June, Sir Evelyn Baring went on a three months' holiday to England, leaving me as acting Agent and Consul-General. I shared with a brother Secretary, Mr. Mitchell Innes, a villa standing in its own little garden, near the tiny square known as Bab-el-luk. The Cairene summer was very hot; we worked from nine to one o'clock in the Chancery, then changed into pyjamas for lunch and the subsequent siesta indispensable in that climate, and rode from four to seven in the evening,

when, after finishing such work as remained to be dealt with in the Chancery, we dined at either the English or Khedivial Clubs, usually in the open cool night air. Now and then we got away for a few days to Alexandria, to attend Khedivial functions or enjoy the sea bathing at San Stefano, the most easterly of the long line of villages which make up the great suburb of Ramleh. On one of these occasions, I was honoured by a visit from the two sons of the Khedive, Abbas Bey and Mohammed Ali Bey, then respectively about nineteen and sixteen years of age. Both these boys were about to return to the Theresianum, a famous school at Vienna, and Mohammed Ali did not conceal his regret at the close of the holidays or his lack of enthusiasm for his lessons. Abbas, however, rather sternly pulled him up, in true Sandford and Merton style, by saying, doubtless for my own edification, 'Sachez, mon frère, que les princes doivent se preparer par l'étude aux hautes fonctions auxquelles leur destinée les appelle.' Mohammed Ali looked as if he would have liked to reply to his major, 'Oh! drop that rot,' but he kept a discreet silence, and looked merely somewhat sulky and depressed.

My 'Chargé d'Affaireship' in 1891 was uneventful, but one incident, which rather amused me, was a visit, soon after Sir Evelyn Baring had left, from General Forestier Walker, the Commander of the British Army of Occupation, and Kitchener Pasha, who had just been appointed Sirdar of the Egyptian Army in succession to my old friend Sir Francis Grenfell. Their object, for which my own chief had prepared me before he left, was to suggest an advance into the Eastern Sudan to a strategic position named Oshid. 'Be careful,' he had said to me, 'not to let the soldiers run away with you; they will certainly try to do so, as soon as my

back is turned,' and remembering this hint, I cautiously replied to my visitors that, before I could express an opinion, I should like to send a wire to the Foreign Office, in order to obtain Sir Evelyn Baring's own personal views. The Generals went away sorrowful, saying that it would perhaps be better not to trouble my absent chief for the present, and the idea of the advance was abandoned. Sir Evelyn entertained, indeed, a strong objection to being troubled, when on leave, with any question on Egyptian politics. 'Understand, my dear Hardinge,' he used to say, 'that when I take my holiday, you are in sole charge, and that I emphatically decline to answer any questions respecting Egypt. If you write to me to ask what you are to say to the Khedive or to Tigrane, I shall simply reply that I am fishing in Caithness-shire, and know absolutely nothing about either of these personages.'

General Sir Forestier Walker, our would-be 'Scipio Oshidicus,' was a good soldier and a very charming man, married to an extremely pretty wife, to whose wishes in all social matters he was said to be, quite intelligibly, most submissive, so much so that some impertinent person was said to have added in pencil on the official printed announcement at Head-quarters that the Queen's Birthday parade would take place at noon on the 24th of May, the words 'weather and Lady Walker permitting.' He himself had succeeded a very popular officer, General Dormer, who was afterwards, I believe, killed by a tiger, while commanding in Madras, and who during his residence in Cairo before my arrival there, had created a sensation by giving a fancy ball, at which the ladies appeared arrayed as angels, and the men as demons. Those who were present said that the most comic feature in the entertainment was the horrified astonishment of the Egyptian

Pashas, when, on entering the ball-room, they were met by the Commander-in-Chief and the members of his Staff wearing horns and gigantic tails, and brandishing pitchforks, a sight which suggested that these infidel invaders of Egypt had been actually, while still alive, turned, as it were by a sudden miracle, into fiends, already equipped for the awful duties awaiting them in 'Jehannum.'

Kitchener Pasha was, when I first came to Egypt, at the head of the police, and displayed characteristic vigour in putting down the brigandage prevalent, more especially, in the provinces lying between Assiut and Assuan. He had created a staff of very capable young English Inspectors, and desired them to act independently of the Provincial Governors or Mudirs; for it was one of his characteristics that the particular object on which his own energies were at the moment set was the supremely important one and must supersede every other consideration. Though I knew very little about Egypt, I felt certain that the Khedive would object to the supersession of the native Mudirs by Kitchener's often youthful officers, and Sir Alfred Milner, then Under-Secretary in the Ministry of the Interior, shared my view, as did also Sir Evelyn Baring, when he returned in the following October to Cairo. Shortly afterwards, Kitchener gave up the police force, which he had most efficiently reorganized, and was made Sirdar or Commander-in-Chief of the Khedive's Army in succession to Sir Francis Grenfell.

I can only remember one occasion in which I saw Kitchener Pasha betray any symptom of embarrassment. It was in his capacity as Sirdar, or Military Governor, for he had to attend the execution of a murderer, a Turk of respectable family, who had killed a near relative of his own. Of this offence he was duly

found guilty, and condemned to be hanged at old Cairo, the town of his residence and that of a large number of his relatives. These were divided in their sympathies, and the feeling between opposing sections of the family ran so high that they had to be accommodated on balconies at some distance from those occupied by kinsmen of different sympathies. I got up at a very early hour in the morning, in fact soon after daybreak, and arrived at old Cairo a few moments before the drop fell. The convicted criminal was a tall, square-shouldered Turk, more European than Egyptian in build and appearance, and his fair beard betrayed his European blood. When he mounted the steps of the scaffold, an official in a fez read out a long statement with lots of 'whereases,' and 'inasmuch-ases,' greatly to the irritation of the criminal, who exclaimed in Turkish, 'Stow that nonsense and choke me without wasting further time.' When the drop fell, it was curious to see the complete change effected by the sudden extinction of life. The man who had just been killed had ascended the steps full of health, robustness and vigour. As he hung from the gallows, he presented almost as limp an appearance as a scarecrow or ragged Guy Fawkes. But a strangely comic incident was lent to the grisly scene by the Governor of Cairo, a small, stout and merry Egyptian, dressed in a smart frock-coat and fez, who rushed up to Kitchener, seized his hands and shook them with enthusiasm. 'Mon cher Pasha,' he exclaimed. 'Je vous offre mes plus vives félicitations. Cette pendaison si douce et en même temps si foudroyante vous fait le plus grand honneur.' Kitchener tried to shake the portly little Governor off with a few dry words, such as 'Merci, mon cher Pasha, cela suffit,' but it was with the greatest difficulty that he could escape from the other officials, all of whom

seemed to regard him as the most efficient and competent hangman that England had ever produced.

The English officials in Egypt, in the last years of Tewfik Pasha's reign, Sir Elwyn Palmer, the Financial, Mr. Scott, the Judicial, adviser, Mr., afterwards Lord Milner, Rogers Pasha and Colonel Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, to mention only the most important among them, were all men of more than average ability, and unless some unforeseen incident aroused Moslem susceptibilities, they were generally trusted and respected by the native population. The native Press was free, and a somewhat unscrupulous advantage was taken of this circumstance by French papers, such as the *Bosphore Egyptien* and the *Ahram* (or Pyramids), an Anglophobe Arabic journal, edited by a Syrian, and subsidized by the French Legation, as well as by purely Mohammedan agents. These latter reflected the views of the old-fashioned Turco-Egyptian magnates and the Ulema or Professors of the great College or rather mediaeval University, which centred in the mosque of El Azhar. Press prosecutions were of no avail where a foreign subject or protégé was concerned, for the Capitulations required that any foreigner accused of libel or other Press offences should be tried before his Consular Court; and when a libel action was brought against a Frenchman, or a native under French protection, for attacking perfidious Albion or her agents, the verdict was almost certain to be in the defendant's favour. We on our side supported a Syrian paper, *El Mokattam*, and afterwards enlisted the skilful pen of a brilliant and witty Greek journalist, who edited a French, and therefore widely read newspaper, *Le Progrès*. It may indeed be said that, owing mainly to the Capitulations, journalistic licence was rampant in Egypt.

Sir Evelyn Baring, ever since he had represented

England at Cairo, had taken great pains not merely to understand, but to conciliate Mohammedan opinion. He felt a certain sympathy for some aspects of the Arabi movement; for he had, as Commissioner of the Debt, been brought, as already described, into personal experience of the cruel taxation of the native population: and, in order to get into touch with Egyptian feeling, he always visited, during the Fast of Ramadan, when the Mohammedans, forbidden to touch food between sunrise and sunset, turned day into night, the houses of the principal Ulema, or men learned in theology and Moslem law. These included the chiefs of the Egyptian clergy, the Turkish and Egyptian Cadis, the Mufti and the chiefs of the great divinity school of El Azhar, as well as the Sheikh el Bakri, a Sherif or direct descendant of the Prophet, who was regarded by the natives, on that account, as a personage of peculiar sanctity. He himself was inclined to patronize somewhat Liberal ideas: he willingly lunched with me, for example, at the Khedivial Club, which boasted a French cook, and liked to talk about the doctrines of Voltaire and Rousseau in appreciative and fairly fluent French. He was, of course, an exception among the Ulema; for his colleague the Sheikh of the Seyyids (Saadat) was, I believe, completely unprogressive, and most of the members of the hierarchy were extremely narrow-minded, some combining fanaticism with a keen pursuit of lucre. Sir Evelyn asked one of them, during these religious 'rounds in Ramadan,' whether the Azhar University professors taught the immobility of the earth, or the view that it moved, with all the other planets, round the sun. The sage replied that he thought they maintained the obvious doctrine that the sun moved round the earth; but that it seemed a waste of time to inquire too closely into so purely speculative

a problem, which was not, and could never become, of any practical importance to mankind. Another learned Sheikh had protested against the participation of some of the students of El Azhar in a charitable concert, which was being organized in the Ezbekieh Gardens, on the ground that the music was to be provided by a British military band, and could not therefore be listened to by the faithful without complicity in the sin of 'infidelity,' or 'Kufr.' The student promoters of the concert waited on the holy man and expressed regret at his disapproval of this feature of the programme; for they had, they explained, intended to entrust to him the entire proceeds of the fête, to be spent on such godly objects as he himself might deem most deserving; and it was certain these would be considerably increased by the participation of the British band. 'If the object,' he answered, 'is, as you assure me, a pious one, it will no doubt sanctify methods from which I should otherwise shrink. Let the infidel band be the means of relieving the needs of the poor and deserving servants of Allah. With so excellent an object in view, its strains, in my humble opinion, can be certainly heard without sin.'

Though the great divines of El Azhar were narrow bigots, and aroused an unfavourable impression among the Indian religious teachers, who had been sent over from Calcutta by Lord Northbrook to discuss from an Orthodox Moslem standpoint certain questions of judicial reform, I myself once obtained quite a sensible decision in a case of Moslem law which I submitted to them some years later, when acting as political agent at Zanzibar. The plaintiff, himself an Alem or Mohammedan doctor of divinity, complained to me that his wife, who resided at Mombasa, had broken the *sheraa* or religious law of Islam by refusing

to go with him to Zanzibar. Her counsel argued before our native Court at Mombasa that a wife was obliged to follow or accompany her husband on any journey not fraught with danger, such, for instance, as 'a voyage by sea,' and that such a voyage was the only means of getting to the island capital from a mainland city. Such a voyage had, however, been pronounced by the highest religious authority to be 'dangerous,' and she could therefore not be forced to attempt it. When the husband's counsel argued that the use of steam had diminished both the length and the danger of a sea journey, it was replied that Mohammed, as the greatest of the Prophets, must have foreseen the use of steamers and would therefore, if they were really perilous, have made a reservation in their favour, which, however, he had never done. My learned Mohammedan assessors were embarrassed as to how they should answer this argument, and asked me to give my own opinion. I replied that when men of so much learning were uncertain, I should deem it presumptuous to overrule them. I proposed, however, to write to Lord Cromer, and ask him to refer the whole question to the sages of the Shafei sect at El Azhar, adding that I should myself accept, as final, whatever decision they might give. To this suggestion both the parties agreed, and a few weeks later I received the 'fetwa' or pronouncement of the great Egyptian divines. It was thoroughly sensible, both in its reasoning and its conclusion. It swept away all secondary questions, such as the precise nature of the dangers inherent in a modern sea journey by steam. If, however, this particular journey was *really* perilous, judged by the light of normal past experience, the woman was entitled to be excused from attempting it; if it could be attempted, without involving, by the evidence of such experience, any exceptionally serious

danger, she must be prepared to attempt it or to forfeit her rights as a wife. The Arab theologians at Mombasa thereupon concurred in the common-sense judgment of El Azhar.

Early in 1891, while I was absent on leave in England, the Khedive became seriously ill. Several European doctors, including an Englishman and a German, were called in to prescribe for him, but the conflicting remedies recommended by them only tended to increase the patient's sufferings. He was advised to take the waters at Heluan, a small village situated at a short distance from the capital. The telegram in which the British Agency reported Tewfik Pasha's serious illness gave rise to a somewhat absurd misunderstanding. He himself had paid a visit to Heluan, but the Secretary of our Agency, who telegraphed to the Foreign Office the serious condition of the Khedive, fell into a somewhat absurd mistake. The message from Sir Evelyn ran in the following terms: 'I have just returned from a visit to Heluan, where the Khedive now is. His Highness appears to be suffering extreme and acute pain which no remedies have as yet been able to alleviate.' Owing to some mistake made by the cipherer, Sir Evelyn Baring's wire to Downing Street ran as follows: 'I have just returned from a visit to Hell, where the Khedive now is. His Highness is suffering acutely and no remedies appear to do him any good.' The explanation of this somewhat startling message was the blunder of a telegraphist who had substituted the word Hell for Heluan, both of which were expressed by a similar combination of figures, and for a moment it suggested the idea that the Khedive was at that moment undergoing the tortures of the damned. This somewhat ludicrous transposition of words was appealed to by some joker in Downing Street as evidence

that Sir Evelyn Baring's habitually vigorous understanding had been temporarily shaken by the illness and death of the Prince whom he had long regarded with friendly esteem.

A somewhat sadder feature, arising out of this incident, was the distress of the Khedive's chief wife. This poor lady had been visited by the priest of a mosque in Cairo, who informed her that he had, in a dream, beheld the Khedive undergoing a severe castigation such as that which Mohammedans believe to be habitually administered by the examining angels entrusted to report on the lives of departed Moslems. The Khediva was, however, consoled by the assurance that her husband's torments could be put to an end, should she be able to placate the Higher Powers by a liberal donation to one of the Cairo mosques, and as soon as this payment had been made, the widow was consoled by another dream which described him as revelling among the Houris of the Moslem Paradise, a form of comfort hardly calculated to afford much pleasure to a jealous wife.

The heir to the Khedivial honours was Tewfik Pasha's eldest son, Abbas Bey, whom I have already mentioned as a student in the Vienna Theresianum, and he and his younger brother, Mohammed Ali, were immediately summoned to Cairo. The new Khedive was a youth of about nineteen, fair-haired and blue-eyed and with a pleasant expression, as well as a certain tendency to that obesity so frequently observable among Princes descended from the great Mohammed Ali. He immediately assumed the authority which belonged to him as the hereditary Viceroy of Egypt and proceeded to treat his younger brother with a somewhat haughty affectation of contempt. Indeed, when he boarded the steamer conveying the two youth-

ful princes to Alexandria, he immediately asserted his Viceregal superiority. His brother, on the first evening of the journey on the Austrian liner, took his place at Abbas Bey's table, and drew down upon himself a severe reprimand from the new Khedive. 'Understand, Mohammed Ali Bey,' he observed to him, 'that my subjects only sit at my table when specially invited to do so by myself as their Sovereign.'

From Alexandria the new Ruler of Egypt proceeded to Cairo, and was received there with Viceregal honours, although, strictly speaking, he could not be regarded as a legitimate Khedive until he had received from the Sultan of Turkey the 'Firman' appointing him his Imperial Majesty's representative. One of his first acts was to let it be known that he intended to stiffen the Court etiquette at the Abdin Palace. Under all the earlier Khedives, including Tewfik Pasha, representatives of Foreign Powers, when desiring to discuss matters with the Viceroy, simply sent a message, saying that they proposed to call upon him on such a day and at such an hour. The new Khedive announced that he would only receive the Foreign Representatives at an 'audience,' to be previously arranged, and there was a good deal of speculation among the members of the Diplomatic body as to how Sir Evelyn Baring would take this new pretension. Baring was asked what he thought of it and how he intended to act. He replied that he had, personally speaking, no objection to the formality of an 'audience,' for he knew very well that neither the Khedive nor anyone else in Egypt would be likely to keep him waiting, were it only for a quarter of an hour, and this prediction soon proved to be correct.

A somewhat more difficult question was that of the Firman which had to be granted to the new Ruler of

Egypt, on behalf of the Sultan of Turkey. All earlier Khedives of Egypt had received this Investiture from the Sultan, though in several cases the Viceroys had to go in person to Constantinople to receive their new Powers from the Commander of the Faithful. An Egyptian friend, who had formed part of the latest Mission of this description, gave me an amusing account of the insults with which the Court of Constantinople sought to humiliate his new Representative in Egypt. When a new Viceroy landed in the Golden Horn, he was kept waiting for many days for his 'audience,' on a pretence that the Sultan was too busy to remember his name or to see him; but he was, after repeated repulses, permitted to behold the Grand Vizier for a few minutes, during which he himself was treated with studied contempt. When, at last, he was told that he would be admitted at a given date and hour to the presence of the Sultan, he and his suite were escorted by Turkish officials to a small and narrow room which it was difficult, owing to the lowness of the door, for anyone but a dwarf to penetrate, without almost bowing his head towards the ground. On one memorable occasion, a French Envoy, the celebrated Sebastiani, was told that he must pass through this low and narrow door. As he could not do so, owing to its dimensions, he entered it with his back to the Sultan, up to whose throne he continued to advance in the same crablike fashion; and since then the Sovereigns of Turkey had thought it prudent to substitute another reception room. In the case of Ottoman subjects, there was no fear of any such act of disrespect on the part of a tributary Prince, but after the Khedive had entered, humbly bowing, into the Imperial presence, he was kept standing with his head bent almost to his knees, while the Sultan, without taking any notice of him or even look-

ing at him, talked in whispers to the Grand Vizier seated on a cushion at his Sovereign's feet. After some ten minutes had elapsed, the Grand Vizier murmured something to his Sovereign about 'a poor slave from Cairo, who had come to prostrate himself before the Commander of the Faithful.' 'Tell him,' replied His Imperial Majesty, 'that having regard to his services, I am willing to grant him the government of Egypt for his life.' The new Viceroy and his attendants were then roughly pushed out through the small door of the audience room, nor was the new Viceroy ever received by his Imperial Sovereign during his sojourn in the Ottoman capital, where a considerable portion of his time and money were spent in visits and rich presents to the principal dignitaries of the Porte.

When the Ottoman Commissioner appointed by the Sultan to deliver the Firman to the new Khedive, reached Cairo, it was found that an important change, affecting the rights of Egypt, had been introduced by the Grand Vizier, for a considerable territory, which had hitherto been recognized on all sides as Egyptian, including the important peninsula of Sinai, had been transferred from Egypt to Turkey proper. This was obviously a deliberate and somewhat impudent 'try on,' and Sir Evelyn Baring immediately decided that the change must at all costs be resisted. The young Khedive, whose personal dignity was at stake, was of the same opinion, and his views were naturally shared, not merely by the Egyptian Prime Minister, Mustapha Pasha Fehmy, but also by the remaining Egyptian Ministers. The Foreign Minister, Tigrane Pasha, an Armenian, largely educated in Europe, and an accomplished French and English scholar, himself a little jealous of British ascendency, admitted to me that this new Turkish claim was inad-

missible, and Lord Cromer insisted that the Firman must be revised before it could be accepted by Abbas II. The Turkish dignitary who had brought the Firman with him, and who was kind enough to honour me with a visit at the British Agency, after he had called on Sir Evelyn, telegraphed to his Government that a situation had arisen which was calculated to endanger the prestige of the Commander of the Faithful, and the Firman was accordingly amended in such a manner as to restore the long-established boundaries of Egypt. This surrender was crowned by a great military display in front of the Abdin Palace, where the Firman, as revised in the sense of Baring's views, was solemnly read out, while the Egyptian troops presented arms and shouted the words, 'Padishahimez tchok yasha, Effendimez tchok yasha' ('Long may our Sovereign live, long live our Lord the Khedive'); for the Ottoman Government was careful not to grant a higher title than Effendi, derived from the great Byzantine word 'Authentes' or 'absolute Ruler,' to the Prince of a tributary dependency of the Ottoman Empire. The humiliation which this incident had entailed on the prestige of the Sultan was inevitable, but in some respects regrettable, as it was calculated to offend the susceptibilities of the Mohammedan clergy, to whom the Caliph was an authority scarcely less sacred than the Pope in Roman Catholic lands. But it was an absolute necessity, and, I think, admitted as such by a large section of the Moslem population It undoubtedly increased the prestige of Great Britain, as well as that of Baring as her able and vigorous representative.

My own personal acquaintance with the deceased Khedive, Tewfik Pasha, was slight. He was a courteous and amiable personage, and was always exceed-

ingly civil in his dealings with myself. He took a keen interest in the pilgrimage of Egyptian visitors to the sacred cities of the Hejaz, and in all the sanitary arrangements to protect the pilgrims against cholera or plague, and against the frequent attempts of the steamship companies, from Egypt to the sacred cities of Islam, to victimize the latter by imposing excessive rates for travel. He had suffered severely during the earlier part of his reign from the humiliations to which he had been subjected by the Nationalist movement headed by Arabi Pasha, and he welcomed the failure of the latter's attempt to overthrow the dynasty of Mohammed Ali. Recognizing, as he did, that the intervention of Great Britain had alone saved his own throne, he accorded his heartiest approval and gratitude to Great Britain, and had shown himself honestly desirous of working hand in hand with the British Agent.

His son and successor, Abbas II, was far less experienced and was, in fact, inclined, ever since his father's death, to assert his complete independence and hereditary authority as legitimate Ruler of Egypt. Encouraged by a number of courtiers, many of them young men without much experience, he exhibited, soon after his accession to the throne, a marked impatience of foreign interference with his own personal views of government on the part of those Egyptian Ministers and British officials who so frequently stood in the way of his exercise of personal authority. He was supported in this attitude by a number of European courtiers who, from the day on which he mounted the throne, strove to flatter him as a patriotic 'National Sovereign.' This attitude involved him in growingly frequent differences with the numerous British officials to whom Sir Evelyn Baring had entrusted various

offices as assistants to the Egyptian Ministers, as well as minor Native Administrators. Sir Evelyn had already attached many capable Englishmen to the different Ministries at Cairo, and these were naturally inclined to be guided by the British Agent and Consul-General, rather than by the less qualified and experienced Pashas who controlled the chief Departments of the State, but who, recognizing the power wielded by Baring, were careful not to risk a quarrel with him.

Baring's policy had been, in fact, to maintain, as Ministers in the various Departments of State, the Egyptian dignitaries placed there by the late Khedive, acting in co-operation with Sir Elwyn Palmer, the Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, as well as the other Ministries by such technical advisers as Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, Sir Alfred Milner, and the Judicial Adviser, Mr. Scott. A certain antagonism thus began gradually to grow up between these English Heads or Assistants in Ministerial Departments, and the purely Egyptian functionaries who composed the official Cabinet Ministry. Hence there grew up an antagonism, at first latent, but constantly increasing, between the Khedivial Court on the one side and the Cabinet or Ministry on the other.

I frequently observed, when, during Sir Evelyn's absence in Europe in the summer, I had audiences of Abbas Pasha, a certain increasing distrust in him of the British Officials of his Government, and an inclination to favour those Egyptian functionaries whose relations with their English superiors were lacking in cordiality or confidence. It became the fashion among the Khedive's dependents to belittle the members of the Egyptian Official Ministry, at the head of which was Mustapha Pasha Fehmy, an Albanian Mohammedan by descent, who had been for some time

past Prime Minister. Mustapha Pasha was a highly cultivated man, and, as an Arnaut by descent, he belonged to the same race as the founder of the Egyptian ruling House; his manners were affable and courteous, and he was personally convinced of the absolute necessity of cordial relations between the British and Egyptian Governments. It was said that he had, during the reign of Ismail, been directed to take a part in destroying that Prince's extravagant and profligate Minister, the Mufetteish Ismail Sadyk, whom he had arrested in person, and that one of his thumbs bore the mark of the latter's teeth, when his victim, in the struggle between them, bit it through almost to the bone. Himself suave, sympathetic and amiable in manner, it was not easy to associate him with the incidents of this sanguinary tragedy, for his temper was conciliatory, his manner exceedingly urbane, and his capacity for transacting business very free from some of the worst vices, including that of corruption, which, in Egypt, as elsewhere in the East, were so common among influential public servants.

The Minister whom Abbas II liked best, notwithstanding the fact that he was an Orthodox Armenian Christian, was Tigrane Pasha, who was in charge of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He was, notwithstanding his race and creed, a strong Egyptian patriot, but he had a good knowledge of English, as well as of French. His own personal sympathies were however far from Anglophile, partly perhaps because he resented the veiled protectorate exercised over Egypt, ever since the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, by the British Government, and more especially the British Agency at Cairo. Another official even more suspicious of British designs than Tigrane, although in a very inferior position, was a Swiss named Rouiller Bey, who had succeeded in estab-

lishing a certain influence over several of the courtiers at the Ras-el-Tin Palace, and even over Abbas II himself.

The representative of France, the Marquis de Reverseaux, was a man of considerable ability and personal attractiveness, and his house soon after his arrival at Cairo became a social centre for those Egyptians, Levantines and other foreigners, who chafed under 'the veiled Protectorate,' as it was their fashion to term it, of England. The Russian Minister, M. Koyander, was a typical Russian official, and had for some time past represented his country in Bulgaria, where he had, by the force of circumstances, found himself in opposition to British policy. Apart, therefore, from the close relations now subsisting between St. Petersburg and Paris, he saw in any blow which his Western Allies could inflict upon England an indirect gain in Asia, and indeed throughout the Near and Farther East.

Writing, on October 13th, my last letter to Sir Evelyn Baring before his return, I endeavoured to prepare him for the change which I had noticed in the attitude of the Palace at Alexandria. 'Though the sympathies,' I continued, 'of most of the Beys and Pashas of the Khedivial household are, from tastes and education, rather French than English, they are not in favour of French political aspirations in Egypt. Like Tigrane Pasha, they believe that they could rule without foreign assistance of any kind, and are ambitious of place and power for themselves and their dependents and protégés. About the feelings of the great mass of the Egyptian people, and of any class outside the Official, I suspect they know and care very little.'

The one thing which I considered essential was to defer any change in the Egyptian Government until after Sir Evelyn Baring's return to Cairo. He tells us

himself in his book on Abbas II, that he had found my account of the local Egyptian situation to be correct, and that the Khedive, who appeared to be friendly in July, had become avowedly hostile to us in November. The pretexts for this change of attitude on his part were somewhat trivial. One was that he had not been informed in time of the appointment to a post in London of Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, who was one of his most important officials; that an English officer who did not recognize the Khedive, owing to His Highness's back being turned to him, had neglected to salute him; that another English officer had attended a reception in long boots instead of in trousers; and that a third Englishman had omitted to rise from his seat in the train when another train bearing the Khedive passed by it. The real secret of this discontent in the Palace was the military occupation of Egypt by a British Force, and the consequent subordination of her legitimate Viceroy to the views of a foreign Representative, whose country had preserved the Khedivial Dynasty and the independence of Egypt, from the sea as far as Assuan, and was moreover the one force which could hope to recover the Sudan.

Early in October, Sir Evelyn Baring returned to Cairo. He characteristically yielded to the Khedive on several points on which the British Officials had expected him to lend them more support. But he did so with the knowledge that it would give him a far better position to deal with the impending conflict between the British Government and the Egyptian malcontents. His anticipations were entirely justified; for, towards the end of December, Mustapha Pasha Fehmy became seriously ill and a few days later his life was in danger. Baring telegraphed from Cairo to Lord Rosebery recommending Riaz Pasha as the most competent can-

didate for the vacant Premiership, preferring him, as he did, to Tigrane, although ready to accept the latter, should the Khedive show that he himself was bent on the appointment.

Shortly afterwards Mustapha Pasha's health improved; but on January 15, when Sir Evelyn had had his last talk on the subject with the Khedive, he learnt that the latter, without even warning him, much less consulting him in regard to this new step, had dismissed Mustapha Pasha from office, and had appointed Fakhry Pasha as his successor. The latter was a harmless person, anxious to trim his sails to the prevailing wind; but some of the new members of the Cabinet were less unobjectionable, and it was known that Fakhry was, to a great extent, under the influence of Tigrane, who would probably exercise himself the power hitherto vested in the Anglophile Prime Minister. Moreover, all those Ministers who had displayed a readiness to work with Sir Evelyn were, on one pretext or another, excluded from seats in the new Administration, and only learnt their dismissals when on entering their offices they found their successors seated at their desks.

On January 15, 1894, Sir Evelyn had a long interview with the Khedive. He found him very obstinate, but obtained a promise that he would defer the formal appointment of the new Ministry until information had been received from England as to the views, on the subject, of Her Majesty's Foreign Secretary, Lord Rosebery. The latter replied a few days later as follows: 'Her Majesty's Government expect to be consulted on such an important matter as a change of Ministers. No such change appears to be at present either necessary or peremptory. We cannot therefore sanction the proposed nomination of Fakhry Pasha.' On the following day, Baring visited the Khedive and

suggested a compromise under which Mustapha Pasha should be reappointed with Boutros Pasha, an influential Copt, and Mazlum, an enlightened Mohammedan, as Ministers of Finance and Justice respectively. On the afternoon of the 17th of January, Tigrane Pasha and Boutros Pasha called at the British Agency. A final arrangement was effected on lines which conciliated the various parties concerned. Mustapha Pasha and Fakhry Pasha were neither to be appointed as Prime Minister, and this high office was conferred upon Riaz Pasha, a somewhat remarkable personality, now advanced in years. He was, though a Mohammedan, a Jew by descent, and was said to have begun life as a page or petty servant in the household of the brutal and licentious Viceroy Abbas I. He had filled, after entering manhood, a series of important offices, and had amassed a considerable fortune which had enabled him to become both the owner of vast estates in the most fertile parts of the Delta, and to obtain a series of important public offices under the rule of three successive Khedives. He was, in many ways, an honest and straightforward man, but he had certain violent aversions: his chief object of detestation was the Syrian race, chiefly because its superior intelligence and ability for money-making had given it so great an influence in Egypt, and had enabled it to place its own children in some of the most lucrative positions obtainable in the Egyptian Civil Service. I remember, some time after these events, a conversation which I had with him on the rights of the Syrians, who were Ottoman subjects, as well as the Moslem Arabs, to a share in public offices, and promotion where these had been justified by useful services. So angry was he at this suggestion that he tore off from his head the red fez which covered it, leaving a little nightcap in its place, and spitting

violently, screamed that he would never tolerate the inclusion of these 'Shamis' to hold, if he could help it, any lucrative appointments in Egypt. His imperiousness was equal to his fanaticism. He was not indeed a fanatical Mohammedan at heart, though looked up to as such by the great body of the Egyptian clergy, and the agricultural class in the Delta, where he was the owner of considerable estates. He was, indeed, one of the few Egyptian statesmen who was violent in his views long before there was a question of British intervention, and this uncompromising spirit pervaded all his relations with Egyptians and foreigners alike.

His Mohammedanism was sincere and reasonable, but not fanatical, nor was he himself a victim to the delusions of superstitions, second sight and other similar fancies to which so many of his countrymen have, from time immemorial, been liable. He had been sent by the Khedive Ismail to present his Master's compliments and welcome in Egypt to the great Sidi-es-Senussi, the founder of a powerful puritanical religious revival, extending throughout the whole of Northern Africa, from the Atlantic coast of Morocco to the shores of the Red Sea. When he reached the holy man's camp and asked to be admitted to his tent, to deliver the Khedivial message, he was treated with contemptuous discourtesy by the retainers who surrounded the Senussi's tent, and was told that the latter was enjoying a brief sleep before reciting the afternoon prayers. When the signal was given for these, the folds of the tent were partially opened and Riaz was allowed to gaze at the Saint from a distance; but when he attempted to enter the holy enclosure, he was roughly hustled and pushed back into the open by the savage and fanatical Dervish attendants. He returned to Cairo to complain that he had been grossly

insulted and urged the Khedive to have the Saint arrested as guilty of disrespect and publicly bastinadoed; but Ismail only laughed, and suggested that both his own Minister, a somewhat puny personality, and the burly Algerine chief and Saint should engage, for the amusement of the spectators, in a combat of fisticuffs. He had indeed – and that, I think, was his chief failure – no sense of the ludicrous whatever, and this to some extent explained his failure to win respect as distinct from the fear which he inspired. Sir Evelyn Baring believed him to be, notwithstanding certain weaknesses, an honest, a straightforward and a fearless administrator; as one, moreover, who knew the heart of the Egyptian people better than Europeanized Pashas, and would instinctively conciliate that agricultural population which, guided by a few vigorous administrators and serious religious leaders, served to make up Egyptian opinion.

Notwithstanding his devotion to the Faith of Islam, he entertained a strange superstitious respect for religious leaders of every kind, and what was stranger in a Moslem, for Christian ecclesiastical authorities. In the summer of 1893, a reforming movement, inspired by a local bishop, had taken place in the Coptic or Monophyseit Church of Egypt. Its promoters had incurred the censure of the Coptic Patriarch, and that dignitary had condemned and apparently excommunicated its adherents. Baring deemed this interference on the Patriarch's part intolerable, and he had been politely invited to withdraw from Cairo to Baramous, an ancient monastery in the Nitrian desert. Ibrahim Pasha Fuad, who was requested by me to carry out the order for his temporary banishment, and who was himself very superstitious, was exceedingly reluctant to give it effect,

and he confided to me his fear that the Patriarch would curse him and that his malediction might be attended by some terrible result. When, therefore, he was informed of the sentence of banishment, he assured me that he had always anticipated that the curse of the Patriarch, though himself a mere Christian, would be fraught with disastrous consequences; and one of the first steps taken by Riaz Pasha, when he became Prime Minister, was to hasten the holy man's return to his former position as the ecclesiastical head of the Coptic Church.

The constitution of the new Cabinet was generally welcomed. The partisans of Russia and of France hailed it as a blow dealt to Great Britain's ascendancy in Egypt, as embodied in Baring. But he himself, to some extent, dispelled this impression by appearing at the theatre immediately after the formation of the new Cabinet, and, rising in his box when the Khedivial hymn was played, in the midst of loud applause from the spectators of all classes and races. For some time, this reconciliation seemed and was indeed a genuine one, for it was a characteristic of Sir Evelyn to care little about forms, so long as he was able to exercise the reality of power. Lord Rosebery wrote a despatch, which was published and which entirely supported Baring, and the effect of his action was to enable the British Agent to telegraph to London (on January 26) 'the lesson which the Khedive has now received will, I am of opinion, cause His Highness to be very careful in his conduct for the future.'

The complete installation of Abbas II as Khedive necessitated, according to precedent, a State visit to his Sovereign at Constantinople, in the summer of 1893. This act of homage to the Commander of the Faithful was an occasion for anti-British demon-

strations throughout the length and breadth of Egypt. In all the provinces of the Delta, and, in a much lesser degree, in Middle and Upper Egypt, petitions were got up by the elements unfriendly to the British occupation. I remember being somewhat amused at a typical instance of this attitude.

A wealthy peasant proprietor, residing at a short distance from Cairo, signed a document which purported to express the satisfaction of the fellah population – which had the strongest reasons for gratitude to England – at the triumph of the Khedive over the Christian oppressors of Egypt. I sent an English member of my staff to interview this ungrateful petitioner, to ask him why, after the many kindnesses received by him, from myself and other Englishmen, he had signed so unfriendly a document. His reply was thoroughly characteristic. 'When,' he said, 'I am ploughing my fields with my camel, and the weather is oppressively hot, I sometimes vent my anger at the heat upon the animal, and exclaim, "May Allah strike you dead, oh lazy and accursed brute," but nothing would cause me greater sorrow than that Allah should take me at my word, and deprive me of the faithful bearer of so many burdens. I know perfectly well that my signing a petition will have no results whatever, as far as I myself am concerned. I shall please the Pasha of my district, as well as our Lord the Khedive, by demanding the expulsion of the English, but the English will not leave the country because I or anybody else have signed any number of petitions. They will stay and protect me and my crops, and everybody concerned, from the Khedive downwards, will go on happily under the protection of the English, so that all will be happy all round.'

This simple view of the British occupation in

Egypt was thoroughly characteristic of the great mass of cultivators of the soil, who were deeply grateful for the even justice and protection enjoyed by them for some years past under British administration. But, notwithstanding this fact, a considerable number of more or less conspicuous personages were impatient to display, by proceeding to Constantinople, their devotion to the Commander of the Faithful, as well as to his popular Viceroy.

I went myself to Alexandria, in order to pay a farewell visit, before his departure, to Abbas Pasha. He received me at his Palace with that courteous charm of manner which had always marked my interviews with him. He mentioned to me, with a smile, that the Turkish vessel which was to convey him to the Golden Horn had experienced some mishap in her machinery, which had delayed her arrival for a still uncertain number of hours. I learnt that he was to be attended on his visit to the Sultan by Tigrane Pasha, a companionship from which, personally speaking, I augured little good. I soon learnt that the Khedive and his suite had arrived, notwithstanding the shaky character of the vessel conveying them, at Constantinople, where they were lodged in comfortable quarters at a short distance from Yildiz Kiosk. The servants who waited on His Highness and the members of his suite were all of them young Beys and even Pashas of high rank in the Turkish official hierarchy, whose duty it was to spy upon their Egyptian guests, and to steal, wherever possible, confidential letters or telegrams for subsequent perusal by the Sultan. In addition to the official visitors in the train of the Khedive, a large number of Egyptian notables, burning to show their devotion to the shadow of God and his earthly Viceroy, had flocked to Constantinople and had, some

of them, been rash enough to engage apartments in the immediate vicinity of the Imperial Palace. I heard an interesting but somewhat tragic account of his own experiences by a holy man occupying an important position as one of the local Ulema at the sacred city of Tantah, a place famous for its Moslem fanaticism, and for the massacres of Christians and other Europeans which were one of the earlier features of the Arabi rebellion. Tantah, for all its loyalty to Islam, had really long been what may be called a phallic shrine, and the procession, which formed part of its fair, though nominally a religious one, encouraged by the Moslem clergy, was disfigured by a grotesque display of phallic and other obscene emblems. My friend, the Sheikh, was, however, in virtue of his office, a considerable personage, and he was a good deal astonished when the house at which he had taken lodgings was invaded by the Ottoman Police. The leader of the party, which had disturbed his slumbers, arrested him in a very unceremonious manner, and dragged him to the nearest Police post, where he was called upon to explain how he had dared to take lodgings in the immediate neighbourhood of the Imperial residence, without first obtaining the permission of the Head of the Police. Unused, in Egypt, as a sacred personage, to be so rudely treated, he replied in a somewhat similar tone to the officials who had pulled him from his bed, whereupon his captors told him to be silent and enforced the injunction by seizing his beard and hitting him hard in the mouth. When he renewed his protests, unable to believe that they could really mean what they said, they merely answered, 'Hold your tongue, Arab dog, or you will taste a severe thrashing on the soles of your feet with a stick, whose blows you will not soon forget.'

He returned to Tantah in a subdued spirit, prepared to admit that something might be perhaps said in favour of the British occupation.

The reception, by the Sultan, of his Viceroy in Egypt and of Tigrane Pasha, as Foreign Minister, was marked by the courtesy which was one of the most pleasing qualities possessed by Sultan Abdul Hamid. He listened, so I learnt, sympathetically to the complaints made by Tigrane of the English encroachments on the autonomy of his Egyptian and Sudanese dependencies. But he gave no encouragement to headstrong or violent councils, recommending, at least externally, the cultivation of good relations with the diplomatic representatives of England. A large garden party was given in one of the gardens adjacent to Yildiz Kiosk, to which all the Egyptians then present at Constantinople flocked. Many of them were, I believe, turned back from the gates and refused admittance, and many, more fortunate, were able to penetrate with difficulty to a point in the crowded gardens at which the Khedive could be seen conversing behind a balcony with the Commander of the Faithful and his Ministers; but this glimpse of Paradise was only vouchsafed to a few specially favoured Egyptian dignitaries, whom Mukhtar Pasha had recommended as deserving of special favour to his Sovereign. Altogether, from the point of view of our Egyptian and French opponents, the effect of this visit to the Sultan was not only to discourage the enemies of England in Egypt, and somewhat to embitter the Khedive and his own entourage, but to discourage Abbas Pasha and the intriguers against England, by whom he was surrounded, from pursuing their intrigues against our Government.

While at Ramleh, in the autumn of 1893, I learnt

that the Khedive, or Riaz Pasha, or both, had decided to appoint a certain Maher Pasha to be Under-Secretary of State for War. I was warned by the British officers, to whom I mentioned this matter, that Maher had a bad reputation for unfriendliness to England, and that his appointment, in the opinion of the Sirdar, Kitchener Pasha, might be fraught with danger to the discipline of the Khedivial Army. Maher himself maintained that this was a calumny, but it very soon appeared that the warnings received by me were well founded; for, soon after Sir Evelyn Baring's return to Egypt, the Khedive proceeded, accompanied by him, early in 1894, to inspect the garrisons at Assuan, Korosko and Wady Halfa. Apparently under Maher's influence, the Khedive criticized, in an adverse spirit, the work of the British officers of the Egyptian Army, in terms which led Kitchener Pasha to resign his command of the Egyptian Army. Sir Evelyn Baring, who had recently returned from England, insisted that this attitude on the part of the Viceroy of Egypt was not only undeserved by the British officers, but destructive of discipline, and was fraught with grave political danger: an opinion which was shared by those French and Russian representatives who were most hostile to British ascendancy in Egypt. For, a blow dealt at the discipline of the Egyptian Army was calculated to reproduce the mutinous spirit which had led to the rebellion headed by Arabi Pasha, with the outbreak of fanatical attacks of a nature to imperil the security of Europeans and Native Christians. The representatives of the European Powers felt instinctively that the authority of the Egyptian Government over the Army must be at all costs maintained, and Lord Rosebery, in a despatch to Lord Cromer, dated January

21, insisted on the dismissal of Maher Pasha, and on the issue by the Khedive of an order of the day eulogizing the British Army and its officers. Abbas Pasha yielded with great reluctance – and his submission carried with it as a logical consequence the fall of Riaz Pasha. The latter had clearly failed to maintain that military discipline which was essential to the maintenance of public order, and it had therefore become imperative that a change of Ministry should take place. Baring proposed, and Lord Rosebery accepted, the suggestion, that Nubar Pasha, a cultivated Armenian, who spoke French like a Frenchman, and had borne an important share in the organization of the Native Courts of Justice, was invited to become Prime Minister, and seats in the Cabinet were offered to Mustapha Pasha Fehmy, the former Anglophile Prime Minister, and Ibrahim Pasha, who had been turned out of office when the short-lived Fakhry Ministry was first created. His tenure of office lasted for eighteen months, and in 1895 he found himself obliged, on grounds of health, to retire from office. Baring, who had recently been raised to the Peerage as Earl of Cromer, had entirely justified, in his treatment of the delicate situation created by the Maher Pasha incident, the confidence of successive British Ministers of Foreign Affairs, and the only important foreign question now impending was that of the reconquest of the Sudan, and the eventual overthrow of the bloodthirsty and fanatical tyranny which had, ever since the murder of Gordon, handed over to a barbarous despotism, a vast region at one time an integral dependency of Egypt. The question, however, to be now considered was whether this policy of reconquest was to be undertaken by Egypt or by Great Britain alone, and, if by Egypt, how the

necessary funds were to be found. The most obvious course seemed to be that the money should be provided by the Egyptian Commissioners of the Debt, who represented all the Great and some of the Minor Powers at Cairo. The opposing forces were somewhat evenly divided. It was clear that a reconquest of the Sudan would result in its annexation to Egypt, and that a large portion of Central Africa would pass, sooner or later, under British control. The votes on this question, when given by the various Commissioners of the Debt, seemed likely to be equally divided, for the Governments of the Triple Alliance – Austria, Germany and Italy – were in favour of authorizing Egypt to reconquer the Sudanese dependencies, whilst France and her ally, Russia, were opposed to incurring any fresh financial burdens for that purpose. There was, however, a dark horse in the shape of the Greek representative, on the Caisse de la Dette, and his vote was, after some uncertainty, at last cast in opposition to the assumption of any new fiscal burdens on the part of the Egyptian Treasury.

It was now clear that the reconquest of the Sudan must be undertaken by Great Britain alone, but the story of that reconquest belongs to a somewhat later period, with which I need not as yet deal. I think that Lord Cromer, as Sir Evelyn Baring was now called, was at heart greatly pleased that his French rivals had withdrawn from a position whose maintenance would have seriously fettered the activities of the British and Egyptian Military Forces. I had some opportunity of seeing for myself, on a visit to Wodehouse Pasha at Wady Halfa, how efficient was the Army, composed partly of fellaheen and partly of Sudanese negroes, who maintained the peace of the frontier separating the civilized dominions of the

Khedive from the regions to the south of Sarras, a few hundred yards from which lay the border line between civilization and one of the most savage forms of African barbarism.

In the summer of 1893, after spending a few days at Rhodes, I accompanied Lord Cromer to England, having been summoned home by the news of a serious accident which had just befallen my father. After giving up his post as Commander-in-Chief at Bombay (1880–1885) and Gibraltar (June, 1885–1890) he had settled for a time at a house in Lower Grosvenor Place, but was desirous of returning to country life, and had made arrangements for purchasing an old and picturesque house known as Friar Mayne in Dorset. He was staying for this purpose at Weymouth with my mother and my two unmarried sisters, and while he was driving in a trap with the youngest of them, Alice, the reins slipped under the horse's tail: it bolted, he was thrown from his seat, broke a rib and developed an attack of pleuro-pneumonia, which exhibited such serious symptoms that the doctors despaired of his recovery, and on landing at Brindisi, I received, to my great grief – for he had, ever since my early childhood, been very good to me – a telegram announcing his death. It merely remained for me to convey his coffin from his temporary residence at Weymouth to our family burial-place, the little churchyard of Fordcombe in Kent, a few miles from Tunbridge Wells.

After my return to Egypt, early in the year 1894, I paid a visit to Syria and Palestine. At Beyrout, I was the guest of our Consul-General in Syria, Colonel Trotter, whose acquaintaince I had made at Constantinople. I was anxious to visit the historic city of Damascus, but a very heavy snowstorm, which blocked the road, prevented me from carrying this project

into effect, and I was obliged to content myself with a visit to Jerusalem, whence I travelled on horseback to Jericho and the Dead Sea. There I verified the truth of the impossibility of sinking in its waters. I had brought with me an introduction given to me by the Austrian Minister at Cairo, Baron Heidler. What I think struck me most in the Holy Land was the multitude of pilgrims from Russia, many of whom had tramped to the sacred sites from the remote depths of the Russian Empire, begging their way from one monastery or convent to another. While I was at Jerusalem, one of those curious outbursts of fanaticism, so frequent among the rival sects of Christians, produced a somewhat tragic incident in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. This church had been assigned by a long tradition to a body of Latin monks, but it so happened that a party of Austrian travellers were visiting this venerable shrine. They were accompanied by an Austrian cavass, who himself was an Orthodox Greek, and therefore a bitter enemy of the Latin Franciscans. A procession of Latin priests of the Franciscan Order was taking place as part of the religious service of the day, and the cavass, to whom these Franciscans represented the hated Church of Rome, attempted to push his way through the crowd of Latin worshippers. One of the Franciscans, irritated by this disrespectful behaviour, forgot himself, and struck the cavass with a Bible or Service Book which he was carrying. The cavass thereupon whipped out a pistol and shot the Franciscan dead. He was immediately overpowered and arrested, but succeeded in making his escape and managed to get on board a ship bound for Alexandria, where he was duly arrested and brought to justice. A somewhat comic feature in this tragedy was sup-

plied by the Governor of Jerusalem, who, on hearing of the murder of a French protected person, immediately dismissed the Mudir of Bethlehem, who was peaceably sleeping, after luncheon, in entire ignorance of the murder which had just taken place.

A day or two later, an unfortunate Jew, who had wandered into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a building from which non-Christians were excluded, was violently assaulted and beaten by some zealous Christian pilgrims who resented the profanation by his presence of the site of our Saviour's crucifixion, and complained of this outrage to the Governor of the city. The Turkish official to whom he appealed merely shrugged his shoulders and observed, 'The Christians of different sects habitually assault and often murder one another in their Churches, and what can you expect of them when they come across a Jew? You are indeed extremely lucky to have escaped from their fury with your life.'

Apart from the regular pilgrims, Jerusalem contained many somewhat eccentric personages, who were attracted by the sacred associations and sites. One of these was an English lady who believed in the imminence of the Day of Judgment, which was, she thought, due almost immediately. This belief led her to ride up almost every Sunday in Advent to the summit of the Mount of Olives, in the expectation that our Lord would descend from the skies to judge the righteous and the wicked, and she accordingly brought up with her, on a train of donkeys and mules, a substantial breakfast on which she hoped to induce Him to partake before commencing the great final assize. She had done this for some time past, and was still convinced that this opportunity could not be long delayed according to the Biblical calculations which she

had made after studying the prophecies of the Apocalypse. No disappointment seemed able to dispel the strange belief which had taken possession of her mind.

Beside the Turkish authorities, I paid a visit, rather to the dissatisfaction of my kind Austrian Catholic hosts, who had showed me the most friendly hospitality, to the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, who received me with much courtesy and appeared to me a man of a liberality of mind not always found among the dignitaries of the many rival creeds in the Holy City. I had wished to see something of the northern part of Palestine, but my official duties somewhat suddenly recalled me, before I could do so, to Egypt.

Strange as seemed the illusions of devout visionaries such as Mrs. Gray, I heard sometime afterwards from a Church of England Prelate, an even more curious example of the effect of the Holy Land and its traditions on the Emperor William II, when some years later he visited the sacred sites of Palestine. He was camping on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and one night he mysteriously disappeared. Aides-de-camp were sent in various directions, and the Emperor, who was in uniform, was at length discovered wet from head to foot, from what was evidently an immersion in the waters of the lake. As he emerged from them, he exclaimed, 'Ich kann nicht glauben das er es wirklich gethan hat,' and he had evidently himself made an attempt to walk upon the waves of the historic inland sea. I should not have ventured to mention this story had I not heard it at first hand from a dignitary of the Church, who was absolutely incapable of inventing it.

One of British diplomacy's most original and determined opponents in Egypt was the brilliant but

somewhat eccentric Wilfred Blunt, a Sussex squire of Radical tendencies, and a supporter of Irish nationalism, at once a Catholic and a well-informed admirer of Islam, a poet and a lover of Arab horses, of which he long kept a stud at Crabbet Park, near Three Bridges. One of these, a beautiful animal, was purchased by my uncle, Lord Hardinge; for Blunt, with his wife, Lady Anne, a descendant of Byron, had ridden into the wildest parts of Central Arabia, and had imported Arab stallions into England with a view to breeding, much as Sir John Fenwick, in the late seventeenth century, had endeavoured to cross our native breeds with those of Barbary. He had a country place near Matarieh, a village situated to the north-east of Cairo, associated by tradition with the Biblical account of the flight of the Holy Family to Egypt, and there he, Lady Anne, and their daughter, now Mrs. Lytton, always cordially welcomed their friends. Mr. Blunt would often ride out himself to meet his guests, dressed in a flowing mantle, and wearing a turban on his head. The ladies of his family wore Eastern dresses, except when they came on Sundays to attend Church at Cairo, or to lunch with Lord and Lady Cromer at the Agency; for, in spite of their political differences, Cromer always treated Blunt with courtesy and considered him a useful, if not an always trustworthy, informant. He had been, from the first, a consistent Egyptian Nationalist, and quite honestly disliked the British race, of which he was himself, in many ways, an eccentric product, and still more the British Empire, with all his heart. He was actually imprisoned, I think, by Mr. Balfour under the Crimes Act, for his share in disloyal agitation in Ireland, and had himself photographed in a convict's costume with broad arrows

marked on it. There was, in fact, a story that King Edward VII, on visiting him in the country, saw the photograph, and asked what the uniform was. 'Sir,' he answered, 'when it was taken I was a convict in one of your Majesty's jails.'

I managed, indeed, during my three years' residence in Egypt, to see a good deal of the country from Sarras on the Mahdi's frontier in the south, to Rosetta and Damietta in the north. On this southern journey, to which I have already referred, Mr. (now Sir Horace) Rumbold was my travelling companion, and, as he was a very keen Freemason, we made friends with the brethren at various places at which we stayed, and they very kindly passed us on to others. I had, when an Oxford undergraduate, undergone the three ceremonies of initiation, from apprentice to Master, at the Apollo University Lodge; I was, in fact, admitted as 'a Master,' when still a minor, owing to my father's having been a member of the craft. But I had forgotten most of the signs and passwords of the successive examinations, and had to be coached by Rumbold, who was my junior, so as not to appear an impostor. Some years later, when in Persia, the members of a Persian lodge, which had been formed at Tehran, but dissolved by Nasreddin Shah, invited me to affiliate it with our own Grand Lodge, to which I accordingly applied for help. The reply was rather discouraging: the distance and the difficulty of controlling, from England, a young lodge in a country new to Masonry, and the possibility of abuses, led the English Masonic authorities to the conclusion that they had better not incur any responsibilities in Persia. One prominent Persian statesman, the Anglophile Nasr ul Mulk, had been initiated at Oxford, and might, I think, have made a good beginning as Grand

Master. But the difficulty lay in his long absences, as a provincial Governor, from Tehran, in his capacity as the occupant of successive Provincial Governments, as well as in the distrust entertained by some of the Shah's Ministers of a secret society, whose real aims inspired a not unnatural distrust.

What, I think, struck me most in the Holy Land was the ubiquity and religious zeal of the Russian pilgrims, whose Government had built large and fine monastic buildings with hospitals, churches and schools, and appeared to outnumber those of any other Christian nation. Most of them were poor peasants, clad in shaggy sheepskins, and had wandered sometimes for months on foot, with a wooden bowl for alms, tied round their backs, begging their way, as I had myself seen them do near Kieff and Moscow, from the depths of Russia, and fed, as they tramped along, by the willing alms of the people whose villages they traversed. Some of them would approach me in the streets of Jerusalem, on ascertaining that I spoke Russian, and ask for all sorts of curious and probably legendary sites, which I could not always find for them – the house, for example, in which John the Baptist was born, and another one celebrated as a temporary residence of the Prophet Elijah. Their assiduity at Divine Service was quite insuperable. One evening, at about six, when I was in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which also covers the site of the Crucifixion,[1]

[1]This at first surprised and puzzled me, for I assumed, like the ordinary person, a largish garden some way off, as the scene of the Burial and Resurrection, until, on referring to the Biblical text, I realized that the latter 'was hard by the place where He was Crucified.' Some persons, as a matter of fact, including Gordon Pasha, doubted this, and favoured a more northern site, whose claims I am not competent to judge. But the older tradition seems, at first sight at least, the more probable.

an attendant came up to tell me that I must leave as the building was being closed. I remarked that an evening service appeared to be still going on in another part of the Church. 'Ah, yes,' he replied, 'that is an all-night one for Russian pilgrims. You can attend it if you like, but should you do so, you will have to stay ten or twelve hours in the Church, for the doors will be locked, and every chapel but that one plunged into darkness, until daylight.'

More interesting to the Jewish than to the Christian pilgrim was the site of Solomon's Temple, with the rock from which the Prophet Mohammed is said to have been carried up to visit Heaven, upon Borak, the famous horse with a woman's head, whose picture is still revered by pious Shias throughout Persia. One of the stones in this chapel is reported to bear the letters of the Holy name of 'Jah' or 'Jehovah,' and to have been the site of Abraham's attempted sacrifice of Isaac. The sanctity of Jerusalem, as the birthplace of the three great monotheistic religions, attracted pilgrim votaries attached to each, many of them exceedingly eccentric. I could not help being amused by the honest enthusiasm of an American fellow-traveller in the train from Jaffa to Jerusalem, accompanied by a voluble English-speaking cicerone, who, at every station, pointed out the interesting sites, visible from the carriage windows, giving the chapters and verses of the Bible in which each of them was mentioned. 'A wonderful man, sir,' the American observed to me, gazing proudly at his companion, as the latter fired off text after text. 'I guess there are not many bishops in your country or in mine who know as much of the Scriptures as he does.'

CHAPTER III

EARLY YEARS IN ZANZIBAR AND EAST AFRICA

EARLY in 1894, soon after my return to Cairo from Palestine, I received a telegram from Lord Rosebery, offering me the post of Political Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar, in succession to Sir Gerald Portal, an old schoolfellow in my tutor's house at Eton, and my predecessor in Egypt. After a successful mission to Uganda, he had contracted, whilst shooting at home, a serious chill, which, attacking a constitution already weakened by the unwholesome climate of tropical Africa, brought about his premature and widely regretted death. Portal had been replaced by my old Balliol friend, Mr. (now Sir Rennell) Rodd, during his temporary mission to Uganda, then the scene of a politico-religious conflict between French Roman Catholic and British Anglican missionaries, the latter having been invited, some years before their rivals, by the famous explorer Stanley, in order to convert to the Christian faith the tribes dwelling on the shores of the Great Central African Lake. I accepted this new appointment with the greatest delight, and after a short holiday at home, embarked on a Messageries Maritimes steamer for this new and interesting field of work. On board the ship I found a young lady of my acquaintance, Miss Keble, the niece of the author of the *Christian Year*, and daughter of the Rector of Bisley in Gloucestershire, in whose parish I had spent two summers before settling near Dursley. She was engaged to one of my Vice-Consuls at Zanzibar, Mr. Kestell Cornish, and he came to meet her at Aden, where the ceremony was performed by a brother of the bridegroom, himself a

missionary in Madagascar. A few days later the coconut groves of Zanzibar appeared on our left hand, then the port and lastly, with its white Arab houses, the heart of the city, which was for the next few years to be my home.

The term Zanzibar, the land of the blacks in Arabic, and 'Unguja' in the Swahili tongue of the East African coast, included the two islands, Zanzibar itself and the smaller Pemba to the north, and in addition to these, a long strip of coast, with undefined inland frontiers, extending from Magadoxo in the north to the present northern boundary of Portuguese East Africa to the south. Its capital was the most important African city between Egypt and Natal. It had a population of two hundred thousand, chiefly made up of Arabs and Swahilis or Mohammedan negroids, recruited from all the tribes of East Africa. Originally inhabited by Bantu savages, both islands, as well as the mainland coast strip facing them, had been colonized during a period extending from the eighth to the tenth century by Arabs, natives of the Persian Gulf, belonging to the Ibadhi sect of Kharejites (Harajis or immigrants), who had refused to recognize the authority of the worldly and luxurious Ommeyad Caliphs of Damascus, as well as of their successors at Bagdad, and, later, at Cairo and Stamboul. These curious sectaries were in blood and civilization partly Persian. There are still traces of Persian influence in the architecture of the island towns of Siu and Faza near Lamu, and in the features of their inhabitants. But the form of Mohammedanism which they imported into Eastern Africa was neither Sunni nor Shiah, and in some respects recalled the tenets of the English Pilgrim Fathers, inasmuch as it recognized no visible Caliph or hierarchy of divines, such as the Sunni Ulema or Shiah

mujtebids, and it regarded the father of every family, and in a sense, therefore, the temporal ruler of the State, as its Imam or leader in prayer. This view is consistent with the fundamental conception of Islam, which differs from Judaism and Christianity, the two other great Semitic and Monotheistic creeds, in rejecting the conception of a priesthood, to which certain special religious functions have been entrusted, although not, as among the Jews, by heredity, or, as among Christians, by a transmission of mystic spiritual powers.

Another curious peculiarity of the Ibadhis, shared by them with the Persian Shias, had long been the doctrine of 'Ketman' or pious concealment, indeed misrepresentation of true facts, not unlike, in its reasoning as to means and ends, that with which Pascal reproached his Jesuit countrymen. I once discussed this doctrine with a friend, an Ibadhi Cadi of Zanzibar, to whom I put the question, 'If the Sultan ordered you to eat pork, on pain of imprisonment, would you comply?' 'Yes,' he answered, 'I should deem it lawful to do so, for, if imprisoned, I could no longer discharge my important and useful religious duties.' 'But,' I said, 'you revere, as we Christians do, the memory of Daniel, who preferred to be thrown to the lions, rather than neglect to recite his daily prayers.' 'True,' replied my friend, 'but Daniel possessed the gift of prophecy, and thus knew beforehand that Allah would not let the lions injure him. He was thus able to edify the faithful by a semblance of heroic constancy, without any danger to himself. I however, not being so highly favoured, have no certainty of angelic protection against similar harsh treatment by my Sovereign.'

Another feature which distinguishes the Ibadhis, in

common with the Christian adherents of 'the Old Faith' in Russia, and which is found also among the Wahabis of Nejd, is their abhorrence of smoking in any form. Their reason for this sentiment, as explained to me by a member of the sect, is the fact that excessive smoking, like excessive drinking, tends to stupefy men and make them sick, and is therefore a form of self-administered poison, partaking of the sinful character of suicide. This belief is accompanied, as among the Wahabis, by a Puritanical dislike of the adornment of mosques and religious edifices, which leads them to reject minarets and rich or showy internal decorations. Some of them are said to deny predestination, but of this I have never obtained proof.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century, the circumnavigation of Africa brought the Portuguese explorers, on their way to India, into contact with the Zanzibar Arabs. After taking Mozambique, they occupied all the most important Arab towns and cities,—Kilwa, Mombasa, Malindi, Lamu, Siu and lastly Magadoxo—which was, in a sense, their last useful acquisition, as landing there has always been difficult during the prevalence of the south-west monsoon. Their fine buildings, especially the fort at Mombasa, erected early in the seventeenth century, and now a prison, are still used by their British successors, and in 1899, on, I think, the 500th anniversary of the sailing of Vasco da Gama from Lisbon, I presented the Portuguese Government with some guns which that great sailor had left at Zanzibar.

Towards the latter half of the seventeenth century, Portugal, struggling to shake off the yoke of Spain, which had been forced on her by Philip II, was unable to reassert her control over her old Asiatic and African Empires. In 1648 they were driven from

Muscat by the Arabs of the interior of Oman, whose leader, Sef bin Sultan of the Yorabi tribe, assumed, as the chief agent in a Jehad or Holy War, the religious designation of Imam. Fifty years later, the Yorabi Dynasty founded by him was deposed and succeeded by that of the Albusaidi. These new rulers were, however, refused recognition by the Arab Viceroy of Mombasa, Mohammed bin Othman el Mazrui, who proclaimed himself an independent Sovereign over the whole of the East African coast, from the Ozi River in the north to the town of Pangani in the south. Five Mazrui Princes – Ali, Masud, Abdullah, Ahmed and Mohammed – succeeded one another at Mombasa, according to the Moslem custom of hereditary succession, till in 1822 Sayyid (Prince) Said bin Sultan, the fourth Albusaidi Imam of Muscat, determined to reconquer the old African possessions of his predecessors, and after expelling the Yorabi Governor, Abdullah bin Ahmed, from Pemba, proceeded to threaten at Mombasa itself his successor, Suleiman bin Ali. The latter at once placed himself under the protection of the captain of the British man-of-war *Barracouta*, then cruising with some other British vessels off the East African coast, and a British protectorate was established. Lieutenant Reitz, R.N., who eventually died at Mombasa, and after whom Port Reitz there is called, was appointed British Resident, and divided to their reciprocal satisfaction such revenue as it produced with the Mazrui chief. The British Government, however, declined to sanction this arrangement; the Mazrui chief, Suleiman bin Ali, was deposed by a rival, Salim bin Ahmed, and the latter in his turn submitted to the new Albusaidi Imam of Muscat and of Zanzibar, the wise and vigorous Sayyid Said bin Sultan. Several attempts of

the 'Mazara' or Mombasa Mazrui Arabs to shake off the new Sovereign's authority ended in 1837 in the final subjugation of Mombasa, when he seized by treachery and starved to death with some twenty of his supporters on a fortress in his Arabian possessions, the last of the more or less independent Mazrui rulers, Sheikh Rashid bin Salim, against whose son, Mubarek bin Rashid, I myself was, some sixty years later, compelled to assert the Queen's authority. The Mazrui tribe meanwhile broke up into two branches, one governing at Gazi and the other at Takaungu, both small towns situated respectively to the south and north of Mombasa, which itself was ever afterwards, until the creation of the British East African Protectorate, directly administered from Zanzibar.

Sayyid Said bin Sultan, the conqueror of the Mazruis, or to give them their correct Arabic plural 'Mazara,' and the first of the great Imams of his dynasty, reigned for over fifty years, from 1804 to 1856, and maintained very cordial relations with the British authorities in India and their Agents on the coasts of the Persian Gulf. In 1832, he shifted his chief seat of Government to Zanzibar, preferring it to his native Muscat, and died at sea on his way back to it from Arabia. The question as to which of his surviving sons should succeed him was referred to the arbitration of Lord Canning, then Governor-General of India, and he assigned the Arabian portion to the late Sultan's elder son, Sayyid Thwain, and the African to his second son, Sayyid Majid. On the latter's death, his next brother, Sayyid Barghash, succeeded him and was the first Prince of the Albusaidi dynasty to visit England or indeed Europe. Some scandal was said at the time to have been caused among his stricter Moslem subjects by his being photographed – in itself a sin –

surrounded by a goup of unveiled European ladies, and I was informed that from that moment the old title of Imam, or 'Leader in Prayer,' corresponding to our own Sovereign's description as Defender of the Faith, ceased to be applied to him by the more devout Arabs, its place being taken by the less sacred name of 'Sultan.'

The latter part of his reign was clouded by troubles mainly due to the action of Foreign Powers. The desire evinced by Germany to found a great Colonial Empire, as a justification for the maintenance of a great army and fleet, which might otherwise have alarmed her neighbours, was already beginning to make itself felt, and was encouraged by the British occupation of Egypt and the consequent temporary tension between Great Britain and France. Prince Bismarck and M. Jules Ferry supported one another's policy of colonial expansion in Indo-China, Australasia, Western and Southern Africa, and this encouraged the ambition of King Leopold to create an international state in the Congo basin. This policy directed the ambition of German explorers to the eastern shore of the Dark Continent, somewhat feebly administered by States such as Portugal and Zanzibar. In 1884 a German expedition had landed in Zanzibar territory on the East African mainland, had reached the higher and healthier inland region known as Usagara and had acquired by so-called treaties with its petty native chief a territory of 60,000 square miles as the basis of a future German colony. The Liberal Government of Mr. Gladstone, in that dislike of Imperial and colonial responsibility which led it to restore the Transvaal, after a simple slight reverse, to the Boers, was unwilling to oppose or compete with this movement, and promised Germany not to discourage it. It afforded, however, no

active support to the rival aspirations of the so-called British East African Company in which Sir W. Mackinnon, an able Scotchman, was the leading spirit and on whose behalf Mr. (afterwards Sir Harry) Johnston had just concluded an agreement with the chiefs of Taveta, an oasis not far from the huge mountain now known throughout the world as Kilimanjaro. In the next year (1885) the German Government acknowledged the authority of a petty semi-Arab, semi-negro, native chief in the neighbourhood of Lamu, who had rebelled against the Government of Zanzibar and now called himself Sultan of Witu. When Sayyid Barghash protested, a German squadron was sent to Zanzibar in order to compel him to recognize German authority over both Usagara and Witu, and unsupported as he was by Great Britain, no alternative remained but helpless submission to brute force. The blow to his prestige was necessarily great. Earlier measures of pressure by England had not challenged his territorial authority, the limits of which on the mainland were vague and sometimes changeable, and dwindled from direct control in the coast region, some 20 miles deep, to mere prestige and vague influence as the distance from it gradually increased. It was magnified and strengthened by the great Arab slave traders, such men as Tippoo Tib and Rumaliza, who afterwards built up, at Kasongo, in the heart of the Congo basin, an Arab Mohammedan community, only crushed, after a good deal of fighting, by the Belgians. Its power, in fact, depended very largely on the capacity and energy of the coast Valis, and their agents in the hinterland, extending from Bagomoyo to Ujiji. It was not, however, till a later date in East African history that a joint international Commission of British, French and German delegates confined the limits of the

Sultan's effective authority to a distance of 10 miles from high-water mark at any point upon the coast, which had the effect, owing to its penetration by many creeks, of imparting a somewhat sinuous character to the boundary line thus defined.

Sayyid Barghash died in the year of the Anglo-German treaty, which fixed the boundaries of the respective spheres of British and German East Africa. It transferred the British island of Heligoland to Germany; recognized a British protectorate over the Zanzibar dominions from Vanga to Kismayu, including in it the Sultanate of Witu, abandoned Uganda, which the active German agent Carl Peters had hoped to wrest from British influence; and transferred to the direct control of the German Empire the mainland territory, ten miles deep, lying between Vanga and Kionga Bay, south of which it belonged to Portugal, in return for a payment to the Sultan of a lump sum of £200,000. This dismemberment of the great African Empire which his father had created and developed formed a melancholy close to his reign, and the sorrow with which he beheld it was intensified by a dramatic misfortune; for a sister, to whom he was deeply attached, eloped with a German clerk of the name of Rute, who carried her off with him to Europe. Some years later she returned with him on board a man-of-war at Zanzibar, and the Germans there were so ignorant or so inconsiderate of Mohammedan feeling as to endeavour to utilize her as a means of influencing the Sultan. Barghash, I believe – for this incident occurred long before my residence in East Africa – not merely declined to see her, but even to allow her name to be mentioned in his presence. 'The Princess,' he said to the German officers who were tactless enough to mention her, 'has now been long dead. I mourned her

loss, but it was God's decree. Do not, I pray you, insult me and dishonour her memory by suggesting that she could have been so shameless as to become an apostate from her religion and the concubine of a base-born infidel.'

Notwithstanding the clouds which darkened the close of his reign, Sayyid Barghash may be said to have, on the whole, consolidated the authority of his dynasty, and the respect with which it was regarded by his subjects. He substituted for the ragged rabble of Beluchi and Kiriboto Arab mercenaries, which formed the army of his brother Sayyid Majid, a force modelled upon European patterns, organized and commanded by General Mathews, an Englishman whom he had taken into his service. He allowed himself, moreover, to be in a large measure guided by Mr. John Kirk, a great African explorer and scientist, and probably the ablest and most influential of all the many British representatives at Zanzibar, at the time when the main business of a British Consul-General was to influence rather than to dictate. Kirk, whom I knew in his retirement at Wavertree, his country home near Sevenoaks, persuaded him to sign a treaty submitted by Sir Bartle Frere during a special visit to Zanzibar, abolishing the slave trade in his Sultanate, although not without having to hint to him that its rejection might be followed by a blockade, which might stop the importation of foreign imports into his territory. Sir Harry Johnston was told that the Sultan, on being asked by Kirk what, if this were to happen, he would do, smilingly replied, 'Well, Balozi[1] (oh, Consul), I

[1]The term Balozi is a curious one. It was derived from the Italian 'Baglio' – Greek, Balios – our bailiff, applied by the Byzantine Greeks to the Genoese, Venetian and other West European Consuls who resided at the Imperial Court at Constantinople.

should take up my residence at the British Agency and live there with you.' He always valued the friendship of the British Consul-General, for Kirk had prevented the Egyptians in the days of the Khedive Ismail from occupying the Sanali coast ports, and when they refused to send a boat to enable him to land at Kismayu, was said to have himself swum out to the Egyptian ship and informed the Admiral, a Scotchman like himself, named McKillop, that the British Government would not permit him to occupy a port belonging to the Zanzibar dominions.

The reign of the successor of Barghash, his next brother Sayyid Khalifa bin Said, was a short one. It was marked by a rising of the native population in the coast district administered by the German East African Company, whose formation has already been described, and whose somewhat harsh methods of Government had aroused the dislike of the Arabs. The signal for this rising was said to have been a trifling incident – the entry into a mosque at Pangani of a German official followed by his dog – and it spread rapidly along the whole coast, compelling the flight to Zanzibar of the agents of the Company and their families. Their rule had undoubtedly been, in some respects, rough and tactless; and this was especially the case with the class of petty officials. Some years after these events, the German officer in charge of the district of Pangani in which the anti-German rebellion had taken place, spoke in regretful terms of the rough methods of many of his own German subordinates. 'These fellows,' he said, 'are frequently not gentlemen; they belong to the non-commissioned officer class: men who in Germany would be station-masters, and in their small way State servants, and as such, imperious and arrogant. They have been edu-

cated, but only superficially: they are inclined, in a hot and trying climate, to drink more beer and spirits than is good for them; to treat the native women, with whom they often cohabit, roughly, and to despise Mohammedan prejudices, abusing the Arabs, both pure and half-caste, as "Schweinhunde" ("Pig-dogs"), a combination of insults than which no grosser term of abuse could possibly be more offensive to a self-respecting Moslem. Only the other day one of my own men of this type calmly proposed to me to go and devastate some villages which objected to the payment of some Government dues. We envy you,' he continued, 'your subordinate staff of Indian baboo clerks, whether Customs officers or tax collectors, who never get drunk, rarely lose their tempers, and have enough experience of Oriental prejudices and habits to avoid incurring the distrust which so many of our men inspire.'

I pointed out that some of our Baboos were not above corruption, and he replied with some justice that 'a corrupt official, who does not overdo it and is ready for a friendly deal, involving, as is every day the case, a conflict of wits, is usually popular in the East, his methods being regarded as natural, and thus as quite legitimate and fair.' My own experience confirmed this, though now and then, in my own Protectorate, I had rather bad examples of corruption. One was that of a Swahili clerk who, during my absence, imposed an 'entry tax' on all the Wanyika or natives of the immediate hinterland of Mombasa, when they crossed the bridge separating the mainland from the island, and had made a nice little sum, till the elders of the town complained to me of the new tax, which they understood I had imposed; its brilliant creator, in fact, explained that he had merely proposed eventually to deposit it in the Treasury for my own

benefit and that of the Protectorate, and was surprised at my ingratitude when I not only took him at his word but sent him to prison in the fort.

To return from this digression on German administrative methods, the revolt which had commenced at Pangani, threatening as it did the prestige of the white man in Africa, brought about common action between the British and German Governments. It was, in fact, rapidly put down, British men-of-war co-operating in the blockade of the rebel towns with the German forces, and the Administrator of the German coast. On September 13, 1889, Sayyid Khalifa, the successor of Sayyid Barghash, was prevailed upon by Mr. (afterwards Sir Gerald) Portal, who was acting Agent and Consul-General in Zanzibar in the absence of Sir Charles Evan Smith, to grant to the British and German Governments and to their Representatives and Naval officers, a permanent delegation of the right of search of all dhows, boats, canoes and other vessels belonging to his subjects in his territorial waters. He agreed that all persons entering his dominions after the end of November, 1889, should be free, but should also become the Sultan's subjects, and that all children born in his dominions should be declared free, in return for which Great Britain undertook to raise the blockade. In a further edict issued by his successor, Sayyid Ali, the latter confirmed, in August, 1890, a proclamation enforcing his predecessor's anti-slavery legislation, although, owing to the dissatisfaction with which his subjects regarded this edict, he was afterwards forced to suspend its operation in practice.

Meanwhile, the alliance of the British and German forces in the blockade of the German coast had served to promote negotiations between their respective Governments in regard to their spheres of influence

in Africa. By a treaty signed on July 1, 1890, the British Government ceded Heligoland to Germany, and she on her side recognized the protectorate of Great Britain over the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, as well as the Zanzibar mainland north of the Umba River. She, moreover, abandoned her claim to Witu and the coast between that State and Kismayu, as well as her interests in Uganda, where the German explorer Carl Peters had attempted, with the help of the French Roman Catholic party, to prevent the extension of British influence, then supported by the clergy of the Anglican 'Church Missionary Society.' Great Britain, moreover, undertook to persuade the Sultan of Zanzibar to transfer the coast from Vanga as far south as the Portuguese frontier to the direct control of Germany, in return for a payment to Sayyid Ali bin Said of £200,000, the price of a large estate in Europe. The Sultan, moreover, consented to a partition of its hinterland, by a frontier line running north-west to the eastern shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza. It thus left Uganda within the British sphere, and bisected that lake by a prolongation of this line, whence it was to be carried to the eastern boundary of the so-called Congo Free State, now ruled, under a personal union, by King Leopold II of Belgium. A curious feature of this partition was the deflection of this new Anglo-German frontier, so as to include the great mountain of Kilimanjaro in German territory, thus making over to the Emperor William II the possession of the highest peak on the Dark Continent. This arrangement, to which he consented, on the advice of his Chancellor Count Caprivi, was somewhat adversely criticized in Germany, and oddly enough by Mr. Gladstone, who blamed a clause providing that the cession of Heligoland must be sanctioned by Parliament, as a dangerous

encroachment on the prerogative of the Crown, which the great Radical leader had himself exercised when he abolished purchase in the Army by Royal Warrant. It reflected, however, great credit on the sagacity of Lord Salisbury, who had had the main share in its negotiation, and lasted, with a few trifling rectifications, till the insane ambition of the Emperor William II set Europe ablaze in 1914, and destroyed, together with the Prussian monarchy, the new German colonial Empire, which Prince Bismarck had long laboured to create.

Sayyid Ali bin Said, in whose reign the treaty was concluded, was the last of the four brothers – Majid, Barghash, Khalifa and himself – to occupy the throne of Zanzibar. On his death, in accordance with the rule of dynastic succession in the Albusaidi dynasty, his nephew, Hamid bin Thwain, a grandson of Sayyid Said bin Sultan, became the next heir to the Crown. His father, Thwain bin Said, had been murdered by his own eldest son, Sayyid Salim bin Thwain, who was forced to flee from Oman, in order to escape the fearful penalty of parricide. He was then about forty years old, and had spent most of his earlier life at Muscat. His succession to the throne of Zanzibar was resented by his cousin Sayyid Khalid bin Barghash, on the ground that his father belonged to the Muscat branch of the family, to which Lord Canning had assigned the Arabian, as distinct from the African, dominions of the Albusaidi Princes; but it was assured by the firm action of Sir Rennell Rodd, British Acting Political Agent, and on a subsequent similar occasion in 1895, on Sayyid Hamid's own death, by Mr. Cave.

I have endeavoured to describe, as succinctly as possible, the history of the reigning dynasty at Zanzibar up to the moment at which I entered on my new

duties as Political Agent and Consul-General. My house there, the old British Agency – now turned, I believe, into public offices – was a picturesque and roomy Arab building, overlooking the Indian Ocean at the western extremity of the city, which lay to the north and south of it. The ground floor consisted of the Chancery and its dependencies; the story just above it contained a comfortable library, in which I did my work and received my visitors; of a long narrow drawing-room opening on to a balcony, and beyond it a good-sized dining-room, in which it was possible to entertain some twenty guests. This floor contained two or three bed- and dressing-rooms, and above it were several more comfortable ones. Of these, one bore over its door a placard recording that Stanley had slept there on the night of his arrival, after traversing Central Africa from the mouth of the Congo to Bagamoyo in German East Africa, about 20 miles west of Zanzibar.

On my arrival at Zanzibar I was met by Mr. Cracknall, Judge of the British Consular Court, who had been acting Agent and Consul-General since the departure for England of my acting predecessor, Sir Rennell Rodd, by the senior naval officer, Captain Campbell, and the Sultan's Prime Minister, Sir Lloyd Mathews, a famous sailor, who had become Commander of the Zanzibar forces in the days of Sayyid Barghash, and was long one of my best and most trusted friends. He now held the office of First Minister; for one of the arrangements made by Sir Gerald Portal before his departure had been the creation of a mainly English Ministry or Cabinet to assist the new Sultan, and of this body Mathews was the head. Few men, probably no foreigners, were more deservedly beloved by the natives of all classes, for he spoke Swahili like a native,

was intimately acquainted with all their customs, had organized the Army of Sayyid Barghash, and commanded it in operations on the mainland, and was himself in the habit of administering a patriarchal justice, and of hearing and settling complaints or disputes submitted to him by any applicant from a bench in the open air, situated on the high road which leads from the city to the Royal Palace at Chukwani, some six miles to the south. Mathews had strong likes and dislikes; he detested and distrusted the Germans, and although he always made a point of attending Divine Service on Christmas Day at the fine Cathedral which the Universities Mission had built on the site of the old slave market, he was not himself in sympathy with the proselytizing efforts of its clergy among the Mohammedan Swahilis, and still less so with the anti-slavery campaign carried on in the Slave Trade Department of the Foreign Office by its energetic superintendent Mr. Wylde. Some time after my arrival at Zanzibar, the celebrated Oscar Wilde, whom I had known and delighted in at Oxford, was convicted of grossly immoral practices, and I was much amused to discover that Mathews had confounded him with the highly respectable philanthropist. 'Am I not right in saying,' he indignantly exclaimed to me one day, 'that these fellows are utter humbugs? Here is Wylde, who always talked with such horror about slave concubines, and the polygamy of the Arabs, himself convicted and imprisoned as guilty of the most revolting forms of vice. Can anything be more sickening than these fellows and their cant?' I think he was really disappointed when I explained that the author of *Salome* and of *Dorian Grey*, and the highly respectable Head of the Slave Trade Department in Downing Street, were two totally different persons.

During his long residence at Zanzibar, he had lived in such close intimacy with the natives, that he unconsciously reflected some of their peculiar views and modes of thought. He would never, for example, if he could help it, meet any suggestion made by me with a direct negative, however much he might himself dislike it, but would put forward some apparently identical suggestion in another form, which in effect completely knocked the bottom out of mine. In some other ways he was very Eastern. On one occasion when we were in London together, I urged him to come with me to see Lord Salisbury, who was then Prime Minister, in order to explain certain Zanzibar questions, but he steadily evaded doing so. At last he explained that he had ordered a large piece of silver plate, as a present to His Lordship – from the Sultan or himself, I forget which – but that the silversmith had not quite completed it, and that he felt a certain embarrassment at 'appearing empty-handed before the head of Her Majesty's Government.' A warm friend to the natives, he disliked most European foreigners, and especially the Germans, and I never could persuade him to visit the coast or capital of German East Africa. To his own English subordinates of every degree he was always the kindest, the most helpful and most generous of chiefs.

A couple of days after my arrival, I presented my credentials to the Sultan, in a huge modern palace, erected, if I recollect rightly, by Sayyid Barghash, on a large open space which overlooked the harbour. Sayyid Hamid bin Thwain, arrayed in a joho, or long dark blue and gold-embroidered robe and turban, and wearing sandals on his bare feet, sat on a chair of state, rather than a throne, approached as in Europe by steps at the farther end from the door of a large 'baraza,' or

reception room. On his left and right were seats facing one another on opposite sides of the room, Sayyid Khalid bin Barghash sitting nearest to the Sultan on one side, and I myself occupying the same place at his right on the other, with Mathews next to me. Sayyid Hamid bin Thwain was a dignified white Arab, whose regular features and fair complexion, relieved by a short dark beard, revealed the Aryan blood inherited by him from his mother, a Circassian slave concubine. His manners were invariably courteous; his behaviour that of a highly polished and cultivated Arab gentleman. Often as we afterwards disagreed, I never saw him lose his temper or self-control. Now and then he exhibited a touch of dry humour, and at a later period in his reign, when he had begun to realize the more galling aspects of his own position as a protected puppet prince, I had occasion to present to him a distinguished naval officer who had explored the Polar regions north of Greenland, and who described to him the short dark days of winter, the midnight sun in summer, the white bears and the Esquimo dogs. 'I presume,' he said gently and yet a little dryly, 'that the interesting region which you visited now enjoys, or at least will soon do so, the blessings of a British Protectorate!' For the first few months of my residence at his Court, no cause of difference between us ever arose, but ere long the question of the future administration of the mainland possessions of the Zanzibar Sultanate, comprised under the treaty of 1890 in the British sphere of influence, brought with it certain elements of friction.

The European community at Zanzibar consisted of a few foreign Consuls, of several European commercial houses, chiefly German and English, of a flourishing branch of the Universities Mission to Central Africa, which possessed a hospital, a Cathedral in which the

Anglican services were chanted in Swahili and in English, and several schools in the suburb known as Mkunazini, as well as of a large and wealthy British Indian element, composed mainly of Boras and Khojas from Bombay, Cutch and the Malabar coast, who regarded the Aga Khan, an Indian Prince of Persian origin and a Sayyid claiming descent from the Caliph Ali, as their hereditary religious chief. Not long after my arrival in East Africa, a schism broke out among these sectaries, one party continuing to regard the Aga Khan as its Pope, whilst the other, whose members called themselves Subhania (exalted, or supporters of God's glory), declared themselves 'Shia Etnasharis' or adherents of the Twelve Imams, of whom the last, 'the lost or absent Imam,' is said, by the Shias, to have dwelt alive for many centuries, like Frederick Barbarossa, in a mysterious cave or well at Jabalgird, a mysterious unknown city in Irak Arabi. Like the Sunni 'Mahdi' (from 'Hoda,' the road to Heaven), who gave us so much trouble in the Sudan, he was to reappear to indicate the path of righteousness to be trodden by devout seekers of Paradise. Whether the lost twelfth Imam possessed, in the eyes of the Subhanias, the attribute of ubiquity ascribed to him by more orthodox Shias, I do not now remember; but their theology seemed to bear a greater resemblance to that with which I afterwards became intimate at Tehran than to that of the votaries of the Aga Khan. I was, in fact, somewhat in the same position as my wife, who, when that popular and highly cultivated Indian Prince presented her on our marriage in 1899 with a handsome necklace, was asked to explain the precise position of the donor, and replied that he was 'a distinguished friend of my husband, I believe a famous Indian sporting parson.' At one time,

however, a good deal later, towards the end of my stay in East Africa, the conflict between the old Khojas and the Subhanias, who were really orthodox Shias rejecting the Khoja mythology, and differing from its adherents on other points of detail, became so acute, both in Zanzibar and on the German coast, that I had to expel one of the 'Subhania' preachers, who was exciting his co-religionists against their theological opponents, and had openly disobeyed my orders that he should cease from public preaching on this question. Of the two schools of doctrine, the Subhania seemed more reasonable than that of the Khojas; but whatever its merits, I could not permit sermons on it to produce disorders and sectarian riots, and I had no alternative, as the preacher would not obey me, but to shift him, which I did, under powers given me by an Order in Council, back to India, until he was willing to confine his religious teaching to less controversial topics.

The power of deportation, which was vested in me by the African Order in Council, was an exceedingly valuable prerogative. I used it on another occasion in dealing with the Greek colony at Zanzibar, certain members of it having instigated the murder of our Maltese local Chief of Police by a Greek, with whose wife the murdered man had for some time been accused of misconduct. The two men had already been involved in a personal conflict, in the course of which the Greek had had his moustaches, described by his counsel as 'a sacred appendage,' twisted by the policeman, and at the trial a great deal was made by the defence of the resentment at such a combination of outrages, which must arise in the breast of an injured husband, in whose veins ran the blood of the Homeric heroes and of the conquerors at Marathon and Salamis. The Judge, Mr. de Saumarez, confirmed the jury's verdict of guilty,

but he commuted, in accordance with its recommendation to mercy, the death penalty to a term of ten years' rigorous imprisonment at Bombay. I took the opportunity which this incident afforded me, to expel, in accordance with the powers already vested in me, several persons of Greek nationality, whom I believed to be accessories to the murder. My action was made easier by the fact that Hellenic subjects at Zanzibar had long enjoyed British Consular protection, having no Consul of their own, and this could be withdrawn from them individually or collectively, as one of the penalties of misconduct. The Greek in Africa is indeed less different than some critics would admit from the classical heroes of our boyhood. He is, as Juvenal said of his ancestors, a jack-of-all-trades who sticks at nothing, and in the pursuit of gain, he will, if the return is large, show himself fearless both of wild beasts and wilder men. When, for instance, a new territory is occupied by a British force, it is almost certain that, as soon as the advanced guard arrives at the end of a day's march, to announce that railhead is now only a few miles off, it will be met by a sprinkling of Greek vakils bred at Alexandria, Port Said, or the Piraeus. He will then be pressed, before his men can pitch their tents, to buy raki mustika, and all the other delights of the Levant, in a rude shanty which its owner perhaps dreams of some day converting into an emporium not unworthy of Kimberley or Bulawayo.

I should, I think, here say something of my personal relations with my Consular or Diplomatic colleagues, M. Labosse, an old gentleman of long experience in the French Eastern Consular Service, and Herr von Buri, the German Consul-General, one of the friendliest German Agents of my acquaintance. I was brought into

constant relations with both of them in connexion with the Zanzibar anti-Slave Trade Bureau, on which the representatives of all the Foreign Powers met from time to time in order to deal with questions bearing on the slave trade. Its duty was to register all changes in the nationality of dhows, and other native vessels, plying between the ports of the East Coast of Africa, and to investigate and punish all cases of kidnapping or illegal sale of slaves which might come within its cognizance. Its general attitude was marked by a certain jealousy and suspicion of Great Britain, as the Protecting Power at Zanzibar, which induced it to exclude any British official from the presidency or vice-presidency of the Bureau. Herr von Buri was, in these respects, a good deal more conciliatory than his French colleague, though he had a more powerful lever, had he chosen to use it, in the fact that Zanzibar was full of natives of the German coast, empowered to claim as German subjects those ex-territorial privileges which foreigners enjoyed under the 'Capitulations' in Turkey and in Egypt. I endeavoured, on my side, to reciprocate his conciliatory attitude, and I welcomed an opportunity which arose soon after my arrival at Zanzibar. Duke John Antony of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, an ardent champion of German colonial expansion, paid a visit with his wife, a Princess of Saxe-Weimar, to Zanzibar, where he was my German colleague's guest, and accepted an invitation to dine with me at the British Agency. It occurred to me that it would be a graceful compliment if I could, on their arrival at my house, receive them with the Mecklenburg as well as with the Imperial German anthem, and I was fortunate in finding, on one of the German men-of-war in harbour, an officer who had the necessary music. The Prince expressed his warm appreciation of this compliment and thus enabled me

to recall, in acknowledging it, the ties created by that auspicious marriage of King George III and Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, which had formed so precious a bond between our two dynasties and countries. Baron von Rechenberg, a Prussian from Silesia, who succeeded Herr von Buri, was, however, a good deal less conciliatory than his predecessor.

My relations, on the other hand, with the three successive Governors of German East Africa were invariably friendly and even cordial, for, in my capacity as Political Agent at Zanzibar, I was also Consul-General for the German East African Colony, of which Dar-es-Salaam was the capital and which I had, from time to time, to visit. This 'home of peace,' to give it its English equivalent, was already a neatly laid out little city, with large, handsome official buildings, and a fine residence for the German Governor. A broad street known as 'Unter den Acazien,' after the 'Unter den Linden' at Berlin, with a Kaiser Wilhelm's Denkmal or statue of the first Sovereign of reunited Germany at one end and a bust of the Iron Chancellor at the other, was perhaps rather too broad when exposed to the rays of a tropical sun, and it certainly contrasted in this respect with the narrow older streets of Zanzibar. In the evening, it was crowded with white uniformed German officers, civilian and military, for its European society was organized on strictly official lines, with separate mess-rooms for the 'Hohere' and 'Niedere Beamten,' all of whom, as the tropical evenings grew cooler towards sunset, might be seen politely receiving and returning one another's salutes, from small tables laden with refreshing iced beverages from Hamburg. I made a point of going there, whenever possible, to celebrate the German Emperor's birthday at a banquet at which the German Governor proposed the health

of the Queen, and I replied with that of the Emperor William. Our German hosts were exceedingly hospitable, but a round of official visits, each of which meant a 'schnapes' on a sultry summer's day, was apt to be rather a severe trial. I long remembered my farewell visit, before leaving East Africa for ever, for it coincided with that of two Belgian Commissioners, accompanied by a stout and merry Belgian doctor, on their way to delimitate a portion of the frontier between Germany and the Independent Congo State, and I had to spend several hours in official calls, attended by abundant libations. They were then entertained at an official banquet, followed by a dance, in the course of which the Belgian doctor, a somewhat stout gentleman, unsuccessfully urged me to waltz with him. At the close of the festive evening, the three Belgian delegates, overcome by this excessive hospitality, attempted to return to the steamer on which they had arrived from Zanzibar, but lost their way, and walked instead, in full uniform, into the waters of the Indian Ocean, whence they were rescued and brought back to their vessel in a boat.

At the outset of my East African service I had to deal with a boundary difficulty between Germany and Portugal, whose interests I represented in the temporary absence of its Consul. There had been for some time past a controversy between the two Governments on the subject of the exact position of the frontier, the Germans holding it to be the river Rovuma, and the Portuguese a line bisecting Kionga Bay. The question was clearly one for arbitration, and had the Germans been dealing with a first-class Power, some compromise would doubtless have been effected. As it was, Baron von Scheele simply annexed *sponte sua* Kionga Bay, and admitted to me that, in doing so, he was fulfilling

the orders of his Government. I telegraphed, in my capacity as His Most Faithful Majesty's acting Representative at Zanzibar, to Lisbon, requesting instructions. The Portuguese Government was unwilling, perhaps wisely, to quarrel with so great a Power as Germany on a more or less trivial question, but it offered me a Portuguese decoration as a reward for the promptness displayed by me, which our Minister at Lisbon quite correctly informed it I could not, under the Queen's regulations, accept; and not long afterwards I was relieved by a new Consul-General, a charming man with whom I was throughout on most excellent terms.

The duty of representing Portuguese interests, which fell on me when her regular Consul-General was away, was by no means an absolute sinecure; for the two British East African Protectorates contained a large Goanese population, which, as Goa was a colony of Portugal, was thus placed under my jurisdiction. These Goanese, although bearing the names of great Portuguese families such as Albuquerque, da Souza and da Silva, were a race of dusky Christian Indians. Many of them were cooks, and good ones, but great offenders against the laws of Zanzibar, which, in obedience to the Brussels Act, rightly prohibited the sale of intoxicating liquors to negroes and other coloured African natives. It was of course easy for the Goanese traders to evade this prohibition by pretending that the liquors sold by them were really intended for white purchasers, although found in the hands of a negro, and a large part of my time as Portuguese Judge was expended in preventing these evasions.

My wife, when she joined me at Zanzibar nearly four years later, complained, as may well be conceived, of the unsavoury crowd which thronged the approaches

to the library serving as my Portuguese Court of Justice, for it was upstairs, close to her own drawing-room; the English Court, which often sat at the same time, holding its sessions in a more spacious office below. Twice a week the passage outside her apartments was blocked by dusky delinquents, chiefly Goanese dealers in spirits, whilst a sturdy and intelligent coal-black constable, rejoicing in the name of 'Corporal Snowball,' related one case after another, in which some sharp Goanese trader had evaded the prohibition to supply dusky purchasers with drink.

Another curious case which came before me as Portuguese Judge was that of two Goanese, accepted as their future husbands by Arab women, in opposition to the Mohammedan religious law, which required that they must first become Moslems and undergo the rite of circumcision. This they were quite ready to do, but it appeared that the old Portuguese code, which the Zanzibar Court applied, attached certain penalties, not in themselves of a very serious character, such as excommunication and an attendant forfeiture of civil and electoral rights, to wilful apostasy from the Catholic faith. I explained to them that an appeal on the subject from my own decision to that effect lay to the higher Court at Lisbon; but if it failed, they would apparently only lose the municipal and parliamentary franchise in Portugal which they had never had an opportunity of exercising. They decided to take the risk, for what it might be worth, of becoming Moslems, and I left them happy in the joyous prospect of espousing, should they wish it, two other attractive Arab wives.

There were many local and international influences making for friction; for Zanzibar was full of natives of the German coast ports, of which Bagamoyo was the

chief, and these, when they crossed over to Zanzibar and Pemba, claimed all the ex-territorial rights of full German subjects, including immunity from control over themselves and their slaves or dependents by the Sultan's native Courts and police. There was, for instance, nothing to prevent them from kidnapping four or five natives of Zanzibar and taking them off in a dhow to the opposite mainland for sale; for while the Germans prohibited the slave trade, they could not prevent private sales, to which a slave was often a willing party. The dhows from Sur in Arabia, which flew the French flag, were an even greater nuisance; for although the treaty between France and Muscat, on which the French rested their claim to sell arms in Oman, and throughout the Persian Gulf, reposed, did not give them any legal protection over Sur, still the right of the Suri Arabs to fly the French tricolour had acquired a kind of customary sanction, and when, as sometimes happened, they were caught red-handed, they were more or less certain, when sent for trial to their own authorities, of acquittal by the French Court at Bourbon. The French Consuls in East Africa were generally more unfriendly to British interests than the Germans, and whenever these conflicted they usually sided with the latter.

This attitude was constantly observable at the meetings of the International Anti-Slavery Bureau, an institution established under the great international Brussels Act, for the purpose of combating the slave trade. This end it endeavoured to achieve by various methods: the registration of dhows transferred from one to another foreign flag; the infliction of penalties for offences against the Brussels Act, and the exchange of information relating to slavery, such as the number of slaves who had been freed during a given period in

each European colonial dependency. M. Labosse, the French Consul at Zanzibar, a courteous old gentleman, was president of the Bureau on my arrival in East Africa; but during the entire period of my stay there, neither I nor any other Englishman was asked to act as his successor or substitute, and I have little doubt that this dislike, which was actually not personal, of English influence over the Bureau, sprang from the idea that the Protecting Power was already too strong, and that the Continental countries should combine to restrict our authority, in order to prevent perfidious Albion from being mistress of the Bureau as well as of the seas.

The suppression of the slave trade was, however, in the eyes of many competent observers, a mere prelude to the destruction of the Mohammedan system of slavery, which these critics regarded as its root; and early in 1895, about seven months after my arrival in Zanzibar, I found myself confronted with this problem. I have already mentioned some of the earlier indirect measures pressed by my predecessors on successive Sultans, with a view to the gradual and indirect eradication of domestic and predial slavery alike. They had produced, first the steady diminution and then the almost total disappearance of the seaborne slave trade. This was, however, in the eyes of the philanthropic Societies, inspired by memories of Wilberforce and Clarkson, merely the first stage in a programme of which the complete abolition of the Mohammedan system of slavery had long been the ultimate end. That object had already been achieved, during the last twenty years, in other British Moslem dependencies, first in India, where slavery had been not predial, but mainly domestic; on the Gold Coast, where it partook of both these characters, and later on in Cyprus, where

a mild domestic form of the system had been suppressed on the inclusion of that island in our Empire.

As early as August, 1893, Lord Rosebery had called the attention of my acting predecessor, Mr. (now Sir Rennell) Rodd, to the expediency of bringing about the complete abolition of the status of slavery in the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba. Mr. Rodd, in a long report, dated London, December 31, 1893, had pointed out the difficulties in the way of so drastic a change, and had urged that, until some substitute could be found for domestic slavery in the islands, any sudden and violent measure would involve the cessation of all progress, 'since apart from the question of emigration, there was little prospect, until a long period of education and development had gone by, that the agricultural slave would carry on even such desultory work as that performed by him when left to his own devices.' 'The plantations,' Mr. Rodd continued, 'are now worked by domestic slaves under the direction of their Arab masters, who, whilst nominally their proprietors, are in reality little more than managers, by reason of the heavy mortgages held by Indian traders on their estates, for which a large interest is exacted. These plantations are being worked at a greater disadvantage every day, owing to the decrease and non-renewal of the slave population, and the necessity for introducing foreign labour had now become almost imperative.' Mr. Rodd went on to show that the sudden abolition of slavery would involve 'the ruin of all the landowners, and of many Indian traders, and the bankruptcy of the Government itself, for were the strong tie binding slave and master broken, the emancipated slaves could no longer work on the clove estates: many of them would join expeditions inland from the African coast, and take their chance of settling in its districts. The imme-

diate emancipation,' he continued, 'of the agricultural population would entail disaster; and I anticipate misery and perhaps famine, unless some system of State control over labour takes its place.'

Though the permanent authorities at the Foreign Office were convinced by these representations that any violent change would be attended by regrettable results, the pressure of those powerful philanthropic bodies which, in Lord Glenelg's day, had produced the great trek of the Boers from Cape Colony, and thus sowed the bitter seeds of disunion between British and Dutch in South Africa, was by no means easy to resist. Writing to me on November 27, 1894, Lord Kimberley suggested the application to the Zanzibar dominions of the famous Indian Act of 1843, which abolished the legal status of slavery in British India, though he admitted that Sir Evelyn Baring had opposed its extension to Egypt, and he went on to direct me to send him a full report on the whole subject. A copy of my answer, written nine months after my first arrival in East Africa, appears in the appendix to this volume. Much of it is arid, dealing as it does with the religious law of Islam, always a somewhat delicate subject for interference by infidel rulers; but it gives, I think, a fair picture of the constitution of domestic slavery as it then existed in Zanzibar. I endeavoured to place the facts as fully and clearly as I could before my official superiors, and although I incurred much hostile criticism, my personal relations with the amiable secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, Mr. Allen, with whom I had later long talks at his home at Hampstead, were always of a sincerely friendly nature.

About a month, I think, after dispatching this report home, I received a visit from Mr. Donald Mackenzie, who came out to East Africa on a double political mis-

sion. He was to report to the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce on the latest trade developments and prospects in East Africa, and to the Anti-Slavery Society on the question of slavery in Pemba, the most northerly of the two Zanzibar islands. He was well fitted for this task, for he combined with considerable natural ability a large knowledge of the Arab races, and had written an interesting work upon Morocco. He spent a week in Pemba, and I helped him with letters to the two Arab Governors of the island, and introductions to Indian merchants of whom a few unsuccessfully endeavoured to prevent him from seeing the clove plantations. His views, although different from mine, appeared to me moderate and sensible. He told me that some of the slaves with whom he had talked had complained of harsh treatment, whilst others appeared happy and contented; and whilst condemning the Moslem law of slavery, derived in the main from the Old Testament Bible, he admitted the existence of some obstacles in the way of immediate abolition. He recognized, for example, the difficulty of interfering with concubinage, and admitted that, in disturbing the harem, we should touch the Moslem on a point as to which he is more sensitive than on any purely economic question – his relations with his women and home life – affecting, as it might, many thousands, to whom the confiscation by a tyrant of their wealth would seem a less serious wrong. This was indeed one of the aspects of the problem which most embarrassed me; for the Arabs, with whom I often talked of it, laid great stress on the sterility of the free Arab wife, bred in the dry atmosphere of the deserts surrounding Muscat or Koweit, when transferred to the damp, tropical climate of Zanzibar, and the miscarriages which that climate so constantly produced, while the negro slave

concubine continued to bear her lord a rich crop of vigorous and healthy mulattoes.

The same causes had produced in Egypt, after its conquest by the Turks, the slave aristocracy of the Mamelukes, who were largely the children of Georgian and Circassian concubines, imported from cooler climates, and requiring to be constantly reinforced, if the purity of the race were to be maintained, by fair-haired slaves, male and female, of Sanitic, or, better still, of Aryan blood. In the royal family of Zanzibar, several of the princes were of fair complexion, being children of a fairly light-coloured Arab father, by Circassian slave concubines. Sayyid Hamid bin Thwain was an instance, his competitor Sayyid Khalid bin Barghash was another; but, as the slave trade in the Caucasus was crushed out by the Russian Government, these white slave girls could no longer be imported into East Africa. The harem problem was doubtless one bound in time to disappear, but for a while it was a factor which rendered an anti-slavery crusade peculiarly odious to our Mohammedan populations.

Another element calling for consideration was the existence of numbers of aged free women, often widows on the edge of pauperism, who depended for keeping body and soul together on the cultivation of their little plot of land by a couple or say four or five slaves, with whom they shared its produce, but who had in practice no other means of livelihood. Should these slaves leave them under the attraction of better pay, these old people would be ruined, and sometimes they were both helpless and foodless; for there was, of course, nothing corresponding to poor-rates or outdoor relief. The effect, in fact, of a sudden abolition of slavery in a State so permeated by it as Zanzibar, would have been somewhat similar to that of a conquest by

Mohammedans forbidding the payment of interest on loans or other forms of investment as repugnant to the teaching of the Prophet. It would, moreover, have tended to weaken the power and influence of the Arab landowners, the most cultivated and capable element in native society and one, moreover, whose control was essential to the successful administration of the islands and to the development of their natural resources. For the capital, when I first arrived in Zanzibar, was the only place in the two islands which could be described as a real town. At the north and south extremities of the island of Zanzibar, two large villages, Kokotoni and Kazimkazi, and on the East coast a smaller one, Chuaka, were local trading centres for the neighbouring hamlets and plantations, but defective communications had long kept them, as well as their adjacent districts, in a condition of primitive isolation. There were indeed two carriage roads from the city to the Sultan's country palaces of Chukwani to the south, and Bububu to the north; but while the western portion of the island of Zanzibar, blessed with a prolific soil, was covered with masses of tall clove trees, diffusing an aroma of apple-tart and spices, the eastern half, thinly inhabited by a race of more primitive natives, had to struggle with the disadvantages of a coral soil spreading several miles inland from the sea. The lack of rivers constituted a further disadvantage; for the only stream worthy of the name is the little Mweli, which, rising in the centre of the island, flows southward for about twenty miles to the sea; but the abundant rains of the tropical summer from November to April nearly always provided a rich harvest in the western and central districts. As the settlement of the problem of predial slavery became more and more urgent, the need for improved communication and the presence of

reliable Government officials in the remoter districts became daily more imperative. I accordingly determined, in agreement with Mathews, to construct a good carriage road about thirty miles long, right across the island from the city of Zanzibar to Chuaka on the eastern coast. Starting from the north-eastern end of the capital and passing Walezo, and the river Mweli, which it crossed by a bridge, it reached, after traversing rich mango, banana and clove plantations, some twenty miles from Zanzibar, the large pile, known afterwards as Dunga Palace, and said to be haunted by the spirits of the victims slain by the wealthy Arab landowner who had built it. A little farther on, at Ndajani, the cultivated region is exchanged for the coral soil, on which only tangled bush could grow; and I well remember how when I first rode along the line of the new projected road, I had to leave my horse and walk over sharp coral, which cut holes in my thickest leather boots. Chuaka was, when I first visited it, a miserable hamlet, but, lying as it did on the eastern shore of the island, and with no land east of it till the shores of India and Ceylon were reached, it received the cool breezes of the Indian Ocean, and was a good deal more bracing and less feverish than places to the west separated only by a narrow channel from the hotter Central African coast. The inhabitants of this district were known as 'Wahadimu,' or slaves of the State, and were a primitive and very backward population. A poor Zanzibar girl, who had lived there, came to see me on one occasion and complained that her master, an Arab, who had driven her from his plantation as a leper, had claimed as his slaves two small boys, born to her whilst living among the Wahadimus. I asked her who was their real father, and she answered that she had no idea, as she had borne many children to various natives

of the district, whom she was herself unable to identify. Her Arab master now claimed these children, as legally his slaves; but this claim I refused to admit, and I freed her, as well as the two boys, who seemed healthy and showed no signs of leprosy. I told him that these children might probably develop it, and he was brutal enough to reply, 'May God grant it, if I am not to have them.' Leprosy was indeed not uncommon in the Zanzibar islands, and a friend of mine, an Englishman in our local service, caught it by taking into his hands, one of which had an open cut, the rudder-strings from a leper sailor. He first realized that he had been infected, when he touched, without knowing that he had done so, an almost red-hot brick which caused him no pain. He at once returned home to England, underwent careful treatment there, and I believe completely recovered.

Since I left Zanzibar, other carriage roads have opened up the remoter regions of the island, to Kokotoni in its northern, and to Kazimkazi at its southern extremity. Indeed, one of the advantages enjoyed by the islands, as compared with the mainland, is the absence of the tsetse fly, which along the opposite East African coast is so serious an obstacle to travelling on horseback. In Zanzibar, we rode almost everywhere, save in the eastern and extreme southern portions of the island near the coast, where the coral soil rendered it difficult; for a long walk in that hot steamy atmosphere, especially during the warm weather between nine in the morning and six in the evening, produced the effect of a Turkish bath, unrelieved by the refreshing effects of the cold douche. Sea-bathing was possible in comparatively shallow water near the shore, but to swim far out was to risk an encounter with sharks.

The smaller more northerly island of Pemba was a good deal more backward than that of Zanzibar. I obtained leave to station a British Vice-Consul there, and found a first-rate one in Dr. O'Sullivan Beare, an able Irishman married to an Austrian lady, whom I stationed at its capital, Chaki Chaki, a small town with a bad port on the east coast. The town, although the residence of a Vali, was a straggling African village, with a few Arab houses and plain unadorned Ibadhi mosques. I placed another capable British officer, Captain Taubman, at Weti, the chief place in the northern half of Pemba, separating its district from that of Chaki Chaki, and soon members of the Universities Mission at Zanzibar and of the Society of Friends began to open stations in it. Indian traders had already long been settled in Pemba, and lived in a large measure on the loans which they advanced to the Arab owners of the vast clove plantations. The mass of the population were slaves who were said to be more stupid, and therefore more harshly treated by their masters than those of the more civilized and progressive southern island.

A large part of my time at Zanzibar was taken up with the settlement of individual slave complaints. A peculiarity of the system was the curious fact that so many slaves were themselves often also slave-owners. One day a slave complained to me that his master had appropriated his wages for work done on Thursdays and Fridays, both of them days on which, by the unwritten custom, as distinct from the law, of Zanzibar, the earnings of a slave were his own. I sent for the man's owner, who explained that he was himself the slave of another, belonging to 'Rumaliza' or Mohammed bin Khalfan, a white Arab who had played an important part in the resistance of the Congo Arabs to the Belgian forces of King Leopold II. I explained to him

that the owners of these various slaves were themselves slaves and moreover his own property, legally, so that strictly speaking the whole of them really belonged to him, and I asked him to help me to settle their conflicting claims and counter-claims. He did so, on the whole very fairly, paying out of his own purse the amounts demanded by the various complainants, and commanding them to depart in peace; but it must be borne in mind that he was a very wealthy man, and desirous of remaining upon friendly terms with me. Some of these slave cases verged on the comic, as when two slave concubines, each jealous of the other, disputed as to which of them should be mistress of their house. As their owner had two houses, one in town, and another in the country, I suggested that each lady should have her own; but both of them wanted the town one, and I had to persuade them, not without some difficulty, to accept alternate periods of occupation, on the 'Box and Cox' precedent, an arrangement which apparently settled the problem, as far at least as I was concerned, for it never redisturbed my repose.

Another curious feature in these slavery cases which often struck me, was the indifference of so many of the slaves to a change of master. An Arab came to me to complain that another had stolen a slave belonging to him and had placed him on board a dhow on the point of sailing for Muscat. The slave and his captor were at once summoned by me; the former proved to be a strapping negro of the type and appearance of the celebrated boxer, Jack Johnson, whilst his captor was an elderly wizened little Arab, whose appearance recalled to my memory the pictures of 'Fagin the Jew.' 'Why,' I asked the slave, 'did you not resist deportation, instead of walking quietly to your captor's house, without any resistance or even any protest. Had you

any complaints against your former master?' 'No,' he answered, 'but the Arab who took me home with him said I should get plenty of good food in his service, and gave me some excellent rice when we reached his house. If you wish it,' he continued, 'I will either go with him, or stay with my present master, against whom I have no complaint to make.' I forget which of the two alternatives the apathetic captive eventually decided to adopt, but I think he ended by yielding to the attractions of the kebobs and rice of Muscat, on reaching which, under Sir Bartle Frere's treaty, he could, if he wished, claim his freedom, but might also have to do harder work.

The indifference of the slaves themselves to capture, unless their masters were exceptionally generous, or else rich and powerful persons in whose households they could enjoy luxuries and a position of authority, greatly aided the operations of kidnappers carrying cargoes from Africa to Arabia during the prevalence of the south-west monsoon. A sharp Muscat Arab hanging about the bazaars of Zanzibar or the shore just outside the town had only to offer a black boy an anna to get him to come on board his dhow, and once there to conceal him, with the child's own probable connivance, till she sailed. Most of the slaves, I believe some ten in number, belonging to a friend of my own, the Vali of Lamu, were kidnapped while fishing off the adjacent coast by Muscat Arabs, who pretended to need their assistance in mending something wrong with their dhow's rudder. When their work was finished they were offered a liberal supply of curry, but while eating it they were suddenly seized, bound and thrust into the hold, all except one bold man who, regardless of the sharks, jumped into the sea and swam ashore to announce, like Job's servants, to his master, 'I alone

am escaped to tell thee.' I expect, however, that most of their captives were transferred long before they got back to Muscat, to Suri dhows, flying the French flag, and thus exempted from search by the men-of-war of other Foreign Powers. The tricolour was a great protection to the slave dealers: in one case a Suri dhow was caught red-handed near Mombasa, but its crew appealed to the French Consul and it was acquitted on appeal to the French authorities at Bourbon.

Meanwhile rumours were beginning to spread among the Arabs that they were to be forcibly deprived, by the Christians, of their slaves, and some of them were inclined to indulge in foolish language about dying in defence of their religion, their rights and those of their children. I reported to Lord Rosebery (on April 29, 1895) that such wild talk need not be too seriously taken, but I urged, with the approval of Mathews, that we should impress, gently but firmly, on the Arabs, the necessity of bravely facing emancipation, and should induce them to co-operate with us, by the offer of such terms, including compensation to themselves, as would lead them to acquiesce in it. The necessity of avoiding any violent break-up of the old native social system was intensified by other considerations, of which not the least was the establishing of a British administration over the mainland dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar, governed, as these partly were, by several important Arab chiefs, some of them resembling feudal potentates, whose religious laws and social institutions required rather careful handling.

The region from the Juba to the Umba, and from the Indian Ocean to the eastern frontier of the Belgian Congo State, which had hitherto been entrusted to the British East Africa Company, comprised three distinct regions: (1) the mainland territories of the

Sultan of Zanzibar, including the Sultanate of Witu, (2) the native kingdom of Uganda and certain lesser adjacent native States, and (3) a large intervening region, between the western mainland boundary of Zanzibar and the point at which the so-called Mackinnon road from Mombasa crossed the small river known as the Kedong, which divided the negro kingdom of Uganda from the future East Africa protectorate.

That kingdom had really been discovered, on his way to rescue Emin, by Stanley, who, struck by the intelligence of its inhabitants, had persuaded the English ecclesiastical authorities to send missionaries for their conversion to Christianity. Of these, the young Scotchman Mackay was perhaps the ablest and most successful, but his work was rendered more difficult by the subsequent appearance of a number of French Catholic missionaries, who by declaiming before King Mtesa, the then Kababa or Sovereign of Uganda, against their Anglican colleagues as schismatics, and calling the English Bible a 'book full of lies,' as if it were not a fairly accurate translation of their own, did their best to produce in the heart of Central Africa a religious conflict on the lines of the famous Thirty Years War. It seems probable that political rather than theological motives, dislike of the British Empire rather than of the Anglican Church, was at the root of these sectarian animosities, for Dr. Karl Peters, the German explorer, who was not himself a member of the Church of Rome, espoused, as soon as he had reached Uganda, the side of the Catholic party as most likely to prove anti-British.

In 1884, King Mtesa, who had entertained Stanley, had been succeeded by his son Mwanga, an incapable and cruel tyrant. The new Sovereign had noted with alarm the encroachments of the 'Wazungu' or white men, on the coast of East Africa, and he suspected that

the Christian teachers at his Court were the disguised agents and indeed advanced guard of the foreign invaders, who would 'eat up' the natives and their land. Under the influence of these fears, Mwanga caused an English prelate, Bishop Hannington, to be murdered on his way to Uganda, and commenced a persecution of native converts to both the Christian creeds, not less savage than that of Diocletian, as described in the Martyrology of Foxe. For, whereas, in most parts of East Africa, the natives took little interest in religious speculations[1] and worshipped totems, such as the hyena, the Waganda were far more imaginative and appear to have derived their own religious conceptions through the more intelligent 'Wahima,' a pastoral people, from Abyssinian and perhaps even from Egyptian sources.

They believed, for example, that the first ruler of their people was a blameless patriarch or king endowed with immortality, who was, from time to time, summoned by the Supreme Creator to a lofty hill situated not far from Kampala, and there instructed by Him in various methods for increasing the wealth and knowledge of his people, such, for instance, as the use of the plough, of cattle, of productive seeds, of irrigation and of weapons for combating wild beasts and even wilder human foes. But one of the conditions attaching to these revelations was that their recipient should himself first receive a special summons from his divine informant, before venturing, in search of new knowledge, to repeat the ascent of the sacred mount. One day he received such a summons, and was made acquainted, to his intense delight, with the various uses of the

[1]When warned by a well-meaning French priest of the horrors of hell, a Teita native chief merely observed, 'I am an old man and shiver in the cold; I think I should like a warm fire.'

banana, including the production of 'banana beer,' of which, however, he absorbed so many cupfuls that he rapidly became dead drunk and staggered home, forgetting to take with him the precious fruit to which he had just been introduced. On recovery next day from the sleep of inebriety, he vaguely remembered having left the bananas behind him, but he forgot the prohibition to re-enter the Heavenly Presence without the indispensable preliminary of an invitation, and rushed back up the mountain without having received it. He was informed that some samples of the fruit would be brought to him by a celestial messenger, whom he would, however, be obliged, as a punishment for this uninvited visit, to feed and otherwise support, until God should be pleased to recall him. This messenger turned out to be the angel of death: first he slew the King himself, then his wives and many of his children and servants, and to-day he still continues, and will do so from generation to generation, to collect his heavy toll on human lives; nor can anyone tell when this long and steady process of extermination will at last be permitted to cease. The curious resemblance of this legend to the tale

'Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that immortal tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe
With loss of Eden, till a greater Man
Restore us and regain the blissful seats,'

seems certainly to suggest some Egyptian or Semitic explanation of the origin of life and death, harmonizing with the Hebrew and Christian traditions of a nature to commend these latter to primitive people.

Be this as it may, the Christian martyrs of Uganda, many of them mere boys, underwent the most horrible

forms of torture and of death, not unlike those inflicted by Diocletian, with a stoical heroism highly creditable to their training by the admirable English priests of the Church Missionary Society, as well as of the not less brave French Fathers, whom the cowardly Mwanga did not himself venture to touch. His power was, however, soon to be taken from him. An attempt to exterminate the foreign religious teachers by placing them, both Christian and Mohammedan, on a desert island in Lake Victoria, brought about the worthless tyrant's deposition. His successors, Kiwiwa and Kalema, who inclined towards an alliance with the Arab or Moslem element, already fairly strong on the Upper Congo, were defeated by a combination between the so-called French and English Christian parties; but this alliance was of short duration, for the French priests were anxious to place Uganda under German protection, represented by Carl Peters, whilst the Protestant chiefs clung naturally enough to England.

The preference of the French Fathers for Germany was equally natural, for France and Germany both desired to cut asunder the continuous red line connecting Cairo and the Cape, on which Rhodes and other British Imperialists were so bent, but which had to await the end of the Great War of 1914. Eventually, the prestige of Great Britain proved stronger than the efforts of France and Germany combined; and in April, 1890, the Protestant chiefs agreed with the British East Africa Company's representative, Mr. Jackson, to discuss and settle, on the latter's return from the coast, the precise nature of the new relations to be established between their respective countries. The British East Africa Company, mainly created by the genius of Mr. William Mackinnon, whose statue adorns Mombasa,

had included Uganda in its new 'sphere of influence,' and it sent up there, as Commissioner, an African expert in the person of Captain Lugard, instructing him to conclude with the leaders of all the parties a treaty by which they agreed to accept the protection of Great Britain. It was signed on December 26, and soon afterwards, Bishop Tucker, now consecrated to the Missionary See of Eastern Equatorial Africa, was placed by the English religious authorities in charge of the local Anglican Church. Before he could resume his work there, an unfortunate incident, the murder of a Protestant by partisans of France, produced a riot ending in an attack by the 'Bafransa' (or native Catholics) on the fort, their repulse by Lugard's native troops, and the southward flight of the timid Mwanga to Buddu, a mainly Catholic district on the western shore of the lake, where he placed himself under the protection of the French Missionary Bishop, Monseigneur Hirth. One effect of that prelate's influence was that the King confided his own nephews to his hands. One of them was afterwards sent to me at Zanzibar, with a request, to which I willingly acceded, that I should place him in a French school maintained there by the White Fathers of Cardinal Lavigerie.

Such was the situation when, early in 1893, the Foreign Office dispatched Sir Gerald Portal to Uganda. Since the Anglo-German agreement of 1890 had settled all our conflicting claims in Africa, there was nothing to be gained by dividing Uganda with the French. England, officially a Protestant Monarchy, with millions of loyal Roman Catholic and Moslem subjects, might be trusted to deal fairly with the French and British missionaries alike, as well as with the Mohammedan element, now powerful on the Upper Congo, which represented the earlier Arab influence in Central

Africa, derived as it was very largely from their active trade in ivory and slaves.

On April 1, 1893, as the clock struck twelve, the British flag was run up at Kampala, the capital of Uganda, and the old native realm of Uganda, with the state to the immediate north, Unyoro, ruled by King Kabareya, and to the west the Bahima kingdoms of Toru, Koki and Ankole, occupied by a handsome, lighter-coloured, pastoral people, something of the Galla type with a mingling of Bantu blood. Usoga, a small state in Lake Victoria Nyanza, Kavirondo, and the Masai steppes extending from the great meridional rift to Lake Naivasha and the borders of Kikuyu were then transferred from the control of the Imperial British East Africa Company to that of the Crown. Sir Gerald Portal's successor, as administrator of this extensive region, was Colonel (afterwards Sir Henry) Colvile, and he had, when I landed at Zanzibar, already gone up to Uganda to take up his duties as Resident British Commissioner for the whole of the vast region, spreading westwards, from the Kedong river to the eastern frontier of the Congo State, and northwards to the former Egyptian Sudan, still groaning under the yoke of the pseudo-Mahdi.

The effect of this arrangement was to create a huge block of territory, ruled, to all intents and purposes, by Great Britain, from the southern frontier of British East Africa to that of the Egyptian Sudan, in other words from the point where the Umba joins the Indian Ocean to the Great Central African lakes and the Delta of the Nile. This did not, however, fully satisfy those Imperialists who had, with Cecil Rhodes, long dreamed of connecting our new acquisitions in Eastern and Central Africa through Rhodesia with Natal and the Cape. This end could only be effected by placing under

British control a narrow strip of land intended, as by a bridge, to connect Lake Tanganyika with Lakes Victoria, Albert, and Albert Edward.

Lord Rosebery, then Foreign Minister, with the imagination and foresight which distinguished him, conceived the idea of effecting this object by leasing from King Leopold II of Belgium, as Sovereign of the Congo Free State, a strip of territory, 20 miles in breadth, from the north end of Lake Tanganyika to the south end of Lake Albert Edward. The idea was by no means a bad one, for Great Britain as co-partner with Turkey and Egypt in a joint control, to some degree nominal but in other respects exceedingly effective, over Egypt itself and the Sudan, had already allowed the Belgian King to acquire an outlet on the Nile by transferring to him under the fiction of 'a lease' the so-called 'Lado enclave,' and Lord Rosebery was now ready to make over to him, in return for the cession of the strip of Congo territory described above, the administration of the Sudanese province of the Bahr-el-Ghazal or Blue Nile.

The publication of these arrangements, concluded without the knowledge of Belgium's two most powerful Continental neighbours, produced a sensation at both Paris and Berlin, for, although King Leopold might be held to be acting, not as a neutral European ruler, guaranteed in the possession of his kingdom by the Great Powers of Europe, but as the ruler, with their sanction, of an extensive realm in Africa, France had acquired a right of pre-emption in regard to his African possessions, which supplied her with a plausible objection to the alienation of any portion of the Congo Free State. The objections raised by Germany were not less emphatic or well founded; for the German Government was naturally desirous of reserving its right to expand

westward, should the King Sovereign of the Free State, at that moment at war with the Arabs on the Upper Congo, be obliged to abandon, either owing to the lack of funds, or other difficulties, the administration of these vast and still imperfectly known regions. Once again, as in the days of Jules Ferry, France and Germany were combining to defeat the Colonial aims of England.

They began by declining to admit the validity of engagements into which Leopold II had entered at our request. The French Government indeed went further and intimated, of course discreetly, to the King that persistency in the policy which had produced the recent Anglo-Belgian agreement, respecting the lease of the strip between the Lakes, might prove fatal to the retention of his throne. Hints were dropped that the Socialists and Republicans in Belgium might receive support in high quarters at Paris, and when King Leopold, fearless as he was by nature, shrank from the unequal contest, England could only follow his example. As Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar, I was the official channel of communications between Downing Street and Colonel Colvile as Commissioner in Uganda, and I was instructed to notify to him the abandonment by Lord Rosebery of the Anglo-Congolese agreement, and with it the re-establishment of the British and German spheres in Central Africa as accepted by Lord Salisbury and Count Caprivi in the Anglo-German Treaty of 1890.

Meanwhile the creation of a British Protectorate over Uganda was tending to hasten the solution of a not less important problem, the future of the mainland territories lying between this new British Dependency and the coast of the Indian Ocean. This intervening area was still theoretically ruled by the British

East Africa Company as far east as the western boundary of the Zanzibar mainland dominions, which were still, for administrative purposes, comprised within it, whilst north of the Juba the so-called 'Bonadir' or ports of Brava, Merka, Magadoxo and Warsheikh, owned allegiance to the Zanzibar Government, but were administered on its behalf by an Italian Company, which held them under a lease from the Sultan. That Prince, moreover, governed, to the north of his mainland frontier, which extended along the coast as far as the village of Kipini, a curious little State known as Witu.

This State was a German creation of recent origin. It had gradually grown up during the years between 1860 and 1885, round a colony of outlaws, who had followed Ahmed bin Fumo Luté, the last of the old Nabhan Sultans of Pattah, a race dating from the remote days of Asiatic—partly Persian, partly Arab—colonization in East Africa. Ahmed had been conquered in 1860, together with his ally Mohammed bin Malak, despot of the neighbouring island of Siu, by the then Sultan of Zanzibar, Sayyid Majid, in 1860. Having been driven by the latter's successor, Sayyid Barghash, first to Kipini and then inland to Kau on the Ozi River, he had fled northwards to a forest village known as Witu. Barghash strove in vain to dislodge him from this refuge, where he had gathered around him all the outlaws, robbers and runaway slaves of the country. Under the name of 'Simba' (the Lion), by which he was known to the Swahilis, he attained, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Court of Zanzibar, the position of a powerful and practically independent native chief.

Accordingly when, in the 'eighties,' the German Government first began to display an active interest in East Africa, its agents entered into relations with the

chief of this colony of outlaws, and acting through the intermediary of a firm of German merchants, the brothers Denhardt, obtained his recognition by the Government of Berlin as a legitimate and independent Sovereign, the eventual extension of whose claims opened up many varied and hopeful possibilities. Accordingly, when, by the treaty of 1890, she transferred this so-called Protectorate to Great Britain, Germany stipulated that the new Protecting Power should recognize Witu as an independent State, and its ruler as a legitimate Sovereign. Unfortunately, Fumo Bakari, the successor, as Sultan, of Ahmed the Lion, had quarrelled with the German merchants who had hitherto befriended and financed him, several of whom, in fact, he caused to be murdered. Inasmuch as, under the treaty of 1890, Witu had been transferred to the British sphere, the German Government called on us to punish him, and in September, 1893, six months before I started for East Africa, a British naval expedition, supported by Zanzibar troops and accompanied by my predecessor, Mr. Rodd, was dispatched for the purpose to Witu. Its village capital was taken, and its dynasty deposed, but a guerrilla war was for some time carried on by its defenders.

The decision arrived at in London to establish a Protectorate over British East Africa, as distinct from the more remote Uganda, enabled me, soon after my arrival, to regularize, in accordance with the Anglo-German treaty of 1890, the future position of Witu, and the sovereignty of the deposed Nabhan dynasty, represented by Bwana Sheh, a half-witted younger brother of Fumo Bakari, was eventually revived at the request of Germany, in the person of Omari bin Hamid, the former commander of the Witu Army. He had acted as Vali of Witu, when it was occupied by Zanzi-

bar troops, and had proved quite a capable ruler, with the result that this small State was transferred from a den of lawless robbers and outlaws into a well-ordered and fairly prosperous community.

The last representative of the old Nabhan dynasty, Sheikh Fumo Omari, was still living in comfort at Witu, when, for the first time, I paid a visit to the place, and he offered, greatly to my surprise at so strange a proceeding in a Moslem, to introduce me to the ladies of his harem. It was not for me to decline the honour, strange and shocking as it might, from an Arab point of view, appear; and I was accordingly conducted through a series of apartments, where a number of quite good-looking girls, some dark Swahilis, others with the light coppery skins of the Persian half-caste race, so often seen in Siu and in Patta, were successively exhibited to me, not merely unveiled, but in some cases completely unclothed. I have little doubt that their owner's object was to conciliate me, by privately presenting me with one of these nymphs, for when, after our visit was over, he asked which of the girls I most admired, I intimated that, among so many goddesses, it was difficult to select a 'queen of beauty,' but that if I had myself to present the apple, it would be to a remarkably pretty and light-complexioned girl, whom I very discreetly pointed out. His face fell; he observed that she was his sister; and so turned the conversation to other and less delicate topics. Had I expressed the same feeling of admiration for one of his dark slave girls, my position, as a representative of Queen Victoria, might have become rather more embarrassing. Another sister of Fumo Omari's, a married lady and I think, but am not sure, a widow, received me on this occasion in private audience, but behind a thick veil or curtain, which entirely concealed her from

view, and across which we exchanged polite expressions of reciprocal and decorous regard. Her harem had been turned into a kind of hospital; for one of her children had just undergone circumcision, and her rooms were filled with numerous other boys of about twelve years who had just undergone the uncomfortable rite, and were all of them in a nervous and lachrymose mood. Fumo Omari himself was not long afterwards sent to Zanzibar, where he died, some alleged from nervous shock, on the day of the bombardment of the palace seized by Sayyid Khalid, by the flagship of Admiral Rawson.

Outside the territories of the Sultans of Zanzibar and Witu, the administration of those included in British, as distinct from German, East Africa, was unfettered by any international restraints, and our Government was free, once it had bought out the old British East Africa Company, to organize them as it deemed most convenient to itself. The original idea of the Foreign Office had been to extend the direct authority of the Sultan of Zanzibar either over the entire territory up to the boundaries of Uganda, or at least over the coast strip from the Umba to the Juba, including Witu, and this arrangement commended itself to Sayyid Hamid bin Thwain, whose personal dignity and importance it would certainly have tended to enhance. Lord Rosebery, however, agreed with Sir Percy Anderson, the head of the African Department of the Foreign Office, that it would be better to buy out the Sultan's rights in the mainland strip, by an annual contribution of £17,000 to his own revenues as Sovereign of the islands and of the ten-mile deep coast strip, and to place the entire remaining territory, from the sea to the frontier of Uganda, under a single purely British Protectorate, administered by the British

Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar, in the separate capacity of 'Her Majesty's Commissioner for the East Africa Protectorate,' an allowance of £200 a year on this account being added to the £1,800 which I received for my work as Consul-General in the two islands of Zanzibar and Pemba.

I did all I could to persuade my superiors in London to adhere to their earlier proposal, for it recalled the method under which my old chief Lord Cromer had governed Egypt, and it had the advantage, in my eyes, of conciliating the Arabs and Mohammedans generally, the most civilized native element in East Africa. Aware, moreover, that before long we should have to incur the dislike of the native population by measures aimed at the destruction of slavery, I was anxious to conciliate the Sultan and induce him to support us against his people by an extension of his authority, even if it were more nominal than effective. I was, however, overruled – as I now think, quite rightly – by Lord Rosebery and my other superiors in London. Their decision was a bitter pill to Sayyid Hamid as well as to Sir Lloyd Mathews, when I had to communicate it to them; but the Sultan acquiesced in it with the dignified fatalism of his race. 'I am,' he said, 'like a little bird in the claws of a powerful eagle: the eagle can either drop the bird and let it die, or he can carry it to a place of safety.' But, from that moment, his faith in the sincerity and real goodwill of the British Government was definitely shaken and he fell more and more under the influence of forces secretly hostile to our interests, with which his own had so long been bound up. The annual revenue of about £17,000 which he was to receive from the Imperial Government as Administrator of his mainland territories was of little real value to himself, for

he knew that the greater part of it would be spent by his English advisers on the development of the resources of the Zanzibar Islands, administered by him jointly with me; and that when these demands had been satisfied, not much would be left for his own use. He was, in fact, in the position of a native chief in subordinate alliance with the Government of India, whose administration was controlled by his Resident, and who had to acquiesce, however little he might himself relish them, in injunctions disguised as 'advice.'

CHAPTER IV

THE EAST AFRICA PROTECTORATE AND THE ARAB REBELLION

My next duty was to organize and divide into provinces and districts the great region extending from the Umba to the Juba, and from the Indian Ocean to the eastern frontier of Uganda. I decided to create four provinces, each of them to be ruled by a British Sub-Commissioner. The first was to comprise the whole coast of the Sultan of Zanzibar's mainland territory, which ended ten miles inland, and to add to it the immediate hinterland known as the 'Nyika,' and inhabited by mainly agricultural Bantu tribes. These had long been governed by an organization of chiefs and elders, as distinct from hereditary or military rulers, and their political and social institutions were of a very primitive character. After traversing their territory, which was generally fertile, a waterless desert extended for some fifty to a hundred miles inland, and was succeeded by rich agricultural country occupied by other Bantu populations, of which the Wakenba were the strongest, and by vast grassy steppes on which nomadic and pastoral Masai maintained a strange military monarchy, and had long raided weaker neighbouring peoples. This desert formed a natural boundary to the coast province, with its mainly Mohammedan inhabitants, its hot climate, tropical vegetation and its Arab towns, with their traders, mosques, and bazaars, and their mixed semi-Arab, semi-black or mulatto population, speaking the Swahili or coast dialect. Beyond it lay the wilder heathen uplands, with their cooler climate, and, except in the case of the Masai, fairly friendly agricultural native races. Returning to the coast, I took Kipini, the northernmost

town on it south of the Tana, as a boundary between the old mainland territory of the Sayyids or Sultans – which I called after them the 'Province of Sayyidieh or King's Land' – and the province of the Tana or 'Tana-land,' watered over a distance of several hundred miles by the river which gave it its name. This region is occupied partly by a large but unwarlike Bantu tribe, the Wapokomo, and partly, in the bare and thinly populated steppes, unaffected by its fertilizing stream, by the nomad Gallas. Between the Tana Valley and the banks of the river Juba, the country was unproductive and thinly peopled. Its agricultural resources are few, as are its towns and ports, the more northerly of which present difficulties to the landing of passengers from steamers while the south-west monsoon is at its height. Its chief feature and source of life is the river Juba, whose banks are covered with fugitive slave settlements, but its plains, away from the river, which gives the land such life as it enjoys, are inhabited by agricultural and pastoral but somewhat fierce and fanatical Somalis. To this province, which I divided into two districts, Kismayu and Gosha, I gave, as a tribute to its river god, the name of Juba-land.

The three remaining provinces, over which I had placed a Sub-Commissioner, I also sub-divided into districts. Sayyidieh, after Sayyid Hamid, with Mombasa as its capital, contained three – Malindi, Mombasa, and Vanga – each under a district officer, who, in the Vanga district, was stationed at Wasin. Tanaland contained also three districts: the 'Tana River,' with headquarters at Ngao; Lamu, with the adjacent islands and the Sultanate of Witu, the provincial headquarters being at Lamu and Port Durnford. Lastly, the Province of Ukamba was so called after its most important settled

tribe, with Machakos and later Nairobi as its capital. Its districts were Taita, administered from Ndi, Ulu from Machakos, Kitui (a later addition) from Nengea, and Kenya (including Masailand) from Kikuyu, for which Nairobi was afterwards substituted, and eventually became the capital of the entire Province, a selection largely due to its healthy climate, and its position, halfway from the coast to the Lake. In some populous districts I found it expedient to create sub-districts: in that of Mombasa, for example, there were five of them, mainly based on tribal boundaries: for throughout the Protectorate, the tribe was and still remains the political and social basis of administrative organization, and a description of the institutions of any one of those inhabiting the Nyika, or immediate hinterland of the coast, applies in its main features to them all. The one with which I myself became most familiar, owing to its repeated co-operation with me in suppressing the Arab rebellion in 1895 and 1896, was the great tribe occupying Giriama, a portion of the Nyika, some twenty miles inland from the sea and situated between a point to the north of Mombasa to another just south of the Sabaki River. This tribe numbered, when I was in East Africa, about 70,000 souls, and since the gradual cessation of raids from Masailand, was then rapidly growing in numbers, so much so that some of its tribesmen had already crossed the Sabaki, then regarded as their frontier to the north. They were divided into six clans, – Mkeza, Mololani, Mololu, Mparwa, Magagoni, and Mkizini, – all recognizing as their capital the village of Kaya Fungo at the southern extremity of their territory, the official seat of the Enyctsi or three supreme elders of the tribe.

Their government was, and still probably is, a loose Republican organization, based partly on tribal sub-

divisions and partly on a kind of freemasonry known as the 'Kambi,' which possesses several degrees, each requiring a special initiatory rite. Admission to these is obtained by gifts to the 'Wazee' or Elders, who constitute the ruling class, and are the interpreters of the ancient tribal mysteries and customs. They wear a longer loin-cloth than the youths – a graduate's, so to speak, as compared with an undergraduate's gown – as well as a wooden bracelet on the left arm called the 'Luwa,' and they are exempted from military service. It was their custom – I write in the past, for even in Giriama 'old times have changed, old manners gone' – to meet for the transaction of public business in the Moro, an open space round the Rungu or sacred Hut, in which was kept a not less sacred drum, used to summon with its hideous sounds the young men of fighting age to war. Within a still more sacred association, called the 'Kambi,' which in Giriama had 5,000, and in the smaller tribal community of Duruma to the south-west about three hundred members, there existed an inner circle of Elders known as the Waya, performing duties of a mainly ceremonial nature; but, above these, and constituting the strongest power in Giriama, like the Lacedemonian Ephors, were the 'Fisi' or 'Hyænas,' so called from their right to administer to any suspected criminals the oath by this sacred animal, which, in the old days, before Mohammedan influence had introduced the custom of interment, devoured the dead ancestors of the race, and was therefore regarded as sacred, a sort of living shrine or mausoleum. It was believed that a false oath by the 'Hyæna' would be followed by the perjurer's sudden death, a superstition which the 'Fisi' maintained by secretly murdering any person suspected of perjury and then declaring his sudden

death to be due to the vengeance of Heaven. In Giriama, the Hyænas, in my time, were a small body composed of the six senior elders of the six clans of the tribe and a few other sages or wizards. One of their duties was to protect property by consecrating fields to 'the Hyæna.' This was done by cutting fetish marks on boundary trees, the effect of which was supposed to be the sudden death of any person stealing produce placed under its protection. Higher in respect of rank, though less dreaded than the Hyænas, and in some parts of the Nyika, but not in Giriama itself, hereditary, were three chiefs of negroes from the region of Lake Nyassa, originally bought from the coast Arabs. But, as slavery was not recognized by the Moslem law of Zanzibar when the owner of the slaves was not himself a Kitabi or believer in a written revelation, whether Old Testament, Gospel, or Koran, the right of ownership in them had never been enforced or even admitted by our authorities. Wives in the Nyika and children among the heathen tribes were of course scarcely distinguishable from slaves, but they were in better case than among the poorer Moslems, nor was slave concubinage in the Moslem sense understood among the up-country Bantu tribes, for no limit existed to the number of women which a native might possess.

I have given this long description of the habits and institutions of the Wanyika or aboriginal population of the Sayyidieh Province, chiefly because I was thrown into closer relations with these tribes than any other, save, perhaps, the Somalis and Masai; but though typical representatives of their race, they mingled somewhat further to the north, in the wooded western part of the Malindi district, with a curious little people who greatly interested me, but with whom

direct intercourse was not easy. These so-called 'Wasania' are dwarfs with sharp features suggesting a certain degree of intelligence. Most of them, irrespective of sex, were entirely naked, with no villages or, indeed, habitations, except the hollow trunks of trees, ignorant of any form of agriculture, and living chiefly on the game, from small antelopes to elephants, which they killed with poisoned arrows (till they were able to steal guns and powder), eventually overtaking and butchering with their knives such of these beasts as succumbed to wounds inflicted by them. They regarded themselves as slaves of the Gallas, and gave one tusk of every elephant killed by them to the nearest Galla chief, till the Protectorate Government succeeded to the right, but they must have proved rather elusive and unsatisfactory vassals. I was interested in them as the lowest type of the *genus homo* that I had ever seen; yet their features were more intelligent and less simian than those of many African tribes whose social standards and general culture seemed to be a good deal more advanced.

The Gallas, who claimed to be their overlords and many thousands of whom lived in my new Protectorate, represented a still very primitive stage of civilization. A handsome pastoral and nomadic race, they lived upon the uncultivated plains west and east of the Tana Valley, recognizing a loose monarchical type of government by hereditary rulers, whom Europeans termed Kings, and of whom Afalata of Boran, beyond the northern limits of my Protectorate, was believed to be the greatest. Their religion appeared, from the little I could learn of it, to be primitive; a sacred book alleged to embody its main precepts had been, it was asserted, devoured by a

cow; and, since then, the entrails of every bull or heifer slaughtered for food were, so I was told, very carefully examined, in the hope that they might reveal the long-lost volume. They bore a considerable resemblance in appearance, institutions and manners to the cattle-owning Wahima of Toru, Ankole and Koki on the south-western borders of Uganda.

Not unlike them in their love of cattle, but rendered more fanatical and treacherous by a zeal without knowledge for Islam, were the various branches of the great Somali race, occupying a large part of our new Jubaland Province, and the extreme north-eastern district of that of Tanaland, called after its one harbour, Port Durnford. One of these tribes, belonging to the Ogaden section of the race, numbering some 5,000 warriors and ruled by a chief calling himself Murgan bin Yusuf, had his headquarters at Afmadu (Blacklips), about two hundred miles to the north-west of my new provincial capital Kismayu. He and his court lived there in wretched huts, and notwithstanding a certain dignity of bearing and white robes recalling the Roman togas were a cruel and treacherous set of savages, who reflected the fanatical spirit but not the nobler aspects of Islam. The subsidies which they had received from the British East Africa Company only tended to increase their insolence; but early in 1895, Mr. Crawford, the Company's Agent at Kismayu, who became a few months later my Sub-Commissioner for the new province of Jubaland, went up to Afmadu and received tribute from its inhabitants. Besides the Ogadens, another Somali tribe known as the Hertis, settled chiefly at Yonte, on the right bank of the Juba, had required to be taught by several punitive expeditions the wisdom of submission to the behests of the British authorities;

but in my time they were perfectly obedient. With a third Somali chief, Sultan Hassan Barjon, living at Biscaya, not far inland from Port Durnford, we had as yet developed no relations.

Besides the Somalis, Jubaland contained a strip of territory along the right bank of its eponymous river known as Gosha, which had for many years been colonized by runaway slaves, some 12,000 in number, from many other regions of East Africa. They were mainly Mohammedans, speaking the Swahili language, but possessing no regular central Government, each village or group of villages being administered by its own local headman, so long as he himself could maintain, by persuasion or fear, his authority. The most important of these chiefs, Nasib Pondo, a crafty old greybeard, was a personal acquaintance of my own, and appeared to me decidedly intelligent. North of Afmadu and Bardera the British East Africa Company had never attempted to make its authority felt, but two years later (in 1896) I obtained permission to send a native Envoy to Afalata, the Boran Galla King, congratulating him upon a recent edict which he was said to have published against the slave trade.

North and east of the Juba River, the Italian territory extended in a northerly direction along the Somali coast; but the 'Benadir' or four isolated Zanzibar ports of Brava, Merka, Magadoxo, and Warsheikh, each forming a small separate colony, were administered by Italian officials. One of these, the Italian Consul-General Cecchi, had, when visiting this region, been attacked and murdered by the Somalis; and the punitive expeditions which outrages of this nature rendered necessary were made peculiarly difficult during the prevalence of the south-west monsoon,

so much so that it became necessary for the Italian authorities to acquire a base of their own in the harbour of Kismayu, which our Government willingly granted. That port was the only one in which ships could anchor at certain seasons of the year, during which it was not at all easy to sail against the monsoon. We accordingly thought it a friendly duty to arrange for the transport to and disembarkment of troops at Kismayu; and after the termination of the Great War of 1914, in which England and Italy worked together as Allies, we finally ceded Kismayu, with its port and official buildings, to the Government of Italy.

The Juba was not a good natural boundary, for both its banks had long been inhabited by colonies of fugitive slaves, who had found a refuge there from the fierce Somalis; and their villages faced one another from across the river. The 'Gosha' chiefs on both sides owed a kind of double allegiance and resembled Walter Scott's border clansmen who 'sought the beeves.' Their real rulers were immigrant, runaway slave chiefs, of whom the most important was a certain Nasib Pondo, a sly old man, who affected Arab habits and wore the Arab 'Joho' and turban. By his subjects, this chief was regarded as a powerful magician, and, in this capacity, was believed to replenish his extensive harem by means of concubines conveyed, in virtue of his magic, by docile crocodiles obedient to his will.

In order to assist our Italian friends over the difficulties of the monsoon, I obtained our Government's consent to permit Italian men-of-war and merchant vessels to make use of the harbour at Kismayu, since the northern 'Benadir' were so unpleasant and difficult of access. I was satisfied of

this when, on one occasion, I visited its most important city, Magadoxo, as the guest of the Italian Admiral Sorrentino, who was also Administrator of the Benadir, and we had, such was the violence of the monsoon, to be flung or at least dropped from the deck of the Italian man-of-war into boats, and were drenched, with all our belongings, in salt water. Few harbours on the East African coast were indeed more inhospitable to vessels seeking refuge in its ports.

Shortly before the conclusion of the negotiations between the British East Africa Company and the Crown for the transfer to the latter of its administrative rights, the Italians claimed, in addition to the ports, the entire length of the River Juba, and both its banks as far as Bardera, doubtless having in view the possibility, should fresh troubles arise with Abyssinia, of enabling an Italian expedition to be dispatched thither from the Somali coast.

The third of my four provinces, Tanaland, comprised three administrative districts, that of the Tana River, inhabited by the Wapokomo, a Bantu race of agriculturists and fishermen; that of Port Durnford, a small harbour which served as a post of observation between Mombasa and Kismayu, but was in other respects of no real value; and lastly that of Lamu, the provincial capital and residence of the Sub-Commissioner, Captain Rogers, who had acted there as administrator for the British East Africa Company.

The new Tanaland province was administered from Lamu, an ancient city situated on an island, which had, soon after my arrival in East Africa, been the scene of a curious attempt at international colonization. An association composed of Europeans of various nationalities had endeavoured to create,

on what would presumably be regarded as more or less Socialistic lines, an international colony to be known as 'Freeland.' Its guiding spirit was an Austrian professor, Dr. Wilhelm, but it included representatives of many European countries. Its apparent object was to found a Communistic or Socialistic Republic, I am not quite clear which, on the mainland behind the islands of Lamu, Patta, and Siu, and its leaders further proposed to explore the Upper Tana, and to mark out an area for international colonization, its future citizens being of all nationalities, but ready to acknowledge at least *pro forma* the Queen's Sovereign authority on this British-protected soil. Its members represented many different countries: one of them, a Mr. Scavenius, was the son of a member of the Danish Cabinet; another, Captain Dugmore, an English officer; and there were also several ladies of advanced political and social ideas, one of whom, I was told, had publicly assumed, in a speech on her landing at Lamu, the title of 'the African Louise Michel.' The representative of the Imperial British East Africa Company, a young but sensible Scotchman named McLennan, was a good deal perplexed as to how he was to deal with this singular invasion; for Lord Kimberley, who was then Foreign Secretary, was unwilling to exclude European would-be colonists from a new British 'sphere of influence,' and he instructed me to place no obstacles in their way, provided that they were willing to comply with such laws and regulations as the British Government, under whose protection they proposed to settle, might deem it expedient to enact. Inasmuch, however, as neither they nor anybody else seemed to have a clear conception of their aims, it was not very easy to deal with them. Many of them were decidedly eccentric;

their idea of Freeland seemed to be a state in which every individual should be not only absolutely equal, but should also, like the Israelites under the Judges, do what he deemed 'right in his own eyes.' They hired one of the few buildings in Lamu suitable for European habitation, which they named 'Freeland House,' but several of them, in the tropical climate of their new Utopia, got frequently dead-drunk, and offended Mohammedan feeling by taking liberties, in the name of 'free love,' with native women, some of whom, being of Persian descent and fair complexion, were far from unattractive, and numerous quarrels and scandals, so at least I heard, ensued.

Dr. Wilhelm, the nominal chief of this strange expedition, had no real control over its members, and no definite idea, so far as I could discover, as to what they really wanted to do; for he afterwards came to see me at Zanzibar, and it seemed certain that all sorts of unpleasant results might ensue if this queer undisciplined body of eccentric Europeans were let loose among the native tribes of the Upper Tana. In a few weeks, however, their funds ran short, and most of them returned to Europe, except Captain Dugmore, who, as an English officer, with a liking for a wild life in Africa, remained there in the service of the Protectorate, and fought with us in 1895 against the Arabs and later on in Uganda, during the mutiny of its native troops. He was himself somewhat eccentric, walking about attended by a tame cheetah, which on one occasion was expelled from his court by an angry local magistrate, and I eventually utilized his services as District Officer at Ngongo Bagas in Masailand; but his health gave way later, during the fighting in which he took part in Uganda, and he died in hospital at Mombasa. Most of the other Free-

landers returned, a few months after landing at Lamu, to Europe, and Dr. Wilhelm, when he came to see me at Zanzibar, where I showed him all the courtesy I could, rather took me to task for what he regarded as my own unsympathetic attitude towards his dream of an ideal State in the heart of the East African wilds. I suggested, on a later occasion when he lunched at my house, that he could not, without sufficient funds, create a Free State in Central Africa, which should solve on virgin soil all the questions at issue between capital and labour in Europe; and when he reproached me for the lack of sympathy displayed by the British officials at Lamu, I advised his making the attempt on the more congenial soil of the German East Africa Protectorate. 'God forbid,' he cried, 'go to Dar-es-Salaam and put ourselves under brutal Prussian Junkers! Never!' I realized his good sense when I described our talk to Baron von Scheele, the then German Governor. 'Let them land in German Africa!' the Baron cried, 'I would not dream of it. Set of Socialistic scoundrels; if they came here, I would put the whole lot in the chain gang! I wonder that you and your authorities should have stood their nonsense for a single day.' My own impression was that Dr. Wilhelm was quite an honest man, but a hopeless dreamer, and that his entire scheme was a mare's-nest. Lord Kimberley was quite right to allow it to collapse from its own inherent impracticability, without affording any pretext for complaint to the authorities at Berlin and at Vienna.

My fourth province was that of Ukamba, so called after the largest of its tribes. It contained four districts: (1) Teita, with the little station at Ndi on the line of the future railway; (2) Ulu, with its headquarters at Machakos, which became the provincial

capital for a time, until it was superseded by Nairobi in Masailand; (3) Kenya, administered from Kikuyu or Fort Smith; and, somewhat later, (4) Kitui or Nengea. I subsequently created a sub-district in the woody oasis of Taveta, which I connected with the Uganda railway station at Voi in Teita, and the Germans prolonged it from their side of the frontier to Moshi, one of their most important stations on the slopes of Kilimanjaro.

The Mackinnon road, along which we had to tramp, followed by Indian porters, before the Uganda railway was constructed, traversed, after leaving the island of Mombasa, the Duruma country, so called from the name of the Nyika tribe which cultivated its fairly fertile fields; but at about fifty miles from the coast this increasingly arid country gave way to the waterless Taru desert, whose red soil produced only thorns, though at Maungu, some twenty miles farther inland, a few scanty pools of bad water might be found among the rocks. The landscape improved slightly in Teita, and was rendered less repellent by fairly cultivated hills to the south; but it was not till after the River Tsavo had been crossed, and the Scotch missionary station at Kibwezi left behind, that the great peak of Nzoi, the gate of the Ukamba, led to fertile fields, shady trees and banana groves and villages inhabited by a primitive but, for Bantus, an industrious and not unintelligent race. Here the tsetse fly ceases to be a danger to horses, mules, donkeys and camels, and these means of transport are thus able to take the place of the long string of negro carriers, bearing heavy loads on their heads, who moved slowly along the winding paths through the red, dusty, waterless bush. In Northern and Western Ukamba, in Masailand, and on the woody hills of Kikuyu, with the massive

mountain system culminating in the peaks of Kenya on the north, and the Masai steppes spreading southwards to Kilimanjaro, the weary European, exhausted by the heat of the coast belt, and even more so of Zanzibar, breathes again, like a tired Anglo-Indian who has left the sultry plains of Bengal and Oudh for the fresh, invigorating atmosphere of Simla; for the punkah is no longer a necessity in Ukamba, and the nights are always cool and often cold.

The population of the Province of Ukamba, when I first took it over, was estimated at 700,000 souls, and was mainly agricultural and Bantu; but side by side with it, and engaged in constant war, was the larger pastoral and predatory Masai element. It would seem that the apparent superiority of the nomadic and pastoral over the agricultural element among the Masai, dating from about 120 years – this at least is, I believe, the view of experts – was, in the long run, detrimental to the vigour and progress of the race; for the survivors at the close of these conflicts depended entirely upon cattle and raids to replenish their own stock; and this was more especially the case when, in the last decade of the nineteenth century, the Masai herds suffered terribly from rinderpest. Still, up to about 1880, the tribe were a force to be reckoned with. They fought against the Arab slave-raiders, levied tribute on all travellers passing through their country, and had even harried the cultivated coast regions. But when the tribe itself and its herds had been devastated, the former by a smallpox epidemic and the latter by cattle plague, so that the warriors had to make long expeditions in order to replenish their stock, their numerous enemies seized the opportunity. They plundered the kraals no longer defended by the warriors, and carried off the women

and the children of both sexes as slaves. Famine followed epidemics and devastation, so much so that a careful student of Masai history, Mr. Hollis, estimated that the Masai population declined, during these few years, from 25,000 to about 12,500. There are, indeed, few or no agricultural Masai in British, as distinct from German, East Africa.

The place of King in an uncivilized society is filled among the Masai by a great medicine man known as Oloiboni or Lybon, who, like the kings of Sparta, is at once a military leader and a priest or master in divination, able to interpret dreams, to discover the future by inspecting, after the manner of the old Roman *haruspex*, the entrails of slaughtered animals, and to prophesy, when drunk with heavy wine. Of these prophets or medicine men, one of the most famous was M'batian, the father of Lenana, who had, I believe, just succeeded him when I first arrived in East Africa. During M'batian's last illness, his younger son Lenana seems to have acted the part of Jacob, first deposing and then persecuting his elder brother Sendeyo, and finally receiving the emblems of kingship in his place. This quarrel led to hostilities between them, Sendeyo retiring into German East Africa, whilst Lenana remained on the British side of the frontier. I was personally always on friendly terms with him, though on one occasion he disappointed me by failing to produce, on a very dusty day, a promised magic shower of rain. The Masai religion owns a superior deity called 'Ngai': but I found that its votaries applied the same name to the train, or rather engine, when they first saw one puffing along the line of the Uganda railway. In addition to this Brahma, there are, in the Masai mythology, a Vishnu and a Siva, in the shape of a friendly black and a

malevolent red god, who kills men by thunder and lightning; but death, as the common lot of all, is believed, as in Uganda, to be a punishment for some early act of human disobedience to the Deity.

Another familiar feature common to the Spartan and Masai polities, but less known among the Bantu races, is the divine origin ascribed to their two kindred dynasties. The Masai Hercules or 'black god' was a lover of the human race, who assumed, like Apollo, a human form and became incarnate as a member of the Segerari tribe. His descendants ruled over the Masai for four generations, till the reign of Esupiet, the grandfather of M'batian, who, in his turn, had three sons – Lenana, Sendeyo, and Toleta – by different wives, and directed that whichever of these first found a magic medicine secreted by him in a living tree, should succeed him on the throne. As this medicine was at once discovered by Lenana, he was declared the lawful successor to the kingship, his father removing his own right sandal and placing it on his son's foot, as a sign that he would walk in his steps, and then handing to him his own sword, as well as a strip of his skin garment. Five days after he died, after prophesying, so his people alleged, the coming rule of a white race, sprung from the gods, who would protect his children after the ravages of dire diseases (the cattle plague and smallpox) destined to destroy many herds and men. Sendeyo, however, refused to acknowledge Lenana's authority, and a civil war followed between the two brothers. The elder first exhumed, for kings alone are interred among the Masai, and then concealed his father's skull, the possession of which was supposed to bestow the dead ruler's wisdom on his heir, and thus helped to increase his own prestige. After a period of constant fratricidal

struggles, Sendeyo crossed into German territory, whilst Lenana's adherents lived with him in our peaceable Province of Ukamba.

Such was the political condition of Masailand when I first made the acquaintance of Lenana, a tall, dignified, and courteous chief, with whom my own relations were always friendly.

I need not dwell at length on the curious resemblance of the Masai military organization to that of Sparta, the youths, or Laioni, being trained from childhood in boy regiments under a so-called 'Legonan' of their own age, whose duties resemble those of the Lacedemonian 'Eiren.' So, too, we find among them the rigorous physical training, the exclusive devotion to military duties, the restraint placed on regular marriage before a certain age is attained and, in general, the severe martial discipline pervading the entire society from infancy to extreme old age. With the establishment of the 'Pax Britannica' in East Africa, the Masai organization became superfluous, if not actually dangerous. The fierce sanguinary battles among the young cadets, if one may call them so, for the possession of the immature girls, known as 'Dittos,' who cook their food and perform other menial duties, were unimportant when compared with the fights for captured cattle, which signalized a return of the warriors from a fortunate raid; for each warrior wished to offer as many as he could to his father, and thus achieve a step towards his own marriage, and release from military service; and it was precisely the refusal of our Government to permit Masai raids on tribes under our protection, which caused our chief difficulties with them. We employed, at one time, a few Masai in our regular army, but our discipline was too different from their own to render their employ-

ment an unmixed success, though we found them fairly useful in hostilities against an unfriendly 'Lybon' or great medicine man of a tribe akin to their own. Lenana himself was always friendly, and this for a somewhat curious reason. Soon after my arrival in East Africa, an English trader, named Dick, had attempted to recapture from a force of Masai warriors some cattle which the latter had seized after destroying a large Swahili caravan and killing some 400 men. He himself was slain in the attempt. So great, however, was the respect entertained for him by the Masai, that every warrior who passed the spot on which he had been buried, cast a good-sized stone on it; and, before long, a little cairn known by the name of 'Dick's Grave' recalled the tragic death of the adventurous pioneer and the superstitious or chivalrous respect displayed by his slayers for his tomb. It so happened that Lenana was at that moment paying a visit to Mr. Gilkison, the British East Africa Company's agent at Fort Smith in Kikuyu, and he fully expected, on hearing of Dick's death, to be seized as a hostage and compelled to pay a heavy fine in kind. Mr. Gilkison had, however, good reason to believe that the Masai king was not really responsible for what had happened, and only knew of it after the fight was over; he accordingly told Lenana that he acquitted him of all blame for what had happened, and that he was free to return home in peace. The Masai sovereign could scarcely believe his ears; but from that moment he became a firm friend to the English and a confident believer in their justice.

One great difficulty with the Masai was that raids on other tribes constituted an essential feature of their policy, very much as the 'crypteia' of the Spartans was a part of the Lycurgean discipline. On one

occasion, when I was visiting the Masai chiefs in their king's absence, an old warrior named Nelian – an uncle, I believe, of Lenana's – complained that the young men needed blooding. I pointed out that they could not be permitted to raid any tribe which was protected by the 'Pax Britannica.' If they chose to go beyond the limits of Her Majesty's rule, or that of the Germans, they must take the consequences, which I trusted would prove to be unpleasant. But within our frontiers they must, at their peril, submit to our laws, and respect the rights and lands of their fellow-subjects. The proposed raid was accordingly abandoned: I, at least, never heard of it again.

The Bantu tribes of the province of Ukamba, the Wakamba, the Wakekuyu, and the Wateita were a mainly agricultural population and resembled the Wanyika of the coast region, whose institutions I have already described, in their lack of any single supreme chief or king and in the common possession of tribal lands. Each settlement had its own headman and elders, who represented it at the British headquarters of the district, and whose authority rested partly on age and experience and partly on personal qualities. I could not help being somewhat amused by the curious spectacle afforded by these elders when the Sultan of Zanzibar, Sayyid Hamid bin Mohammed, the successor of Hamid bin Thwain, came up to the railhead of the line to Uganda at the 'Lions Camp' (Campi ya Simba) and held a State levee of the local native chiefs. I had suggested to the Sub-Commissioner, Mr. Ainsworth, that the chiefs must be properly draped for the contemplated ceremony, and he accordingly distributed to each of them one of the red flannel blankets issued to the Indian cooks on the railway, so that they might not shock the Moslem

sense of decency by appearing, according to their wont, in a state of nudity. When, however, I arrived with the Sultan on the scene of the levee, I was amused but slightly disconcerted at observing that the red blankets which would, I had hoped, cover their bodies, had been wound in turban shape around their heads, imparting to the latter a distinctively top-heavy appearance, whilst their sole other clothing consisted of brass wires twisted round their arms and legs. The Sultan looked at first a little shocked at the indecency of this singular form of Court dress; but, as each of the grotesque senators, like Carlyle's 'naked Duke of Windlestraw,' as described in *Sartor Resartus*, advanced towards him, loudly shouting the word 'Obo' (welcome) in a tone suggestive of the bark of a dog, his features broadened into a smile and he turned to me with the words, 'Ajib, Balozi, ajib' ('Strange, Consul-General, strange') and could scarcely restrain himself from laughing. Mr. Ainsworth had apparently explained that the blankets were to be wrapped round their waists, but the elders had thought them more becoming if worn, in Arab fashion, as turbans; and the effect of this attempt at Court dress was so comic, that I could scarcely preserve my own gravity. They were fortunately kept sober, for on most important public occasions Bantu chiefs are frequently, indeed almost always, drunk. I have several times, on asking to see them, been requested to await their recovery from the stupefying effects of these potations.

CHAPTER V

THE ARAB REBELLION AND ITS EFFECTS

In February, 1895, some months before I was able to take over the administration of the Company's territory in East Africa, the new Province of Sayyidieh became the scene of somewhat troublesome disturbances which diverted my attention from more useful schemes of improvement. The origin of these disturbances can only, I fear, be explained by a digression into earlier events. When the British East Africa Company first took over the administration of the then Sultan of Zanzibar, Sayyid Khalifa, his authority was only absolute in the three coast towns of Mombasa, Malindi and Lamu, where the ruling Valis all belonged to his own tribe, and were thus his own obedient nominees. Elsewhere, between Wanga in the south and Kipini in the north, his flag flew, and his sovereignty was formally admitted; but only on the tacit condition that he did not endeavour to render it too real at the expense of the local hereditary chiefs. At the time, moreover, of the Company's assumption of power, his prestige, great in the palmy days of Sayyid Barghash, had been impaired by the humiliations which that prince had undergone at the close of his reign, by the enforced recognition of Witu as an independent but German protected State, and by the practical transfer of the rest of the mainland to the British and German Companies.

The coast from Vanga to Kismayu, outside the three towns just mentioned, and within a few square miles around them, may be said to have been then divided between three powerful Arab chieftains: Mubarak bin Rashid of Gazi, in the south; Salim bin Hamis of Taka-

ungu, some thirty-five miles north of Mombasa; and Ahmed, Sultan of Witu; with two petty ones, Hamisi bin Kombo of Mtwapwa, and Mzee bin Sef of Faza and of the so-called Bajooni mainland. Of these, the chief of Witu, unsubdued by our troops until 1893, was the strongest, and Hamisi bin Kombo the weakest; but all five were regarded by their dependents with a feeling of respect and loyalty very different from that which they accorded to the British political rulers of Zanzibar. Mubarak's authority extended along the coast from the mouth of the Umba, which divided British from German East Africa, to within a short distance of the south of Mombasa, and his influence was paramount for some thirty or forty miles inland over the Digo and Duruma tribes, between the German boundary and the Mackinnon road, built by the British East Africa Company, which connected the port of Mombasa with the, as yet, unsubdued inland regions of Teita, Ukamba and Masailand. It was, moreover, felt, although less fully, throughout the Rabai and Giriama country, to the immediate north-west of Mombasa, which Mubarak had ravaged during his six years' war against Sayyid Barghash. He received from the Company a subsidy, which he affected to treat as a tribute, of a thousand rupees a month, from Barghash's successor, Sayyid Khalifa; but he considered himself, in his capacity as the head of the elder branch of the Mazrui tribe, the *de facto* sovereign of the entire coast, including Mombasa, which his ancestors had governed, till it was wrested from him by the usurping Hinawi Sultan or Imam of Muscat. The recollection of his father Rashid's treacherous murder – for it was practically that – intensified the old feud between the Hinawi and Ghafiri clans, which still burned in Oman, and he was ever ready to supplement the three earlier

rebellions, raised by him against the Zanzibar Sayyids, by appealing, like Ahmed of Witu, to the protection of the Germans, whose flag he once actually flew. His method of maintaining his authority over the timid and ignorant Wadigo and Waduruma of the 'hinterland' was mainly terrorism; for he raided them on the slightest provocation, and carried on, from Gazi, an extensive slave trade with Pemba, thus accumulating, together with his subsidy from the Company, and what he made by the sale of forest timber, a revenue which enabled him to maintain a large and well-armed force. His own fighting men were indeed only about 1,100 in number, but he could count upon the heathen converts to Islam occupying the populous district around Gazi, many of whom were armed with rifles, as well as with spears or bows and arrows. He was bound, in return for the subsidy received by him from the Company, to furnish it with numerous armed soldiers, and these he supplied on one occasion for the defence of the Christian missions on the Tana.

Passing northwards from Mombasa, which the Sultan ruled through a Vali, the next semi-independent coast chieftain was Hamisi bin Kombo, whose authority extended for some twenty miles both northwards and inland. Hamisi, a Swahili, not an Arab, represented the primitive rulers of Mombasa, who had governed its five tribes and townships before the arrival of the Muscat Arab, or even of the Portuguese invaders, and stood to the Mazrui Sheikhs in much the same relation as the old Celtic chieftains of Ireland, the O'Briens and O'Neills, to the Butlers and Fitzgeralds of the Pale. Before the creation of the Company, he himself frequently lived at Mombasa, where the negroid or Swahili, as distinct from the Arab population, regarded him as their real chief. But when the Company took pos-

session, he withdrew, disliking the presence of Christians, to Mtwapwa, ten miles farther north, and as age and infirmities grew on him, rarely left it; for he was very fanatical, and especially bitter against the Freretown missionaries for their proselytism and protection of runaway slaves in 1889, when the ferment on this question among the natives had helped to produce a rebellion in German territory. He was indeed asserted to have urged the other coast chiefs to join him in driving all the 'infidels,' whether German or British, into the sea. He could himself only put into the field a small contingent of three hundred armed slaves and retainers, but he could count on the support of the whole native population of Mombasa and the adjacent districts lying to the west and north, as far as the small coast town of Kurwitu. There, began and stretched northwards for some forty-five miles the territory of Sheikh Salim bin Hamid of Takaungu, itself a town and port of some importance. Sheikh Salim was the head of the younger or Zaherite branch of the great Mazrui clan, which had resisted Sayyid Said, and he resided sometimes at Takaungu, and sometimes at Gonjoro, an inland village about fifteen miles north-west of that port. His effective authority extended some eighteen miles inland, but his indirect influence was supreme in the coast district occupied by the Giriama tribe, which depended upon the ports of Takaungu, Tanganiko, and Uyombo, not to speak of other minor local markets, such as Arabuco and Roka, both of them situated a few miles inland. Salim's attitude towards the Court of Zanzibar and the general character of his administration were somewhat gentler and less aggressive than those of his kinsman Mubarak of Gazi: he never openly revolted against the Sultan, and sought to be popular rather

than feared. If, on one occasion, he raided the natives of Giriama, and when they were rendered helpless by famine, compelled them to sell him scores of women and children as slaves, these aggressive proceedings were an exception to his general policy of maintaining good relations with their chiefs; for I was told by the Arabs that, good Mohammedan as he was, he had paid a large sum of money for initiation into the mysteries of their secret freemasonry, and was actually numbered among its elders.

From Watamu, Sheikh Salim's farthest outpost in the north, to the mouth of the Tana, the two Valis of Malindi and Mambrui ruled the coast on behalf of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and afterwards of the British East Africa Company; but at Mambrui, about fifteen miles farther north, the coast became more barren, and a few miles from the sea-shore was mainly inhabited by nomad Gallas, or their so-called hereditary slaves, the Wasania, the race of completely naked dwarfs, already described by me as living in the hollow trunks of trees, and slaying elephants with poisoned arrows. On the left bank of the Tana, the influence, as distinct from the effectual authority, of the British protected State of Witu, began to be felt, and extended on the mainland as far as the port of Kwyhoo, whilst the islands of Lamu, Patta and Siu were administered by an Arab Vali, appointed jointly by the Company and the Sultan of Zanzibar. From thence to Port Durnford the so-called Bajooni coast recognized, as its ruler, the Sheikh of Faza, Mzee bin Sef, and beyond it the Somalis ranged freely over the land as far as Cape Guardafui, the Zanzibar Sultans merely occupying, with small detachments of Arab soldiers, the isolated 'Cinque ports,' so to speak, of Kismayu, Merka, Brava, Magadoxo and Warsheikh, with a small area lying round

each. The four last had indeed been leased to an Italian Company, which possessed then a very precarious authority, inasmuch as it was confined to the towns, the country intervening between them being a no-man's-land, across which it was dangerous to travel, even along the coast, as the south-west monsoon, while it blew, made all intercourse by sea with them very difficult. Kismayu, which was held by the Company under the Sultan, was normally accessible by sea, and was the residence of a British Agent in its service, who became, when the Protectorate was proclaimed in July, 1895, Her Majesty's Sub-Commissioner for Juba-land.

The Sultan of Zanzibar, before the partition of his dominions between Germany and England, was, in fact, rather weaker in the northern than in the southern portion of his dominions. Valis named by him exercised a real power not merely at the coast ports from Pangani to Kilwa, but over the great inland trade routes leading from Bagamayo, through Unyamwezi, where porters were abundant, to Ujiji on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, at a time when the more barren region between Mombasa and Ukamba were still largely unexplored or infested by predatory Masai. To repeat, if I may do so, a parallel from our own history, which I submitted in a report to Lord Salisbury, the difference between the Sultan's power to the north and south of the Anglo-German boundary was something like that which existed between the authority of the British Crown in the Lowlands and the Highlands of Scotland. This was doubtless partly due to the rapid repression of the rebellious coast Arabs by the Germans; but also to the fact that the latter were not, to the same extent as ourselves, confronted on the coast with Arab rulers who were almost independent

vassals of the Sultan, and had occasionally defied his authority.

Another element in the situation was the fact that the British East Africa Company, with its limited financial and military resources, had found itself obliged to be circumspect in its native policy, and to compromise with the Arabs, when their fugitive slaves, as often happened, took refuge with the Anglican missionaries at Freretown, Rabai and other places in the immediate neighbourhood of Mombasa and Malindi. The Company paid a handsome subsidy, which he affected to treat as tribute, to Mubarak of Gazi, and did its utmost to discourage, without offending British sentiment, the active proselytism of the European missionaries. But it found itself obliged to enforce, at the cost of its popularity with the natives, the anti-slavery legislation which successive British Agents had wrung from Sayyid Khalifa and Sayyid Ali.

The mainland system of slavery differed somewhat from that of the islands. It was freer, more feudal and aristocratical in character than that prevailing in the Zanzibar clove plantations, with the constant careful work required in them, and the consequent need for supervision and checks on servile idleness. A few large estates producing corn, sweet potatoes, and coco-nuts near such coast towns as Malindi, Takaungu, and Mombasa, were under more or less regular cultivation by slaves; but the Arab landowners who in the islands lived as planters on their estates, were on the coast mainly dwellers in the towns and the common form of rural slavery thus bore a certain resemblance to what in France was described as the 'Metayer' system. Along the greater part of the coast, up to ten or fifteen miles inland, where the Wanyika cultivated their common

tribal lands, the soil had been, after the earlier Arab conquest, divided among the invaders and their heirs. Some of these lands were very fertile; others covered by forests and bush. Nearly all of these were cultivated by slaves, living in little villages – not necessarily owned by the same masters – where they tilled the land already in part cultivated, and made clearings in the bush for new crops. On the food thus grown they supported themselves and their families, putting aside a certain quantity of grain or other produce for their absentee master, who came from time to time from Mombasa or Malindi to claim his own share in the crops and to bring back a few pretty slave concubines for his town harem, or those of his sons and dependents. His share in this tribute was rarely oppressive; for his hold on his slaves was too slight to make it worth his while to oppress them. If he asked for too much, they would run away into the bush, to make a fresh home there, subsisting, while they did so, upon his stolen grain, or else escape to one or other of the fugitive slave settlements, such as Fuladayo and Makongeni, at which latter place, on the banks of the Sabaki, there were acres upon acres of Indian corn. An adventurous, able-bodied slave, from a fighting tribe such as the Yaos, could, moreover, always flee to the Court of a petty native chief, who asked no awkward questions as to his last master, and who, if he seemed a likely soldier, provided him with a muzzle-loader, a powder horn and a distinctive dress, and enlisted him in his fighting force. In this capacity, the new recruit joined in raids for other slaves, or for cattle, from weak or hostile tribes, and if he earned by bravery the goodwill of his master, became one of his standard-bearers, or perhaps a highly trusted 'Akida' or officer. Such was the origin of Akida Bakari, Hamid M'chang-

amwi, and many other brave and trustworthy retainers of the Mazrui or Witu chiefs, who after beginning their careers as common slaves, in time rose to authority and wealth.

I was struck by two other marked contrasts between mainland and Zanzibar slavery: one, the greater ease with which our anti-slavery legislation was enforced in the Company's mainland towns, as compared with those of the islands; and another the feudal attachment to their masters by the freer slaves described above, living uncontrolled in their own villages. Thus, the district of Kibokan near Takaungu, ruled by Nasr bin Hamid, a Takaungu Arab who had fought with Mubarak bin Rashid against us, remained bitterly hostile till his master decided to submit, whereupon his slaves became at once loyal, saying 'now that our master is your friend, we are so likewise.'

The obvious determination of the Company to put an end to slavery, combined with the weakness and timidity of its methods, had for some time rendered it in the eyes of all classes of the native population an object of mingled detestation and contempt. It seemed weaker than the Zanzibar Sayyids in its dealings with chiefs like Mubarak bin Rashid and Salim bin Hamisi; its abortive, injudicious attempt to impose a hut tax in Giriama seemed to indicate that it lacked the power, but not the desire to oppress. The native population appeared, at first, disposed to welcome the impending change in its Government, as implying the substitution of a Moslem for infidel rulers; but as it gradually realized that this change only meant European control in another form, the sense of disappointment was only deeper. The factors with which we had to deal on the eve of the transfer was described by me in writing to Lord Salisbury as follows: –

'(1) A Mohammedan society, resting largely upon slavery, and ruled by semi-independent chiefs.

'(2) An European administration, that of the Company, with no visible force at its back, whose establishment had been followed by premature legislation, directed against the old cherished domestic institutions of the people.

'(3) The failure of this alien and infidel Government to carry out, with its inadequate resources, the task of ruling all the turbulent elements with which it had to deal, the belief among the natives for a year or so, that a change was imminent and the consequent creation of a state of political unrest, very favourable to agitation and disturbance.'

A decisive, if unforeseen event, the most important in view of its immediate effects, at this juncture, was the sudden death, in February, 1895, of Sheikh Salim bin Hamisi, the representative of the younger or Zaherite branch of the Mazrui clan, who, as hereditary chief of the town and district of Takaungu, half-way between Mombasa and Malindi, was one of the most important rulers of the coast province, now known as 'Sayyidieh.' Salim had received no regular payment from the Sultan, whose authority he professed to represent, but he paid a yearly visit to the Court at Zanzibar until after the death of Sàyyid Barghash, and received on these occasions a present of money, which amounted to an annual subsidy, enabling him to maintain his own dignity and a fairly large force of fighting slaves. He never consented to accept any payment from the Company or even to recognize its authority, nor did it attempt to interfere with his own administration at Takaungu. It was, however, called upon by his death to decide, as responsible for the maintenance of order on the coast, who should be selected as Salim's succes-

sor, and to select an English official in its service in order to carry out this decision. Its choice fell on the District Officer at Malindi, an able Scotchman named Macdougall, and it instructed him to announce its decision to appoint the deceased's eldest son, Sheikh Rashid bin Salim, in preference to his older cousin Mubarak bin Rashid, who had, in accordance with the local Moslem customary law, a better claim as older in years, but who, in common with his younger brother Aziz, was reported to be hostile to European rule. Rashid was an amiable young white Arab, of gentle and courteous manners; he had, overhanging his joho shirt and robe, the latter always dark and neatly trimmed, the heavy under lip characteristic, oddly enough, of the Habsburg Sovereigns of Austria and Spain. He was reported to be friendly to the English, and had, in this capacity, been on several occasions employed to compose differences between his father and the Company. In order, however, to impart a semblance of popular approval to this decision, Mr. Macdougall called a meeting or 'Baraza' of the leading local Arabs, all of whom, including his cousins, Mubarak bin Rashid and Aziz bin Rashid, declared themselves willing to accept the nominee selected by the Company. Macdougall thereupon announced that its choice had fallen on Rashid bin Salim, who would henceforth bear the title of Vali or Governor of Takaungu and its district, and Mubarak and Aziz both promised to accept and obey him as their chief.

It is perhaps open to doubt whether the substitution of a younger kinsman for Mubarak and Aziz was altogether wise. I was on the Tana River at the time, but I took upon myself the responsibility of confirming the decision of the Company, though it had not consulted me, for once taken by the British officer in charge of

Takaungu, it could not easily be reversed without some loss of British prestige. A legal hereditary claim, respectfully submitted to my judgment, might have merited respectful consideration; but Mubarak and Aziz both declined to acknowledge Rashid as their ruler, and took advantage of an angry personal discussion with him to withdraw from Takaungu, taking with them all the slaves of his father, Sheikh Salim, to Gonjoro, some two miles inland. Mubarak then placed Aziz in charge as his deputy at Tanganiko, a large village on the Kilifi Creek. I accordingly recommended by telegraph to Lord Salisbury that Mubarak and Aziz should, if they continued refractory, be coerced, and proceeding in person to Tanganiko, I confirmed on June 13, on behalf of the British Government, the selection of Rashid bin Salim, and summoned Mubarak to return and submit to his cousin's authority. As he took no notice of this summons, I went up three days later to Gonjoro with a small naval force, composed partly of 310 bluejackets and partly of a detachment of 200 native troops. On reaching it, we found that Mubarak had himself just retreated farther inland, but a scuffle between one of our outposts and some of his armed retainers was interpreted by the latter as a signal of hostilities, and on June 18 we advanced on a village called Sokoki wa Simba, in which he was said to have taken refuge. His followers bolted after firing a few shots, but a sailor belonging to our force was killed by a poisoned arrow, and we accordingly destroyed the place itself and its crops. On the 19th we reached the large village of Tanganiko, to find that Aziz bin Rashid had just burnt it, after looting the Arab and Indian bazaars, but I decided to hold it as an outpost, and built a strong stockade for its defence. Meanwhile, the rebellion was spreading and I thought

the time had come to approach the chief Arabs of Malindi and to warn them that the lands and slaves of all rebels would be confiscated unless they submitted within a week. At the same time I dispatched Mr. Weaver, who resided there as the Company's Agent, to withdraw the Mission ladies from the Church Missionary station at Jilore, eighteen miles inland, and I sent a small force to expel the rebels from Arabuco, a village which they had just seized. I also issued a proclamation, countersigned by Sir Lloyd Mathews, on behalf of the Sultan of Zanzibar, outlawing as rebels Mubarak bin Rashid of Takaungu and his followers, and declaring all their property forfeited. So far their rebellion had been unsuccessful, and would, I hoped, be rapidly suppressed.

My next duty was to go to Mombasa, where the formal transfer of the administration of the British East Africa Company to the Queen was to be formally effected on July 3. The ceremony took place in the presence of the aged Vali of the district, in his 'Baraza' or reception hall, a rough building partly open to the sky. I explained to the audience, which was composed partly of Arab and Swahili Sheikhs, partly of European officials, missionaries and merchants, that His Highness the Sultan had been pleased to transfer his executive power over his mainland dominions to myself as Her Britannic Majesty's Commissioner, and that the laws, customs and religion of their people would be scrupulously respected by the new ruling powers. The representatives of the native population applauded and thanked me for this assurance; but after the ceremony was over, the Anglican Bishop Tucker objected to it in conversation with me, observing that it seemed to imply the continued maintenance of the Mohammedan religious law of slavery, and added that

had he understood the remarks which I had made in Arabic, he would have deemed it his duty to formulate a protest against them. His views on this subject were a good deal more uncompromising than those of several other of the Church Missionary Society's clergy who were in close touch with Mohammedan opinion and feeling; but notwithstanding our differences in this respect, I always entertained a strong feeling and regard for my African Thomas à Becket. Tall and strapping, with thick bushy moustache and whiskers, he looked, when he exchanged his daily white cassock for a khaki coat and knickerbockers, much more like a soldier than a cleric, and Mombasa was amused by the remark of a skipper whose ship he had boarded that 'they were waiting for a confounded Bishop.' 'You mean me,' was his answer. 'No, I don't,' said the captain; 'no fool would ever take you for a d – d parson.' He was, as perhaps was quite right as a missionary to Mohammedans, a strong teetotaller, and Mombasa was amused by the story of a captain in the Navy, who, dining with him at Freretown, was offered the choice of lemonade or zoedone, and replied, 'Well, Bishop, if I asked you on board my ship and said, "Which will you have, a brandy and soda or rum, they're the only drinks I have?" you would answer that you thought me damned inhospitable.'

He differed from several of his clergy, as well as from myself, in his vigorous hostility to the Mohammedan form of slavery, and his efforts to convert the Arabs and Swahilis to Christianity. In these efforts he was ably supported by an able and active clergyman named Taylor, whom I knew very well and greatly liked, for he was a learned Arabic scholar. He used to read the Koran with an Arabic Mullah, and amused me by relating little incidents in their studies,

but whenever he came to the word 'Allah,' the Mullah, looking very hard at him, invariably observed, 'May I never blaspheme by ascribing to Him a wife or a child.' The Swahili Mohammedans apparently supposed that Christ's divine Sonship resembled the relationship of Hercules or Bacchus to Zeus, and forgot that the Koranic account of our Lord's Incarnation reproduced that contained in the chapters of St. Luke, except that His birth takes place under a palm tree in the Koran and not in the stable of the Gospel. I myself rather disliked the proselytizing efforts of the missionaries among Mohammedans, as both useless in themselves and of a nature to increase religious bitterness and enmity to Europeans, more especially when they were aggravated, as had happened some years previously, by encouraging fugitive slaves to seek refuge in the Mission stations at Rabai, Ribe and other places. On the other hand, I supported the Bishop against one of the Company's officials, who had granted divorces to Christian converts, on the ground that divorce, even where no adultery had taken place, was sanctioned by the local Mohammedan law; for I held that 'Kitabis' or 'people of the Book,' such as Christians or Jews, were in Moslem countries governed in such matters by the laws of their own respective creeds, i.e. those of the Christian or Jewish Churches, some of which forbid divorce altogether, whilst others only allow it for adultery; and I insisted that as Christianity was the official religion of the Protecting Power, its authority, where natives were baptized or born in it, must be as binding as that of Islam upon Moslems. I thought, moreover, that if a Christian husband divorced his wife, he ought to show a reason for doing so – such, for instance, as adultery – and should repay to her such money as she had brought him. A Mohammedan marriage, like

every other, was in my view primarily a contract, and this aspect of its origin, though obscured by later developments, is, curiously enough, illustrated by the custom, prevalent in parts of Syria, of a clause in the marriage settlement which gives a wife the power to break the nuptial bond. 'Should I,' runs the clause, 'appear before my husband in a green or red veil, he shall divorce me and bid me leave his house.'

Less than a week after the solemn transfer of the administration from the Company to the British Government, on July 7, the partisans of Mubarak bin Rashid and his younger brother Aziz made a somewhat determined attempt to capture Takaungu by a sudden night attack, with the connivance of their own supporters in the town. Aziz, the more resolute of the two, had made a vow that no razor should touch his head till he had shaved it in the chief mosque. Two of our native officers were killed, and Captain Raikes, the officer in command of the garrison from Zanzibar, was wounded, but the rebels lost at least some thirty to fifty men – the Wanyika of the neighbouring district put it higher. On the news of this attack, I returned to Takaungu from Mombasa, reconnoitred (on July 14) the positions of the rebels near Sokoko, which we found they had hastily evacuated on the news of our advance, and ascertained from the natives that, on the evening preceding our arrival, Aziz bin Rashid had fled southwards towards Gazi. Our failure to arrest his flight, though natural, in view of the difficulties attendant on bush warfare in a wild, roadless country, was disappointing; but we had, for the time being, cleared the interior of the Takaungu district, and I now learnt that both its rebel chieftains and the remnant of their followers had taken refuge with Mubarak of Gazi, their kinsman and the head of the Mazrui tribe, whose rebel-

lion had, during the reign of Sayyid Barghash bin Said, given such serious trouble to his Government. Sir Lloyd Mathews, who had been on that occasion the chief instrument in his defeat, now informed Mr. Pigott, Her Majesty's newly appointed Sub-Commissioner for the Sayyidieh Province, that the Chief of Gazi, with whom the rebel leaders had sought refuge, had offered to meet me in the immediate neighbourhood of Mombasa. On July 5, Mathews had had a preliminary interview with him at Likoni, a village near the southern shore of the Kilindini Creek, in the course of which he had offered himself to stamp out the still smouldering embers of the revolt produced by the rebel chief at Takaungu. My own feeling was that to allow an Arab sheikh, of whose loyalty I was not myself fully convinced, to put down a disturbance in our new Protectorate would be a confession of weakness on our part. I therefore declined to meet Mubarak of Gazi unless he first promised complete obedience to my orders.

He appeared at Likoni on July 5, a dignified, long-bearded Arab sheikh, with a fairly large following of retainers, and endeavoured to induce me to pardon his nephews, characteristically suggesting that I should promise them an amnesty, and then, when I had got them safely back to Takaungu, should arrest them. I replied that I could not make terms with armed rebels; that to promise them pardon and then seize them would, in English eyes, be an act of cowardice and treachery; and that, if the Chief of Gazi was not strong enough to do his own duty, I should have to assist him to fulfil it. Vigorous measures might cause some temporary injury to the prosperity of our new territory, but if that prosperity was to rest on a sound basis, the authority of the Queen's Government must, I felt, be established beyond any doubt, and the tribal

chieftains taught to obey it. I accordingly wrote to tell Mubarak of Gazi that I proposed to assist him to do his duty, and should come to Wasin with a sufficient armed force to ensure the arrest of the Takaungu rebels. Accordingly, on the strength of a promise from him that they should be detained at Gazi until my own arrival there, I started on July 22 from Mombasa, with Admiral Rawson, who had recently arrived in East African waters, a force of three hundred bluejackets, and eighty-five of our own Sudanese troops. Three men-of-war, the *Barrosa*, *Blonde* and *Phœbe*, simultaneously appeared off the harbour of Gazi, which we occupied on July 24, only to find that its chief and the two Takaungu rebel leaders had fled from the town on our approach, and taken refuge in the stockaded village of Mweli, about twenty miles inland, which Mubarak himself had many years before defended against the forces of Sayyid Barghash. We also learnt that his attitude had become frankly hostile, for he had burnt the town of Vanga, situated just north of the Anglo-German boundary, killing two of our native police, and was threatening the village of Wasin, the official headquarters of our southernmost district. I was, however, anxious, if possible, to avoid a final rupture with him, and I wrote him a letter, enclosing a copy of the Koran found by us in his house at Gazi, pointing out that I could have shelled his town, but had abstained, in the hope of avoiding hostilities, and offering him a fortnight, up to August 16, to decide whether he would be the friend or foe of the British Government.

When the day arrived, I got from him a letter in which, whilst asserting his loyalty and asking assistance to telegraph to England, he stated that he could not meet us at Mombasa so long as our troops were at Gazi, and that if they moved upon Mweli, he would

retreat inland to Teita. I and Admiral Rawson both replied that we should be obliged to come to Mweli, and we began our march from Mombasa on August 12, our force consisting of 220 bluejackets, eighty-four Marines and 110 Native troops. On our road, at a place called Vivwezi, we received letters from Mubarak, stating, what was perfectly untrue, that his Takaungu kinsman and namesake had left Mweli, and on the 16th of August, while ascending the Shimba range near its summit, a hill known as Ndolo, we were suddenly fired on from above by a party of two hundred rebels, under the command of Eyub bin Mubarak, the Chief of Gazi's elder son. They were quickly driven off by the bluejackets and Sudanese, one of whom and a porter were killed, and Sir Lloyd Mathews and a sailor of H.M.S. *Phœbe* slightly wounded; but it was now clear that Mubarak was resolved on resistance, and early on the morning of the 17th we ascended the slope leading to the main northern stockade defending the village of Mweli. We advanced within 1,300 yards of it before the Admiral opened fire. The Sudanese, supported by bluejackets of H.M.S. *St. George*, attacked in flank, whilst the Marines, Zanzibaris and men of H.M.S. *St. George* extended in skirmishing order. The enemy only fired when our force was in close range, killing one Zanzibar sailor and wounding a Marine. The stockade once stormed, the garrison fled; but their leader, Zahran bin Rashid, Mubarak's brother and commander of his troops, whom I myself had known at Mombasa, remained at his post to the end, and was shot through the head and his corpse brutally trampled on and disfigured by our ignorant Sudanese soldiers. We buried him with military honours on the following day, with an Arabic inscription carved on the wooden post which

marked his grave; and we saved the life of a youthful Arab by amputating one of his legs which had been badly shattered. Mweli, which had so long resisted the forces of Sayyid Barghash, had been taken by ours in two hours, and the blow dealt to his prestige was very great. I was amused by the remark of one native to another, who was complaining that our men had spoilt his crops: 'Alas, my friend, when two elephants meet in conflict, what becomes of the grass beneath their feet?' For the moment his forces were scattered, but many months were still to elapse before the authority of the Protecting Power was finally and unassailably established, from one end to another, of the new British East African dominion.

I have sometimes wondered if it would have been possible, by placing Sheikh Mubarak of Gazi as a kind of Governor-General under the Sultan, in command of the entire Province of Sayyidieh, to have avoided the Mazrui rebellion; but I am inclined to think that the experiment would have, sooner or later, proved a failure; for the British Government would have been compelled by Parliament to insist on the abolition of Mohammedan slavery and concubinage, and could not have imposed it on the native population, without the employment of armed force, such as that to which the Germans, who were in this respect more indulgent than ourselves, had resorted on the revolt of the coast Arabs. The traditional hostility, moreover, of the entire Mazrui tribe to the Albusaidi Dynasty, ever since Sayyid Said took Mombasa, would have constituted another element of jealousy and trouble, nor would the Sultan himself have possessed the prestige of a strong European administration. On the whole, I am inclined to believe that, though I may have been at the outset too imperious, and not sufficiently diplomatic in my deal-

ings with the Takaungu chiefs of the Mazrui tribe, it was better to fight on that issue than that of slavery, on which every native of importance would almost certainly have been with our opponents.

During the autumn of 1895, I was temporarily disabled by a severe dose of pleuro-pneumonia, complicated by African fever, which I had contracted by sleeping in the open, on wet grass in heavy rain from about 2 a.m. to sunrise, whilst in pursuit, with Captain Raikes and a Zanzibar detachment, of some rebels in the neighbourhood of Wasin, who had given us the slip under cover of the darkness, just before we reached their encampment. While recovering from this unlucky indisposition, I learnt, to my great regret, the death of a gallant officer, Captain Lawrence, who was killed on October 16, whilst attempting, with a small native force, to rush a rebel *boma* or stockade. His body was recovered and buried with military honours by Sheikh Ali bin Salim, the son of the Vali of Mombasa, who reported that the rebels were at their last gasp, at Shimoni near Wasin.

Ali bin Salim was, I think, the best and ablest Arab official in our service. He visited me a year later in England, staying with my cousins Lord and Lady Northbourne at Betteshanger Park in Kent, and with my sister Alice and myself at our own house near Dursley. In London, I introduced him to Lord Salisbury, to my sister and brother-in-law at their house in Portland Place; and at Oxford, where I engaged rooms for him in the Turl, I took him to dine in Hall with the Warden and Fellows of All Souls, and also to see Professor Margoliouth, the then occupant of the Laudian Chair of Arabic. Soon after his return to East Africa, he obtained, in succession to his father, the office of Vali of Mombasa, which, I believe, he still holds.

The capture of his fortress had dealt a serious blow to the prestige of Sheikh Mubarak, but it proved less easy to subdue his scattered Arab forces, with blue-jackets and Zanzibari troops, over a wild and roadless region of wooded hills and jungles, some eighty miles long and thirty broad; for the more fanatical native elements were constantly planning fresh attacks against any of our insufficiently fortified positions. In October, 1895, the accession to their forces of the Swahili Chief of Mtwapa, just north of Mombasa, a man long conspicuous for his fanaticism and hatred of our slavery policy, carried with it the sympathy of the whole surrounding country; and the rebels on one occasion came close up to the creek, on which we had just erected the Kilindini railway station, as the starting-point of the Uganda railway. Unsuccessful attacks were also made on the C.M.S. stations at Rabai, and at Freretown, overlooking the harbour of Mombasa from the north, which necessitated the removal of all the ladies of the Mission. These incidents, in themselves unimportant, fed the hopes of all the numerous forces of disaffection, and I accordingly urged Her Majesty's Government to send us, in addition to a small Indian force of three hundred men, which it had already placed at our disposal, a full regiment from India, the 24th Baluchistan, which eventually landed at Mombasa on March 26, 1896, just a year after the dispute arising out of the death of Sheikh Salim bin Hamisi had begun. We were thus able to occupy all the food centres of the Nyika, and push the rebels south-west into Duruma. What was still more important was to control, from end to end, the whole cultivated hinterland of the new 'Sayyidieh Province,' inhabited by the great Giriama tribe, whose institutions I have already attempted to describe, of which Ngonio, the Chief of Dida, in Northern Giriama, and

was at that moment one of the most influential members.

He struck me, when I made his acquaintance there, as superior in intelligence to most of his countrymen, and had at one time become a convert to Islam. He was, however, a genuine agnostic, and informed me that he had discussed Christianity and Islam with missionary preachers of both creeds, and had come to the conclusion that none of these teachers could be certain of the truth of their doctrines, since not one of them, whether Arab or European, had visited either hell or heaven, about which they were constantly – and in his own opinion ignorantly – laying down the law. Such shadowy realms might exist, but no one had actually seen them and conviction could not rest upon conjecture. Yet he shared with his more primitive tribesmen the native superstition respecting the Hyæna, and was willing, in order to assist us, in common with the other Chiefs of Giriama, to imprecate the vengeance of the sacred consumer of corpses, if they failed to keep faith with the British Government.

I endeavoured during a fortnight's stay in the Giriama country, which I traversed from end to end, to impress upon its natives, wherever we encamped, the difference between the British Government and that of the Sultan of Zanzibar, reminding them that, although the Witu Nabhans had defied us, Fumo Omari was now our prisoner, and that any help afforded to our Arab opponents would bring destruction to their own villages and crops. I admitted that if these armed outlaws were to come into their villages, they could not be expected to resist, with bows and arrows, Arab soldiers armed with rifles; but I expected them to inform our officers of their movements and assist us in rounding them up.

After traversing Giriama from south to north, and visiting Makongeni, a collection of runaway slave settlements on the river Sabaki, which still hesitated as to its own attitude, I pushed on to Malindi, which, I heard, had been attacked by the rebels. I found, on reaching it, that they had, acting in concert with enemy incendiaries, done a good deal of damage to the town, burning the houses of the principal loyal Arabs, whilst another body of insurgents had seized Roka, about half-way on the road from Malindi to Takaungu, but not easily accessible by sea. Unfortunately, a local force of Kiriboto Arab mercenaries, originally recruited by the East Africa Company, with whose help I had proposed to retake Roka, refused to go with me, on the ground of the Ramadan Fast, and displayed a very mutinous spirit. The sudden arrival at Malindi, on her way from Lamu to Mombasa, of H.M.S. *Swallow*, enabled me to arrest the mutineers and transfer them on board her as prisoners-of-war, with a promise from me that, when they reached Mombasa, they should keep the Fast to some purpose in its jail, and do there the work of slaves and sweepers, since they had shown themselves unworthy of being treated as freemen and as soldiers. A few days later we reoccupied Roka, and a few years after these events, I again saw my old mutineers at Magadoxo, in Somaliland, where they had been taken into the service of the local Italian administration.

The failure of the rebels to retain their hold on the sea coast between the Sabaki and Mombasa, and the flight of their leaders, first into Giriama, and afterwards into Duruma, decided me to send a small force under the command of Captain Harrison, to Barareni, the residence of Mbaruku, the third of the 'Enyetsi' of Giriama, with a view to common action between us

and his people against the remnants of the Arab rebel force. At first, while halting at an 'Alsatia' or runaway slave colony at Fuladoyo, he was opposed by a few hundred Giriama tribesmen armed with only bows and arrows, who blew war horns and then coming within range of our Maxims discharged poisoned arrows at our men. Harrison wisely halted, and forbade his own men to fire until Mr. Macdougall, as the local District Officer, had brought up the elders of Fuladoyo and asked the meaning of this hostile demonstration. The elders, much alarmed, told their warriors not to shoot, and Harrison insisted on their retiring. This they did, and our force went on to Balé, one of the chief villages in this part of Giriama, where he found Mbaruku away, but was met by Ngonio and some forty representative elders, who after a long 'shauri' or palaver with Harrison and Macdougall, decided to act with them against the rebels. This did not prevent an attack by these ignorant tribesmen, chiefly young warriors, keen to whet their spears, on a force commanded by Captain Wake at the neighbouring village of Tandia, which was, however, easily repulsed. I went myself to Roka with an Indian and Baluchi guard and found, on reaching its seaport, Uyombo, that it was already held by our forces, but that, thanks to my mutinous Kiribotos, the town had been burnt and its mosque alone saved from destruction.

After a flying visit to Mombasa, I returned on March 31 to Tandia, in order to meet the chiefs and elders of Giriama. I found, after a conference with some sixty of them, that they were ready to expel the rebel Arabs from their country, and I congratulated them on this wise decision. They brought me a bullock and sheep as peace offerings, which I had killed and distributed among them, at a feast which I gave in

their honour. After being shown the working of the Maxim gun and of a war rocket, which were fired, as I carefully explained, in their honour, they retired from our fort at Tandia, in order to take, in a more secluded spot, the solemn 'Oath by the Hyæna.'

I heard afterwards with some amusement that, at a preliminary palaver, an incident which might well have figured in a tale by Rider Haggard or Rudyard Kipling, had greatly impressed the Giriama sages. One of our party, a clever doctor named Mann, had a glass eye, in the place of one removed some years previously, and being exhausted by a long march and an even more tedious discussion in Swahili between Macdougall and the elders, he fell asleep and began to snore stertorously. Suddenly there was a silence, broken only by these varied sounds; and an elder, looking hard at Mann, asked in a subdued tone, 'if it was the custom of the English to go to sleep with one eye open.' He was answered by Macdougall: 'No, not usually, except in time of war or when a sudden attack might be expected and necessitate certain precautions.' The hum of talk immediately ceased: all eyes were fixed on the white magician; but the sudden silence, after all the noisy chatter, woke Mann up. 'Doctor,' said Macdougall to him, 'the chiefs are fascinated by your glass eye!' 'Are they?' he replied rather testily, as he proceeded to take his glass eye out with his own fingers and place it in the palm of his hand. The horror-struck spectators fled in confusion, but, although he did not himself understand it, Mann's fame as a wizard was at least for a time established. He was, in fact, a very diffident doctor, inclined to say to patients who consulted him as to their ailments, 'I don't really know, you know,' and he would probably, had he stayed in Giriama, been expected to perform daily miracles. From that moment

all its leading natives swore by the Hyæna, at the gathering of their tribesmen at Tandia, to co-operate with us in order to expel from their country the remnants of the rebel Arab forces; the details of the ceremony were apparently concealed from European eyes, though throughout our camp large gatherings of natives seemed to be busy with important discussions. At last the elders told us that the necessary rites had been auspiciously concluded, and that such remnants of the broken Arab forces as might still linger within it would be driven, without mercy, from the land.

About five weeks later, on the evening of April 11, 1896, I received a message from Major von Wissmann, Governor-General of German East Africa, informing me that the great body of the Mazrui rebels had crossed the frontier into German territory. Two days later we met at Zanzibar, and he told me that the refugees were about 3,000 in number, of whom 1,500 men were well armed, and encamped a day's march from Moa, a small German seaport town lying about five miles south of the Anglo-German frontier on the coast. I followed him there – for we were both anxious to disarm the refugees – and I read to him on board his ship the *Rovuma* a note which I had just drafted in his cabin, asking for the disarmament of our rebels, and their internment at a safe distance from our borders. He agreed generally to all my demands, but said that, although he would disarm the refugees, he could not be sure of getting all their guns, as many of them might already have concealed theirs in the bush and slipped back with them over the frontier. He proposed to settle them at Tanga. I thought this too near our territory and I pressed him to send them farther south, for example to Bagamoyo. This, he said, he would do later on, but he must at first deal cautiously with them, otherwise they

would disperse and give more trouble. He then landed to interview Mubarak of Gazi, to whom he proposed offering a 'Bismarck' or large tumbler of champagne and ale mixed, and when I laughed and said that the Mazrui Chief would never drink wine, he replied, 'Oh yes, we will both of us have Bismarcks.' On returning on board the *Rovuma* five hours later, he told me that he had interviewed Mubarak of Gazi, who had assumed a somewhat independent tone and had actually proposed to the German District Officer to unite their respective forces in an attack on British territory. Wissmann told him that, unless the refugees obeyed his orders, he himself would combine with the English against them; but he eventually consented to allow their forces to be disarmed and broken up at Tanga. He told Mubarak that he had seen me and that I had promised, which was quite correct, an amnesty to all refugees returning to British territory and surrendering themselves and their arms to our authorities except the rebel leaders, whom I had excluded from my general pardon. Three days later, on April 20, when we met again at Moa, Wissmann said he had informed Mubarak that unless he had laid down his arms at sunset, he would be treated as a rebel by the German authorities, and if he escaped, would, when caught, be summarily hanged. This threat had a wholesome effect, for on the following day, when we met at Jasin on the German side of the Umba, he announced to me that Mubarak had come into the village with a following of 1,100 men, of whom 600 were armed with rifles, bows and spears, and that many more would surrender within the next few days. The disarmament then commenced, every man laying down his gun, sword or other weapons and handing his cartridge cases to be emptied by the German native soldiers. The whole attitude of Major Wiss-

mann was exceedingly friendly and even cordial and it laid the foundation of a friendship between us, which lasted throughout his tenure of office as Governor of German East Africa, for he was a very interesting man and a great African explorer, before he became an Imperial official. Mubarak was, he told me, ill at ease and sick from fever, which had prevented them from discussing any details.

The amnesty which I caused to be published was, I think, not ungenerous, when it is borne in mind that Mubarak had committed high treason against the Sultan of Zanzibar by assuming the title of Emir ul Mumenin (Commander of the Faithful), which in His Highness's dominions implied sovereign authority, and that only ten of his chief adherents were excluded from pardon by name. In confiscating the property of the rebel chiefs in British and Zanzibar territory, I made certain exemptions, out of regard for former services rendered by Sheikh Mubarak bin Rashid to the British East Africa Company, and in view of the past friendly relations existing between the British authorities and the Mazrui clan, I relieved from compensation all lands held in trust, pending division on his death, in accordance with Moslem law, among his heirs, whether sons or daughters, who had taken no part in the rising. I further directed that his female relations should enjoy their rightful share in his estates, as if the rebellion had not occurred. I also permitted three Mombasa Sheikhs, and the Cadi and other officials at Takaungu, banished by me to Masailand for complicity in the rebel attack upon the town, and already on their way there, to return, under the supervision of our officials, to their former homes on the coast. I was, in fact, anxious to show that the British Administration was desirous of dealing mercifully with the vanquished, and had no

wish to weaken or depress the Arab and Swahili aristocracy, whose co-operation in the government of their native country it was my sincere wish to encourage. To Mubarak I addressed a short personal letter, expressing my regret that he had forced me to take up arms against him. To this he sent a civil answer, ascribing, like a pious Mohammedan, all the strife and troubles of the past to the immutable decrees of God. I myself had never wished for the conflict, for I had always sought to cultivate good relations with the Arabs, whose support, as the natural rulers of the land, I was anxious to secure and preserve. But it was above all things essential to assert the Queen's authority and any weakness would only have deferred the conflict, which must sooner or later have broken out. I felt, moreover, sure that an attempt to abolish slavery would soon be forced on us by public opinion at home, and that having now broken the Arab power, we were at last in a position, without danger of native resistance, to deal freely with the slavery problem.

The good relations established by me with Major von Wissmann ripened into a constantly increasing cordiality, and I was frequently his guest at Dar-es-Salaam on the Emperor's birthday, where I proposed, as Consul-General for German East Africa, the health of the Emperor William, and he that of the Queen-Empress Victoria. I had liked his predecessor, Baron von Scheele; but Wissmann, as a great African explorer, had a far greater knowledge of East Africa, and of African life and all its problems. Without of course openly saying so, he rather doubted, I think, the expediency of rigid Prussian military methods in a distant tropical colony, and although both a Governor and a soldier, he was constantly fettered by the necessity of referring every question to the Commander-in-

Chief, Colonel von Trotha, whose military rank was superior to his own. I asked if he could not, as the Emperor's personal representative, as well as in his capacity as an old and experienced African pioneer, be given, like so many British Governors, a higher personal rank than von Trotha. 'My dear,' he exclaimed in his rendering of the German, 'mein lieber,' 'how little you know of Germany! Such a thing would be utterly impossible and I would not even venture to suggest it.'

Trotha, from what I knew and heard of him from the Germans, though an excellent officer for parades on the Berlin 'Tempelhof,' was not fully acquainted with the habits and institutions of the East African peoples, or with the expedients most likely to prove successful in savage warfare. He experienced indeed serious difficulties in suppressing the Herrero rebellion in South West Africa, in which he received very valuable help from the British authorities in Cape Colony. A courteous gentleman, he yet struck me as somewhat deficient in imagination and originality, and he had none of Wissmann's geniality. The latter was afterwards succeeded by a professional soldier, General von Liebert.

The total cost to our Government of the suppression of the Mazrui insurrection was £20,927. To this must be added the expenditure on the new civil administration, which cost us, in the first year of the Protectorate, after the payment of £12,750 to the Sultan of Zanzibar, as Sovereign of the coast strip, about £91,404, thus showing, as the annual income was £32,670, a deficit of £58,734, for which Parliament had to provide by a 'grant in aid.'

The region devastated by the rebellion recovered fairly quickly, but it took a little time to convince the tribes of the Nyika that Mubarak's power had been

really broken, for the Mazrui clan had been conquered by Sayyid Said and Sayyid Barghash, and had nevertheless recovered from these blows. Some Giriama elders sent me a message advising me to warn the Germans to be careful in their dealings with Mubarak, and to make 'strong magic' lest he should, instead of being disarmed, disarm us by the spells which he possessed. I soon noted a salutary change in the attitude of the Arab sheikhs of Sayyidieh. Formerly apathetic and even sullen when invited to co-operate with me, they now willingly responded to my suggestions, and some of them brought in for disarmment fighting slaves, belonging to Hamisi Kombo, the fanatical ruler of Mtwapa. I thus felt myself able to indulge, after two years of hard and anxious work, in the refreshing rest of a holiday at home.

CHAPTER VI

THE ABOLITION OF LEGAL SLAVERY

On returning to Zanzibar after the disarmament of the rebels by the Germans, I found Sultan Hamid bin Thwain not so much less friendly to myself, as dissatisfied with his own position. His disappointment at not receiving the coast of the mainland which at one time had, he fancied, been promised him, was encouraged by Court influences unfriendly to Mathews and to the other British officers who formed his Government, but who took their instructions from the British Agency rather than the Palace. His troops had been used on the mainland, of which he had become a mere nominal ruler, in order to punish fellow Moslems and Arabs for resisting foreign infidel control, in a territory which had ceased, except in name, to acknowledge his authority; and such revenue as he drew from it was paid into a Treasury controlled by a British Consul-General, with powers similar to those of an Indian Resident. He accordingly began to recruit, as distinct from the regular Zanzibar Army commanded, under Mathews, by Raikes, a new purely Arab volunteer force or Household Brigade of his own, and to pay it out of his civil list – if such a term can be accurately employed – as Sovereign of Zanzibar and Pemba; for the £17,000 a year, for which we had bought his mainland rights, leaving him the mere name of Sultan, went to pay the daily growing expenses of the Zanzibar Protectorate Government, consisting largely of Englishmen and Indians. This new force cost him little: membership of the Sultan's personal bodyguard attracted recruits, not so much by the prospects of good pay, as by the prestige and

opportunities of acquiring wealth and power to which its officers, as His Highness's most trusted servants, might reasonably hope to aspire. I disliked, as did Mathews, the formation of this force, but we were both reluctant to oppose it, knowing as we did that we should soon be forced to offend Mohammedan opinion by pressing him to abolish domestic slavery.

The situation was rendered still more delicate by the fact that the Sultan was daily falling more and more under the influence of an unofficial counsellor, known as Sheikh Hilal bin Amr, who was now fast becoming his chief unofficial adviser. Hilal was a typical Muscat Arab, tall, pale complexioned, with a bushy beard and a face deeply pitted by the marks of smallpox, and speaking his native language with the guttural pronunciation of the natives of Oman. The Government of India regarded him with suspicion, believing him to be deep in intrigues against the domestic peace of Muscat, and I repeatedly warned Sayyid Hamid that he would do well to distrust him. I went indeed so far as to suggest his temporary withdrawal from Zanzibar on the pretext of a pilgrimage or foreign tour for the benefit of his health. As the Sultan remained deaf to these suggestions, I reported his attitude to the Viceroy of India, Oman being for practical purposes a dependency of the Indian Government, and I suggested that, as I was myself soon going to England on long leave, Sheikh Hilal might accompany me as far as Arabia, in order to visit his relations there. I received instructions from Simla to invite him to do so, and these I communicated to the Sultan.

This proposal, however, involving as it did the temporary removal of his favourite adviser, was very distasteful to Sayyid Hamid, and he did all he could

to resist it. A day or two before my departure on leave early in June, he sent an official of his household with a number of Persian carpets and other presents, and a message to the effect that when friends, such as we had so long been, were about to part, even only for a time, it was usual for them to exchange gifts. His gift to me was that of these small personal pledges of his esteem: my own farewell present to him would be a message to my Government, urging it not to press for the removal of Sheikh Hilal. This was, I think, the only occasion in the course of my long dealings with Orientals, that a direct attempt was ever made by one to bribe me, or as far as I know, any English officer on my staff. It would, however, have been unwise to resent it, and I merely intimated, in sending back the presents, that I deeply deplored being unable to be agreeable in this matter to His Highness, a circumstance which was, in view of our long friendly relations, very painful to me, more especially as I feared that Sheikh Hilal must leave with me on the following morning. I proposed, in fact, inviting him to go with me on board ship that very night.

I then went to Hilal's private residence at about seven o'clock in the evening, accompanied by Mathews and a few of the latter's soldiers, in order to take charge of the Sheikh's luggage, and, if absolutely necessary, of his person. When we knocked at the door of his house, an Arab slave, armed with a sword which he flourished in our faces, attempted to bar our entry, till some other slaves, frightened at the appearance of Mathews' soldiers, explained that Hilal was reciting his evening prayers, and could not, till these were over, be disturbed. I respected this religious objection, but sent word to the Sultan that his favour-

ite slaves had attempted to resist our entry, and that unless the Sheikh were on board early on the following morning, I should be most reluctantly obliged to employ force. Hilal accordingly embarked next day, and throughout the voyage to Aden, where he landed and was treated as a distinguished political exile, I was careful to show him all the courteous consideration due to his rank and former high office.

He never returned, at least during my stay there, to Zanzibar, for a few weeks later, while I was still at home, Sayyid Hamid bin Thwain suddenly died, not without grave suspicions of poison. The moment he expired, Sayyid Khalid bin Barghash, the son of Sultan Barghash bin Said, supported by the personal bodyguard, which I had regarded with so much distrust, and which Hilal had encouraged his master to organize and train, seized the Palace and proceeded to defy the British Government and my own able acting *locum tenens*, Mr. Basil Cave. Even if Khalid had not forfeited, by this aggressive act, any claim to succeed to the throne, he would not have been selected by the Protecting Power; for the succession law at Zanzibar, as in several other Moslem States, and notably in Turkey, preferred elder brothers, or even cousins, to younger members of the Royal House, even when these were sons of a deceased Sultan. Nor was Sayyid Khalid in himself a suitable candidate for the office of a British 'protected Sovereign,' obliged to defer in many matters to the 'advice' of the Protecting Power. A young white Arab, with regular features, a short fair beard, a quick, sometimes querulous manner, betraying impatience of contradiction, he had, during the late reign, complained to me, in a somewhat resentful tone, of his predecessor's treatment of certain lands and rights, to which he himself laid claim, and as

to which I experienced some difficulty in soothing him. It is certain, I think, that he deeply resented the dismemberment of his father's dominions by Germany and England, and would never have willingly submitted to the dictation of European Agents. He would, in fact, have proved another Abbas II, without the latter's European education, courteous manners and personal charm. A day after his seizure of the Palace, a British squadron, whose arrival had been expected for some time, appeared in the harbour of Zanzibar, under the orders of Admiral Rawson, who had destroyed Mubarak's stronghold at Mweli. Mr. Cave thereupon informed him that the choice of the British Government had fallen, in accordance with the claims of seniority, upon which the succession to the throne of Zanzibar reposed, on his cousin Sayyid Hamid bin Mohammed, as both older and more experienced than himself. As he showed signs of resistance, and disregarded Mr. Cave's representations, the Admiral opened fire upon the Palace: the Pretender fled from it, and sought refuge in the German Consulate. Inasmuch as the garden behind it faced the sea, a German man-of-war appeared and conveyed him to Dar-es-Salaam. This solution relieved us of the duty of keeping him at our own Government's expense at Mauritius, or on the Seychelles, and was not worth a dispute as to whether, in a native-protected State such as Zanzibar, where a system of exterritorial rights, resembling those embodied in the Turkish and Egyptian Capitulations, had long existed, a Consulate could lay claim to the immunities of a diplomatic residence, as inviolable either by foreign or native troops. In my opinion, no doubt could exist on the subject. Though the Germans probably thought that they had dealt a blow at our prestige,

by ostentatiously protecting Sayyid Khalid, his practical internment on German soil was perhaps the most simple solution, and our Government cordially approved Mr. Cave's acquiescence in his flight. The Palace was badly damaged by Admiral Rawson's shells, and the hulk of an old ship, which they sunk in the harbour, long attested, and perhaps still does so, Khalid's failure to resist our decision.

A further effect of a new Sultan's accession to the throne, imposed by a display of British force, was to prepare the population of Zanzibar for the final abolition of slavery, perhaps even unrelieved by any form of pecuniary compensation.[1] Sayyid Hamid bin Mohammed was a stout, elderly man, grey-bearded, dignified and very sensible. Owing, as he did, his throne to us, he fully realized that emancipation, however repugnant it might be to the religion and traditions of his people, was the price of his own elevation by an infidel power to the throne. He was, moreover, anxious to obtain the recognition, as his successor, of his son by a Swahili concubine, Sayyid Ali bin Hamoud, then a boy about thirteen years of age. This involved a departure from the ordinary succession law of the Albusaidi Dynasty, according to which Sayyid Khalifa bin Harab, the next senior Prince (after a brother of the new Sultan, incapacitated by elephantiasis), should have been recognized as heir apparent to the throne. I hoped, by humouring him in this respect, to facilitate the anti-slavery legislation for which my Government was pressing, and Dr. Spurrier, an English physician attached to the Sultan's Court, was entrusted with the duty of taking him on an educational tour in South Africa. He was afterwards brought by me to Harrow, to the house of one

[1]See Appendix for official correspondence.

of its ablest masters, Mr. Bosworth Smith, himself an authority on Islam; but, as so often happens with Eastern Princes, especially when there runs in their veins a strong strain of African blood, a European education did not improve his character, or fit him to rule a Moslem people. His short reign as his father's successor displayed his inability to rule, and ended in his eventual deposition by the Power which had placed him on the throne.

The vigorous action taken by us at the time of Sayyid Khalid's attempted usurpation had impressed upon the people of Zanzibar the uselessness of resistance to our authority. The slave-owners, of whom many had mortgaged their estates, beyond hope of redemption, to Indian usurers, particularly in Pemba, where the control of the Government was less felt, and where almost the only British official was our Vice-Consul at its capital, Chaki Chaki, made haste, many of them, to forsake their old homes, and embarked with all their slaves for Muscat, not realizing, perhaps, that under Bartle Frere's treaty with its Sultan, every slave arriving there by sea could claim – and many, though not all of them, did so – to be freed. The extreme views believed to be held by the British Anti-Slavery Society, some of whose members were bitterly opposed to the payment of any compensation to the slave-owners for the ruin of their families and estates, stimulated this sad exodus to Arabia. It was, moreover, greatly assisted by Suri dhows flying the French flag; for the Suris were in the habit of calling in Pemba on their way home from Zanzibar during the prevalence of the south-west monsoon, and we had to prohibit any Zanzibar dhows, under pain of confiscation, from touching there.

Sir Lloyd Mathews, though his loyalty to England

made him always ready to work with me in abolishing slavery, had lived so many years among the natives, and was in such close sympathy with their feelings, that he regarded it as a regrettable necessity. My own chief desire was to secure compensation for the slave-owners, for I was convinced that it would be to the lasting disgrace of England, which had indemnified her own planters, including my mother's family in Jamaica, if the estates of the Arab proprietors of slaves were to be ruined without any compensation.

During my last visit to London I had been asked to a discussion by a Cabinet Committee, or perhaps, to be more correct, to supply it with information on this question. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, neither of whom, I thought, felt much sympathy for the Arab slave-owners, were both members of this Committee, whilst Mr. Curzon, at that time Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, represented his immediate Chief, Lord Salisbury. The Government fully recognized, as the result of these discussions, that the Indian Act of 1843, which dealt mainly with domestic as distinct from predial slavery, was not suitable in the case of Zanzibar, where the slave element constituted two-thirds of the population in both islands, most of them being engaged in the cultivation of the soil, on which their own subsistence and that of their masters depended. The members of the Cabinet Committee, with whom I did my utmost to plead the Arab cause, admitted that the suppression of slavery might interfere with domestic rights and ties, and that many Englishmen, well acquainted with all the aspects of the problem, officials, merchants, and even missionaries, whose experience lent weight to their opinions, entertained some misgivings with regard to its probable effects. Thus, although Bishop Tucker

was himself a zealous abolitionist, several of the mission clergy, including lady helpers, at Mombasa, did not endorse all his views, and their sentiments were shared by several of my own officials, including the Sub-Commissioner of the Province of Sayyidieh, Mr. Pigott, himself a strict and zealous English Churchman. The British Anti-Slavery Society was naturally angry with me for holding out for compensation to the slave-owners, and Sir Charles Dilke expressed to me quite frankly, on the Terrace of the House of Commons, his desire for my removal from my post. I would certainly have preferred to be deprived of it and to leave Zanzibar for good and all, rather than to act unjustly towards the Arabs. Mr. Allen, the Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, whom I visited at his house in Hampstead, was always most courteous and, I think, understood, though he could not agree with my views.

On the other hand, some of the philanthropists with whom I was brought into contact seemed ready to believe any story, so long as it discredited the Arabs. One of them, an able man, who should have known better, asserted, I was told, in a public speech in England that he had himself seen, on the sands at Lamu, the bleaching skulls and bones of slaves who had died of exhaustion and ill-treatment on reaching the coast of what was, to our eternal disgrace, a British Protectorate. 'Poor fellows,' he said, 'they don't think them worth a coffin to protect them from the jackals, or even a hole in the ground!' His indignation may be easily imagined, when it afterwards transpired that some joker on the British India steamer by which he travelled, had, in order to 'pull his leg,' pointed out to him, as recent evidences of British maladministration, the relics, lightly covered by the

sand, of Arab and Persian invaders who had fallen close to Lamu in an inter-tribal war waged between them many centuries ago. They were, indeed, probably coeval with the Danish invaders, whose skulls were shown to me, in my boyhood, at Hythe. Another excellent old gentleman came to see me, while I was staying with relations in Portland Place, and complained that some of our native soldiers in Uganda, actually wearing the Queen's uniform, had, as he said in a whisper – adding, 'You will guess what I mean' – 'tampered' with some newly converted negro girls. He was rather shocked at my suggesting that if he walked home down Regent Street and Piccadilly, he might, I feared, witness some almost equally deplorable familiarities between London redcoats and damsels of whom many had been probably baptized. The curious tendency of some of these philanthropists to assume that any black scoundrel was really 'Uncle Tom' and every black girl a vestal virgin, was probably a survival of the exaggerated aspects of the humanitarian efforts of good men such as Wilberforce and Clarkson. I remember having been rather amused by a complaint of rape, made to me by a negro woman, educated at the Universities Mission, who complained that her seducer had refused her the promised rupee. Another very pleasant companion, who stayed with me at Zanzibar in 1897, just before slavery was finally abolished, was astonished at the cheerfulness of the slave population, which he seemed to have pictured to himself as perpetually writhing under the lash of some Arab or Swahili Legree.

I had arranged with the Sultan that the formal abolition of the legal status of slavery should be proclaimed on April 6, 1897, an appropriate date

for a great act of liberation, falling as it did a few weeks before the fiftieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne. The decree itself, in accordance with the course suggested by me to our Government, was so drafted as to emphasize His Highness's desire, in accordance with the spirit of the Sheria or religious law of Islam, to bestow freedom from the burdens of servitude on all such of his subjects as desired it, whilst providing for the grant of pecuniary compensation to any slave-owner whom it might deprive of his former legal rights over his slaves. Every such lawful owner of slaves legally held under that law, as modified by successive Sultans, could claim a sum of money equivalent to the pecuniary loss entailed on him by that decree. Its text thus endeavoured to reconcile old traditions with new conditions. It pointed out in its preamble that the importation of skilled free labour into the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba would compel the owners of plantations to borrow, at high interest, from Indian traders, a practice condemned by the Koran, and that the Prophet had set before his followers as one of their urgent obligations the voluntary liberation of their slaves. Six Articles followed the preamble.

(1) From and after the 1st of Zilkadah, ran the text, 'all claims of whatever description made before any Court or public authority in respect of the alleged relations of master and slave shall be referred to the district court "Mekhemet ul Wilaye," within whose jurisdiction they may arise, and shall be cognizable by that Court alone.' This provision had the effect of transferring to new lay authorities the jurisdiction hitherto vested in the Cadis, who, as ecclesiastical judges, could not violate their own religious law, and with this object the Sultan had simultaneously

issued a further decree, which Mathews and I had recommended, dividing the islands of Zanzibar and of Pemba into five judicial and administrative districts – the capital and its suburbs, Kokotoni in the north, Mwera in the centre, Chuaka in the south-east and Kizinkazi in the south-west. The Court for the Zanzibar area was under Mathews as Prime Minister, the four others under that of each of their respective Governors or Valis. Each of them had powers of summary jurisdiction, subject to an appeal to the Sultan. Two similar Courts were simultaneously set up for Pemba at Chaki Chaki, the old capital of the island in the south, and at Weti, the headquarters of a new district created in the north.

Article II of the Anti-Slavery Decree next proceeded to instruct the new Governors as to how they were to treat slavery cases. They were directed to refuse to enforce any rights over the body or property of any person, on the ground that such person was a slave. 'But whenever,' the Article continued, 'any person shall claim that he was lawfully possessed of such rights in accordance with the decrees of our predecessors, and has now by the application of this law been deprived of them and has suffered loss by such deprivation, then the Court, unless satisfied that the claim is unfounded, shall recommend to the Sultan's First Minister (Sir L. Mathews) the payment, to him, of pecuniary compensation, corresponding to the value of his losses.'

Article III provided against the seizure of such compensation in respect of any debt, for which the slave himself was not previously liable to seizure.

Article IV rendered all slaves, freed under the decree, liable to any tax, abatement, *corvée* in respect of taxes in any form, or payment in lieu thereof which

the Sultan's Government might in future impose on the general body of its subjects. It moreover obliged such freed slaves to show that they possessed a domicile and means of subsistence on pain of being dealt with as vagrants. It further required them to pay a reasonable rent, which might take the form of labour for the owner of the land on which they settled.

By Article V concubines were assimilated as inmates of the harem with wives, but might demand, if able to prove cruelty, the dissolution of this servile relationship with their masters.

Article VI gave a right to any person, aggrieved by the effects of the decree, to appeal in these and similar cases beyond the present scope of the decree to the Sultan or to any other lawful authority which he might be pleased to delegate for the purpose. It also provided that a childless concubine might be redeemed and might recover her liberty with the sanction of the local district court.

On the morning following the issue of the decree (April 7, 1897) the Sultan summoned the members of the Royal Family, the newly-appointed Valis, and a representation of the Arab tribes in both the islands, and explained that this new legislation was the outcome of a lengthy evolution, begun in the days of Sayyid Barghash and probably precipitated by the insane attempt made by Sayyid Khalid to seize the throne. They were, he went on to say, in themselves moderate, and if fairly accepted and applied, need entail no disastrous effects. His hearers, as was natural with Arabs, accepted the royal decision without a dissentient voice. Neither he nor they, as good Mohammedans, could approve of the changes imposed on them, any more than a pious Christian, whether Roman or Anglican, could welcome increased facilities

for divorce: but the Ibadhi doctrine of 'takiyah,' or pious dissimulation, enabled them to affect an assent to the dictates of physical force, when the latter were strong enough to overcome their religious or interested scruples.

Simultaneously with the publication of the Anti-Slavery Decree, a separate one provided for the creation of the new district courts. The Valis whom we appointed to preside over them were able and intelligent men, in the prime of life, and keenly interested in the liberal systems of government which distinguished European from African civilization. Some of them were in sympathy with the ideals of Young Turkey, which, although undeveloped east of Suez, had gradually spread, partly through Indian traders, and partly through pilgrims to Mecca, who brought with them the latest news interesting the world of Islam from Roum or Stamboul. One of the best of them was Serhan bin Nasr, a highly cultivated Arab, whom we selected to administer the district or vilayet of Mwera, the richest and therefore the most difficult to manage. Somewhat similar powers were conferred on the two Pemba Valis, and, on the whole, were wisely employed.

In Pemba the Arabs had long been aware, especially since the failure of Sayyid Khalid's attempted usurpation, that the old system of predial slavery was doomed, and even the younger and more hot-headed among them recognized that they must bow to the inevitable. The chief planters and slave-owners in Pemba were summoned soon after the issue of the Sultan's decrees to Zanzibar, and His Highness himself explained to them, carefully and in detail, the real object and meaning of his decree. The Pemba slaves, a stupid and rather lazy race, recruited as they had been for many years from the

savage tribes of the interior of Africa, had led absolutely isolated lives on their masters' plantations, and during the six months which followed the publication of the Sultan's decree, only twenty applied for emancipation. But many of them were quick to come forward with charges, often trivial, against their former owners; thus, a slave girl complained that her mistress had boxed her ears for refusing to work; and boys began to strike and declined any longer to drive the birds off their masters' crops; whilst others refused to perform any labour whatever. One temporary effect of the new situation was a depreciation, more especially in Pemba, of the value of any form of real estate. Thus, a property which in the old days of slavery, or even in the previous year, was worth 5,000 rupees, fetched only a fourth of that price soon after emancipation, and as its unfortunate owner complained to our Vice-Consul, Dr. O'Sullivan Beare, it would have paid him better to cut down his plantation and sell the logs as firewood. Many estates were mortgaged, and had been so for years, to Indian money-lenders, who hastened to foreclose on them, but were unable, owing to the depreciation of all property since the issue of the Anti-Slavery Decree, to resell them, except at a heavy loss. Dr. O'Sullivan Beare, recognizing that the resources of Pemba, so essential to the prosperity of the Zanzibar State, could only be developed by Arab owners, if plantation after plantation were not to fall out of cultivation or sink back into jungle, recommended that our Government should come to their assistance, since its policy had brought about their ruin, and, unlike the West Indian planters, they had no means of influencing Parliament.

Although the Anti-Slavery Decrees made provision for compensation, many slave-owners did not venture

to ask for it. One of these was my own butler Saleh, a coloured native of the Comoro Islands, who had long provided most of the servants of my household, and those of my immediate predecessors. It was to his credit, that, owning as he did all my other domestics, few of them displayed any wish to claim their freedom, for they knew that if they did so and I went away on leave, they would cease to be kept or fed by him in my absence. One evening, however, an intelligent lad, known as 'Farajullah,' or the 'Joy of God,' who afterwards went with me as my valet to South Africa, came to tell me that he was tired of being a 'mtumwa,' or slave, and that, while he had no wish to leave my household, he would like me to get him a 'freedom paper.' I told him to come to me the next morning for a letter to Mr. Alexander, the British official in charge of our Slavery Department, who would hand to him the necessary certificate of his status as a 'freedman.' I then sent for my butler, and told him that the 'Joy of God' had given him notice.

'If,' I added, 'you acquired the lad legally, according to the law then in force, you can claim compensation for the loss of his services.'

Saleh's virtuous indignation at such monstrous ingratitude was quite pathetic.

'I educated this boy,' he exclaimed in the broken English which he now and then aired, 'ever since he was a naked little savage from the bush. I brought him to your house, I instructed him in our holy religion, I dressed him like a decent Mohammedan, and enabled him to live in comfort on a good wage at the Consulate-General, which I, of course, divided with him, allowing him to keep what he earned on Thursdays and Fridays, in accordance with the custom of Zanzibar. Now, because last night you had a dinner party, and I could

not let him go to a "ngoma" (native dance) till he had finished washing up the plates and glasses, he insults me and says he will be free!

'I want no money for or from him,' he continued, as though such base ingratitude was more than his honest heart could bear; 'let him be free or not, as he likes.'

I began to suspect that the lad's original acquisition many years ago would prove, if we knew more about it, to be of rather doubtful legality, and that my butler would prefer to hush it up, nor did he, I believe, deem it wise to put in any claim for compensation. With this one exception, due to pique at being kept from the native dance, my butler's slaves all preferred to continue to serve him in that capacity, at least till they could get better places. The 'Joy of God' was, in fact, the only one to take advantage of the decree suppressing slavery, and he would probably be still serving my successor and enriching himself at his expense, had his owner not lost his temper about the unwashed crockery and dishes. He went with me afterwards as a free valet to South Africa, and returned, when I left Cape Town for England, to Zanzibar, where he is now, I hope, a trained Khitmatgar, pulling punkahs and waiting at dinner in some British East African household.

For some time after the formal abolition of slavery, there were few applications for freedom, and several of those who obtained it preferred stealing to working for wages under often poor native employers. In the year which followed the decree suppressing slavery, 2,000 slaves actually applied for liberation, whilst 2,278 others contracted to work as labourers for their former masters, for five or six days in every week. The cost of compensation for the loss of their labour

was met partly by an additional five per cent. import duty first levied in September, 1899, upon coins, coal, ivory, tortoiseshell and rubber.

Writing to me nine months after the abolition of compulsory slavery, from Mangapwani in the north of Zanzibar, Mr. Last, an Englishman resident in tropical Africa, including Madagascar, who acted as our Commissioner for its enforcement, wrote as follows :– 'If I were in the slave's place, with his training, breeding and mode of life, I should certainly think more than once before I left my home connections and surroundings, to throw myself on the world, and put myself into a position where there would not be a friend to help me. The slaves have no thought of the abstract idea of freedom . . . but, in many cases, after an impartial examination, they rightly come to the conclusion that they will not be benefited by the change, but will have to part with their master or mistress, for whom they often have a great regard, their "wajoli," or fellow-workers and companions, their present homes and occupations, and in return get, to them, nothing, and become homeless, dispersed and without a friend . . . for the term "mataka" or freed slave, applied to those forcibly freed by Europeans or other infidels, is one of reproach among every class of native, so that such slaves become more or less social outcasts. The master of a freedman of this kind will have no more to do with him, nor will his "wajoli" (fellow-servants) or other slaves, and he is equally despised by all free people. He is in much the same position as an Indian who has been put out of caste, either by his own act or that of others, and has no friends anywhere. He becomes, in fact, an isolated unit in the world. . . .'

In Pemba, an island more backward than Zanzibar,

and on the coast of the East African Protectorate, we were faced by difficulties with some of the missionaries in connection with the Anti-Slavery Decrees. With a view to co-operating with them, we had appointed as Commissioner Archdeacon Farler of the Zanzibar Universities Mission, a very able man, well acquainted with the views and habits of the Arab and Swahili population. Writing to Sir L. Mathews two years after the formal abolition of slavery, he reported that during the first few months of 1898 very few slaves had claimed their freedom. In April of that year 32 adult slaves had been freed, in May 140, and in August 228, exclusive of children and adults who were working for their former owners as free labourers; but, as the year was a record one for cloves, the Arabs were beginning to be anxious. The Sultan's Government authorized Archdeacon Farler to advise them to make contracts with their former slaves at the market rate of wages, as had been done on its own plantations by the Government, and 1,526 slaves, including some 25 concubines, were freed by the Sultan's Courts, whilst 2,445 others were registered as free labourers contracting for wages with their former owners. There was at first, as a result of the decrees, a good deal of vagrancy, attended by the looting of cocoa and other plantations; but this was severely repressed, some 585 former slaves being imprisoned for looting or breaking their contracts. 'As I witness,' wrote Archdeacon Farler, 'how quietly and without economic disturbance the evolution from slavery to freedom is going on, I feel more strongly than ever how wise was the decision of the Government for a gradual emancipation. Now the country, as it were, through the comparative slowness of the process of freeing slaves, digests them as fast as they are

freed, and turns them into free labourers settled on the land. If some of our more enthusiastic friends could have had their way, we should have had immediate and absolute emancipation on a single day. Then the whole country would have been disturbed, masses of the free slaves would have roamed about plundering, and before they could have been settled, would have contracted idle and dissolute habits, from which it would have taken years to free them, at a heavy expense to the Government and loss to the country.'

One curious indirect effect of the abolition of the status of slavery was a marked decrease in the sale of ivory. Formerly, when an Arab or Swahili merchant went up country to Uganda or to the shores of Lake Tanganyika, he knew that, if he failed himself to slaughter a sufficient quantity of elephants, he could always repay himself by purchasing slaves from the tribes, and that these slaves, quite apart from what they would fetch at the coast, would carry down with them such ivory as he might acquire by shooting or by purchase. This decrease in the revenue from the ivory trade was not confined to British East Africa, but extended to the neighbouring German territory, where, although the status of slavery continued long after its suppression in the British Protectorates, the sale of slaves was also prohibited.

More than two years after the legal abolition of slavery, in December, 1898, the Sultan paid a visit, the first royal one recorded, to Pemba, and had the satisfaction of observing that, owing to the cautious measures employed in giving effect to his decrees, the latest clove crop had yielded 311,341 frasilas (the frasila is equal to 35 lb. avoirdupois), a higher figure than any attained for a period of seven years, except

1893 and 1894, when it reached 373,000 and 391,461 frasilas respectively, and this notwithstanding the fact that the lesser rains in the previous November had seriously injured the trees. In view of this last injury, the Arab clove-owners started a new policy. They paid their slaves, whether formally freed or not, in cash for every day's work done by them during the clove-picking season, thus stimulating their efficiency as workmen, and compensating themselves for the outlay involved in the payment of their wages. The common benefits thus accruing to slave-owners and slaves alike induced the latter to work of their own free will, on the lands of their former masters, for five hours on three days in every week. Another happy effect was an increase in the value of landed property, especially in the Pemba clove plantations; and a further result of these better relations was a decrease in the number of applicants for certificates of emancipation, the slaves being content with the substance of freedom, and therefore indifferent to its form.

The British Anti-Slavery Society was not entirely pleased with these results, and the Anti-Slavery Committee of the Society of Friends, which had a mission at Bandini, in Pemba, complained to the Foreign Office of the slowness with which emancipation was proceeding. They urged that we should stop the compensation promised by us to lawful slave-owners, and, above all, should insist on the compulsory emancipation of slave concubines, a very cruel thing, as it threatened to sever domestic ties and the sanctity of the Mohammedan harem. I was able to reassure them by reporting that, in Zanzibar alone, 1,364 concubines had been released from their marital relations and restraints, 937 by the Courts and 427 by their

owners, compensation being refused in some 400 cases to the latter.

No one is so intolerant as a good man, unable to see or wish to see more than his own side of a question, and I could not help observing, when in Pemba, that Mr. Burtt, the 'Friends' ' principal missionary there, seemed to entertain a deep distrust of every Arab, including the Sultan's Vali at Chaki Chaki, Sheikh Suleiman bin Mubarak, against whom he made before me, I believe sincerely, charges which he was quite powerless to prove. We were fortunate in having in Pemba a very able Vice-Consul, Dr. O'Sullivan Beare, a physician, and deeply respected as such by the Arabs, and an Irishman, with all the adaptability, attraction and geniality of his race. I myself traversed the island in several directions, staying at Chaki Chaki, a large village at the end of a long creek, and at Weti, where we placed a capable representative in the person of Captain Goldie Taubman.

In the two mainland provinces, Sayyidieh and Tanaland, in which the Moslem law of the Zanzibar Sultanate only extended for ten miles inland from the sea, the situation was very different from that in the two islands; but as the coast populations were almost all nominally Mohammedans, the Mohammedan law of slavery was nominally in force from the sea to the Nyika. A decree of Sayyid Khalifa, issued under the pressure of my predecessor, Sir Charles Euan-Smith, had proclaimed the freedom of all slave children born after its official publication. It was unknown to his successors, including Sultan Hamid bin Mohammed, who only heard of it for the first time in the course of our discussions on the proposed abolition of the legal status of slavery. The native Courts at Mombasa and our own judicial

authorities there were accordingly of opinion, and this view was shared by Mr. Cracknall, our Consular Judge at Zanzibar, that there was no legal evidence, other than mere vague report, that such an order or decree had ever been issued, and, further, that inasmuch as the Sultan was not an irresponsible despot, any new law made by him in his Sovereign capacity required some form of publication, before it could be binding on his subjects. It was accordingly declared that Sayyid Khalifa's decree was of no effect on the mainland or anywhere outside Zanzibar and Pemba. This decision, however legally correct, infuriated the anti-slavery champions at home, and, although I was willing to proclaim its validity, if authorized, as it was certain that I should be, to do so, I thought it more prudent not to make it retrospective in the sense of emancipating, and removing from their masters' care, all the poor children, many of them possibly orphans, whom it might deprive of their only homes. It was, however, in deference to British public opinion, formally notified for their future guidance to the native population of those portions of the mainland still subject to the Sultan of Zanzibar.

In the mainland Zanzibar territory enclosed in the provinces of Sayyidieh and Tanaland, a total number of 1,300 slaves appear to have been emancipated, under various earlier decrees, before the legal status was abolished in the islands; but this number would not have been so great had not Sayyid Ali's decree prescribed that they could only be inherited by the children of their owners, as distinguished from other heirs at law. At Vanga, for example, 145 slaves belonging to the childless local high priest or Divan were freed at one stroke by our authorities. Many slaves had, moreover, after the Mazrui rebellion, followed

their fugitive or exiled masters into German territory or had wandered about the Nyika till they were able to return to their old homes. Owing to a drought in 1898 the Wanyika began once more to sell their children for grain, not so much as workers, as in the capacity of concubines or even wives. This practice was repressed by our authorities, and the Elders were induced by me to prohibit the marriage of children before the age of puberty, and to promise that widows, instead of being inherited by the brothers of their husbands, should be deemed to be absolutely free.

Another small difficulty, unconnected with the Mohammedan law of slavery, confronted me at a somewhat later period, though I mention it in connection with the whole problem of slavery here, in the little sub-district of Taveta, a forest oasis lying between the arid Seregenti Desert and the slopes of Kilimanjaro, to which I paid a visit in March, 1898, after first dispatching a District Officer to establish and open there a Government station and a magistrate's Court. I found that, in the course of a recent famine in Masailand, due in the main to cattle plague, the Masai had sold many of their girls to the Tavetans as concubines or wives. I accordingly made a rule that such girls should be deemed lawful wives. I thought, however, that if, as sometimes happened, they ran back to Masailand where the Elmoran, in contempt for less bellicose tribes, did not recognize the validity of such unions, the rights of Tavetan husbands should not be enforceable against them by our authorities, the women being permitted to return to their former husbands, on their paying back their price in goats and cattle.

Taveta, when I got there, struck me as a picturesque spot. It already possessed a flourishing Anglican

Mission, with a pretty church and a young native deacon who struck me as a capable man. I had endeavoured to impress on my new Collector the importance of cultivating the most friendly relations with its clergy and other leading members. When I got there, I told him that I hoped he had done so, and he answered that he had sent to one of the ladies of the Mission, whom he had met, some flowers and vegetables from his garden, but had received from her rather a snub, in a letter signed 'yours in Christ Jesus,' to the effect that an unmarried lady could not possibly accept such gifts from a young bachelor. Perhaps she had remembered Mr. Bardell, and the secret overtures detected by Sergeant Buzfuz in Mr. Pickwick's 'chops and tomato sauce' allusion to the warming-pan. One consequence of my visit was the construction, by our local administration, of a road suited to wheeled traffic from Voi on the new Uganda Railway, which was just beginning to supersede the old Mackinnon road as the main artery between the coast and the great Lakes. It started at Voi station, a hundred miles north-west of Mombasa, and when two years later I left East Africa, it had already reached the inland frontier of the Kedong. This road rendered Mombasa, instead of its German rival Tanga, the port to and from the outer world, not merely for the whole of our own Ukamba and Great Lakes region, but also for the healthy and fairly fertile region of which Kilimanjaro is the centre. It seemed also to facilitate our control over Teita, when some subsequent local disturbances (in 1898) called for a few sharp repressive measures.

On December 2, 1895, it became my duty to report to Lord Salisbury a death sentence pronounced in the region recently acquired by the King of the Belgians on a British subject, Charles Henry Stokes.

He had, I believe, begun his African career as a member of the Church Missionary Society, and was said to have married, in the Cathedral Church of the Universities Mission at Zanzibar, the dusky daughter of a powerful chief exercising a considerable authority in the region which had, for the last twenty years, been claimed by King Leopold II of Belgium as a portion of his dominions. The region in which the Belgian Sovereign claimed to exercise his authority could hardly be regarded, for many reasons, as an integral and organized portion of King Leopold's new tropical colony. It had, in fact, been for several years previously the scene of depredations by Arab chiefs, many of them slave-dealers, of whom Tippoo Tib, a Zanzibar trader and a man of considerable wealth, as well as Rumaliza or Mohammed bin Khalfan, were the most important leaders. They had established at Kasongo, on the Upper Congo River, a self-governing Arab State, which dealt chiefly in ivory and slaves; but as it was King Leopold's scheme to unite all this region to the dominions actually held by him, from the west coast inland, it became more and more important to him to get rid of this colony of slavers. As the result of a series of successful campaigns by Colonel Dhams, the Arab fortress at Kasongo was captured by the Belgians, and the slave-dealers who constituted its Government, were compelled to fall back upon their original haunts on the East African maritime coast.

On December 2, 1895, I was visited at the British Agency at Zanzibar on behalf, amongst others, of certain English merchants connected with Mr. Stokes, by a certain Rashid bin Ali, and an illiterate soldier named Rusambia, a heathen and not a Moslem, who could only make a mark on the paper reproducing his

evidence. These natives informed me that they had left the German service to trade on their own account, and returning to Zanzibar, had started with Mr. Stokes and a caravan of about 4,000 people, who had come from the interior to sell their ivory. They and Stokes appeared to have had some ten Snider rifles and muzzle-loaders, bought at Saadani on the German coast. After visiting Tabora, Usongo, Muanza, Uganda, and Usui, to all of which he took goods for missionaries and merchants, Stokes had left my informants at Usongo in German East Africa, and had gone on to Vibara, in what was then known as the Congo Free State, in order to buy ivory. There he appointed a Swahili trader named Mwenya Juma to act as his agent in selling cloth. Some months later, on returning to Vibara, he found that this agent, an exceedingly portly person, had aroused an irresistible desire among the neighbouring largely cannibal population to murder and afterwards to eat him.

When Stokes heard from Vibara that his agent had been killed and devoured by the cannibals, he determined to complain to their immediate chief, a certain Kibonge, a native of Zanzibar, but he failed to obtain the entire amount of the blood money paid for him, and he accordingly asked Kibonge to induce his people to do so. They promised to satisfy his demands, and he went on as far as a place of uncertain name, where he was arrested by a Belgian officer, and compelled to surrender all his arms. From the first, Stokes' carriers and attendants had been afraid of trouble with the Belgians, but he reassured them by declaring that he himself and the Belgian officers were friends. After spending some time at a place called Kwa Mpeni, where my informant had stayed two months, before returning to the coast, Stokes was, on January 14, 1895, brought

to trial before a Belgian court-martial for selling arms to Arab rebels, and weapons of various descriptions to other natives. The presiding officer was a Belgian commander, named Hubert Joseph Lothair, and Stokes was found guilty by the court-martial of this offence, and was ordered to be hanged next morning at the Belgian military station of Lindi. All his goods in the Congo Free State were simultaneously confiscated, and immediately after his execution, his body was buried beneath the gallows upon which he had been hanged.

Before his execution, the leaders of his caravan appear to have been arrested by the Belgians, and according to my informants, the Swahilis Rashidi and Rusambia, were ordered by a Belgian to surrender all his ivory. Rusambia himself was tied to a tree so tightly and, according to some accounts, so severely beaten, that after two hours he gave in from pain, and showed the Belgians where the ivory was hidden. The Belgian official then said to them, 'You are now my people, and must work for me.' They appear to have done so, but asked to be supplied with rifles in order to shoot game. When, however, they learnt that their master, Stokes, had been hanged by the Belgians, they were afraid, and took all the ivory they could lay hold on. They then fled at night to Rashid bin Ali, their original commander in German territory, gave him the ivory, and were enabled to return to the coast.

I need not describe in any detail the long diplomatic controversies to which the hanging of Mr. Stokes by the Belgians gave rise. Captain Lothair, who took upon himself the responsibility for the act, was acclaimed after his trial at Antwerp by large portions of Belgian opinion, and this view was re-echoed in the

Belgian Chambers and the Press. He was, in fact, regarded as a patriotic champion of his country's rights, in opposition to unprincipled foreign filibusters. He was acquitted, on the ground that he had acted without criminal intent in executing Stokes, and this decision was accepted in Belgium as sufficient. Lord Salisbury refused, as Foreign Minister, to admit the cogency of the Congo Government's contentions. He was, indeed, himself of opinion that no useful result was likely to be obtained by continuing the discussion to which Stokes' execution had given rise, whilst on its side the Congo Government waived the former claims advanced by it upon Stokes' estate, and refunded to his heirs the value of a considerable portion of his goods. This compromise closed the controversy to which Stokes' execution had given rise, but it probably tended, in the long run, to strengthen in England the resentment inspired by the harsh treatment of which he had been the victim, and perhaps indirectly to influence the Anti-Congo movement which subsequently, owing to a variety of causes, reacted unfavourably on King Leopold's African policy and its wider ulterior aims.

CHAPTER VII

THE JUBALAND TROUBLES AND UGANDA MUTINY

THE year 1898, the fourth since my arrival at Zanzibar, and the third since the establishment and organization of the East Africa Protectorate, was disturbed by serious troubles in Jubaland, and by a mutiny of our native forces in Uganda.

The province known as Jubaland, exclusive of the district of Gosha, on the western bank of the Juba, which then divided our territory from that of Italy and was occupied mainly by colonies of fugitive slaves, contained two Somali Sultanates. These were ruled respectively by Ahmed bin Murgan, the young son and successor of the late Ogaden Sultan, Murgan bin Yusuf, who reigned far inland at Afmadu (*anglice* 'Blacklips'), and Sultan Hassan bin Barjin of Biskaya, a member of the so-called Abdullah tribe, living in the south-western portion of our Jubaland Province, but moving from time to time across its nominal boundary into the Tanaland district of Port Durnford. A smaller Somali tribe called the Hertis, belonging to the Mijjertein section of the great Somali race, about 2,000 in number, occupied the strip of country near the coast between Kismayu and the Juba, and had originally come by sea from Ras Hafun. Their so-called Sultan, Shema Ismail, when I first knew him, was an elderly man with a short white beard and courteous manners. He had been for several years insubordinate, and had had to be, from time to time, punished, but was now loyal and received a small allowance from our authorities.

Afmadu, the remote capital of the Ogadens, was, properly speaking, not so much a regular town as a

collection of villages, situated near numerous wells, as many, some said, as one hundred, but possessing no palace, or dwellings deserving the name of houses, except a few miserable huts. The Somalis who lived there, in spite of a fanatical devotion to Islam and a certain dignity in manners, dress and bearing – their white flowing robes recalled the Roman toga – were and still are fierce and treacherous savages. The Imperial British East Africa Company had at one time endeavoured to keep them obedient by subsidies, but this system, which only tended to encourage aggressive tactics, was abandoned in 1893. Mr. Crawford, who represented at Kismayu, then as yet the solitary British station in Jubaland, first the Company and after July 1, 1895, the British Protectorate exercised by the Foreign Office, proceeded in person, during the last month of that year, to Afmadu. He claimed to have received tribute there from the Somalis, and in July, 1896, on the death of Sultan Murgan bin Yusuf, the latter's youthful son, Ahmed bin Murgan, came down to Kismayu and was formally recognized as his father's legitimate successor by the British Sub-Commissioner, Mr. Jenner, on his swearing allegiance to the Queen. Since then his behaviour had been somewhat less reassuring. He was said to have participated in a slave raid against the Gallas, who inhabited the vast, little-known region to the north-west, and whose King, Afalata, a kind of legendary African Prester John, dwelt far in the unexplored interior, behind, it was said, a great 'ivory stockade.' He was alleged to profess a vague form of our own religion, derived from Abyssinian Copts, and to own vast herds of elephants and cattle. I myself tried to get into touch with this mysterious, almost mythical, personage, and I sent a message to him, congratulating him on his alleged prohibi-

tion of the slave trade, and expressing a desire for more intimate relations with his country.

In 1896, Mr. Jenner had to complain, on my behalf, of an Ogaden raid into Boran; for, although Afalata's dominions were not, strictly speaking, within the somewhat indefinite limits of what was still a 'debateable land,' the object of the Ogaden expedition to his country had been to loot slaves and cattle from tribes with which I myself was seeking to establish relations of friendship. Shortly afterwards, some Somali spies, arrested by my native police in Gosha, killed their captors and made their escape. I therefore sent, in October, 1896, a warning to Sultan Ahmed bin Murgan that, unless the murderers were caught and handed to me, or blood-money paid by the tribe, I should close Kismayu and the coast to his people or, if need be, adopt stronger measures.

My letter was conveyed to Afmadu by our chief Somali interpreter, Adam Musa, who possessed a considerable influence over his tribe. He succeeded in obtaining from the Sultan, as an instalment, a quarter of the fine in cattle demanded by me; but this concession was very unwelcome to the younger warriors, who were eager for an opportunity of 'washing their spears in blood': for the Ogadens had a custom, borrowed by them from the Gallas, that all the aspirants to the rank of a warrior, who had been circumcised within a given period, constitute a 'generation' bearing some grotesque title indicative of hardihood, such as the 'dusty ones' or 'those who sleep on the ground,' and must signalize itself, before it gives place to a new 'generation,' by some raid or other bloodthirsty exploit.

The existing generation of warriors, known by the name of 'Bombés,' or 'dung beetles,' had gained little glory by the raid upon Boran, and its members were

burning for a fight, when suddenly, in April, 1898, a trifling incident afforded them the chance. One of the Galla slaves of a Somali ran away to Kismayu, and obtained there, as part of our systematic anti-slavery policy, a certificate of freedom and protection. The man was discovered by his master at Bulbulla, about thirty miles inland, and was, perhaps in the attempt to resist recapture, murdered by him. The murderer escaped to Afmadu, but our police seized, in part as a security for his production, and in part as 'blood-money' or 'diya,' in case he could not be arrested, several head of cattle, some of which were his property, whilst others belonged to the Auliahan division of his tribe the Ogadens. The latter, very bitter, like all natives of Africa, against our persistent anti-slavery policy, at once retorted by raids in the immediate vicinity of Kismayu, and a party of them butchered two harmless Arab traders on the highway a few miles outside the town.

On hearing of this outrage, Sub-Commissioner Jenner, who was in Gosha on his way up the Juba to Bardera, at once returned to Kismayu. Police and patrols were immediately sent out to clear the district of the Ogaden raiders, and four companies of the 5th Bombay Regiment were dispatched from Mombasa to Jubaland, in order to reinforce the local troops. Directly after their arrival, our police post at Yonte, on the river Juba, was surprised by an Ogaden raiding party, fifteen of our native police being killed; and this determined me to urge our Government to take vigorous measures against the offending tribe. Strong posts were established at Yonte to protect our communications with a lake farther inland, known as the 'Deshek Wama,' since our future base of operations against Afmadu; for the occupation of its shores in the dry

season appeared to us a measure of paramount importance, forming as they did the chief summer grazing grounds of the Ogadens when the inland wells and water pools dried up. Early in June, we occupied Helishid, at the south end of the lake, and the Somalis, already defeated at Yonte, were beginning to talk of surrender, when, on June 22, the unfortunate success of an ambush laid by them for an Indian patrol, in which twenty-eight men out of a party of forty-two lost their lives, afforded fresh encouragement to the champions of resistance. Just at this juncture, my own hopes of success were depressed by a discouraging telegram from home; for Lord Salisbury definitely vetoed the immediate advance, upon which I was bent, to Afmadu. He quite understood, ran his message, couched in kindly and sympathetic language, my desire to march on it at once, in order to capture its wells, and cut off the supply of water to the enemy. 'But we cannot,' he added, 'have the heather ablaze all over Africa,' and the Ogaden business must be settled, or patched up, as promptly as possible. I was forced, under these circumstances, to relinquish the larger scheme for thoroughly subjugating and pacifying Jubaland, and all that I could hope to do was to inflict as sharp a lesson as possible on the Ogadens by a successful raid from Helishid on the neighbouring pastures of the tribe, where many hundreds of their cattle were then feeding. This punitive measure proved successful as far as it went; the Somalis fled in confusion before our small force, and when, shortly afterwards, I visited the scene of this massacre of kine, I noticed that the numerous slaughtered cattle, not having had their throats cut, were rotting as unfit for food in their hides, the latter, so valuable for many purposes, not having been removed by their owners. A day or so later, I

was told that Sultan Ahmed bin Murgan was prepared to meet me at Helishid and endeavour to arrange terms of peace. I replied by inviting him to come there, assuring him – an assurance very rarely distrusted by a native when its giver is an Englishman – that he would, if we failed to come to terms, be permitted to leave our camp in safety, before we resumed operations.

A few days afterwards he arrived with a retinue of Ogaden Sheikhs, and informed me of his wish to make peace. I replied, Mr. Jenner's interpreter translating into Somali what I said, that after all that had happened, I must have some guarantee of his sincerity. A heavy fine, to be paid in cattle – at this distance of time I forget how many I demanded – must be paid for those unprovoked attacks on the Queen's troops, and for the murder of numerous inoffensive natives of a territory placed under Her Majesty's protection. It was a fairly high figure, as large as I thought it wise to ask, knowing that I could no longer count on being permitted to march on and capture Afmadu. The Sultan and his chiefs pointed out that their cows were now calving and the herds were scattered all over their pastures. I replied that I must, if this were so, retain, at Kismayu, as securities for the payment of the fine, some of the principal chiefs of their tribe, and Mr. Jenner thereupon pointed out, one after another, about ten grizzled, emaciated and nearly naked elders who constituted the Sultan's inner council, and some of whom vigorously objected. I must have, I said, one thing or the other – chiefs or cattle; which of the two I did not much care. If they would not agree to be hostages, let them hand over their cows. 'Impossible, no cows can be surrendered,' was their answer. 'Let the English, if they must, take our Sheikhs. Sheikhs yield

no milk!' One by one, the lean Somali elders left our tent in the custody of a force of soldiers from Kismayu. Sultan Ahmed, a pleasant, polite and well-bred youth, accepted my invitation to visit me at Zanzibar, where I presented him to Sayyid Hamid bin Mohammed, and showed him the bright East African metropolis, its clean, if narrow, streets, redolent of the perfume of spices, its vast clove and coco-nut plantations, and lastly the wreck of Sayyid Khalid's ship, sunk by Admiral Rawson in its harbour, an instructive object lesson to any native African potentate who might cherish the fond dream of an attempt to defy the resistless might of England.

A year later, when I had already left East Africa, the fears expressed by me that nothing short of the armed occupation of Afmadu would bring peace to Jubaland were fulfilled. Mr. Jenner, while travelling as H.M. Sub-Commissioner through the Province, was surprised and murdered in his camp together with one of my own servants, a very bright and intelligent little slave belonging to my butler at Zanzibar; and Colonel Ternan, who acted as Commissioner for East Africa between my departure and the arrival of my successor, was compelled, at a cost of some £20,000, to attack and capture Afmadu. Yet no fair judge can find fault with Lord Salisbury, for at the moment when he vetoed my proposed advance on it, he knew, which I did not, that the French Major Marchand had met Kitchener at Fashoda, a piece of news which only reached us in Jubaland somewhat later, and that on the result of that meeting might depend peace or war with France. At that very moment, indeed, an expedition commanded by Major Macdonald, and destined to forestall Marchand's own advance from the south, brought about indirectly a new and unforeseen danger to British

African interests, in the shape of a serious mutiny of our own native army in Uganda.

Leaving England in June, 1897, Macdonald had reached Nyaki, a day's march from the Eldoma Ravine, on the main road from Mombasa to Lake Victoria Nyanza, on September 16, where he was joined by two hundred Sudanese soldiers supplied by the Uganda administration. He informed them that he was proceeding on a lengthy expedition beyond the existing limits of Uganda, and that, while he was well aware of their custom of taking, in such cases, a portion of their families, he could only allow to each soldier a boy and a woman to carry his luggage. Mabruk Effendi, the Sudanese native officer in command under Macdonald, objected to this allowance as inadequate, and two days later (on September 20) a deputation of native officers and privates intimated their unwillingness to take part in the proposed expedition, dilating on their various grievances against the authorities in Uganda – bad pay, heavy work and so forth – and ending by demanding that the departure of the expeditionary force should be deferred until all their families, including their women, could join it.

On the following day (September 21) one company started. A day later another at first refused to follow it, but was at length persuaded to obey. Mabruk Effendi, who had been the first officer to object to it, thereupon deserted at the head of another company into the bush, and by September 24, 108 more mutineers had encamped near the Eldoma Ravine. They formed a nucleus of deserters, which swelled, a few days later, to three hundred, and was strengthened, by the accession to the movement of mutineers from most of the stations situated on the road to Uganda. Mr. Jackson, the British Commissioner at Kampala, endeavoured

to negotiate a settlement with them, but the malcontents gained daily in numbers and influence, and began to attack the helpless natives in the country through which they advanced. On October 16, the Sudanese garrison of five hundred men at Lubwas near the Lake, supported by some two hundred Waganda converts to Islam, arrested their three British officers – Major Thruston, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Scott – seizing, at the same moment, the Maxim gun and the Government steam launch, before Mr. Jackson and Major Macdonald, now only a day's march off, could save them from capture. When at length they reached Lubwas, they found that the three officers were still prisoners and the mutineers fired on their party, severely wounding Mr. Jackson and killing another officer, Lieutenant Fielding, before they were driven back into the fort.

I had just left Mombasa on a visit of inspection to the Province of Ukamba, when I was met, on my way up country, by the news of the mutiny at the Eldoma Ravine. I decided that the best thing I could do was to bring up from Machakos as many of our local forces as I could spare to relieve the Uganda troops stationed at Naivasha, which I proposed to move into our own Protectorate, and, if possible, to place the remainder at the disposal of the Uganda Government. On reaching the river Kedong, I was met with the news that Major Thruston and Mr. Wilson, whom the mutineers at Lubwas had imprisoned there, had been marched out to the shore of the Lake and informed that they were going to be immediately killed. Thruston warned them that they would have reason to regret their action, whereupon the native Sudanese officer, Bilal Effendi, shot them, the one through the head and the other through the heart with his rifle. Their bodies were thrown into the lake, but were subsequently

recovered and buried with military honours at Kampala.

On reaching Naivasha, I arranged with the District Officer in charge to parade the Sudanese garrison on the following morning and addressed them in Cairene Arabic, pointing out that, as fresh reinforcements were coming up from the coast for the purpose of crushing the mutineers, I proposed, as I heard that their own behaviour had been good, to relieve them by transferring them to Machakos, which they would find a far pleasanter residence than the solitudes of the Masai steppe. I afterwards asked the 'Effendi' or native officer in command, if he thought that my eloquence had produced a salutary effect. 'Why, yes,' he said with somewhat disconcerting frankness, 'it would certainly have done so, if only they had been able to understand you.'

I had hoped that they could, for I had begun my Arabic studies in Egypt, and had passed, at Cairo, as an interpreter, both on paper and *viva voce*, my examiners being one an Englishman and the other an Egyptian. The latter regarded me with profound respect, as the shadow, if not the actual *alter ego* of Sir Evelyn Baring, and the sometimes temporary wielder of his power. As a test of my colloquial capacities, he asked me three questions: (1) 'Whence did your presence (Hadret) first illuminate Egypt?' (2) 'Did you reach Egypt by land or by sea?' and (3) 'If the latter, by what vessel?' I answered in three or at most four words: (1) Stamboul. (2) By sea. (3) Khedivial steamer *Dakahlieh*. 'Excellent,' exclaimed my Egyptian examiner, 'with what readiness, and with how thorough a knowledge of our language has he answered! surely no further question is needed!' My English examiner, Machell Bey, if I remember rightly – so true is it that

our foes are often those of our own household – did not seem to share his enthusiasm, and suggested further questions on more complicated subjects, which I managed to scrape through. But in East Africa I had learnt to substitute the purer Arabic of Oman for the debased Cairo *patois*, which no self-respecting Egyptian would dare to write, and I had, in fact, very rapidly forgotten the slang expressions current in the land of Ham.

Next day the Naivasha garrison moved down to Machakos, and our force went on to the Ravine, where we learnt, with some amusement, from the British officer in charge there, that the malcontents had looted the medical stores, and had sampled all the various forms of physic whose aroma appealed to their tastes, with the result that many of them had been temporarily disabled for active service.

November was now far advanced, and I had to be back at Mombasa to prepare my budget by Christmas, always one of the chief labours of the year. I accordingly sent on, as rapidly as possible, in two instalments, the two hundred men of the East African Rifles whom I had placed at the disposal of the authorities in Uganda, the first detachment arriving at Kampala in December, and the remaining hundred some days later, as well as 160 Swahilis and Indians from Mombasa, who were commanded by Captain Barrett and Lieutenant Scott. They reached the Lake, now the chief centre of operations against the mutineers and rebel natives, on January 13, 1898. I was grateful at receiving from my old friend Mr. Berkeley, formerly Consul under me at Zanzibar, and since then Commissioner at Kampala, an expression of 'the gratitude felt in Uganda for the unwavering efforts made by the authorities of the East Africa Protectorate to come to the assistance of this

administration, troops being dispatched at the shortest notice and marched up with the utmost speed.'

The Uganda mutiny was doubtless due to a variety of causes; but I believe it to be true that Colonel Ternan, an able administrator and soldier, who commanded the native army long before it broke out, and afterwards took charge of the Zanzibar and East Africa Protectorates between my departure and the arrival of my successor, warned our Government that trouble would certainly occur unless the demands of the Sudanese soldiery for improved pay and treatment were granted. I was told that when asked, on behalf of the Foreign Office in London, why he had not pointed out the danger, he replied that he had done so, albeit in respectful and guarded language, and that his letter on the subject had been minuted: 'Treasury will never agree to this.' No doubt the constant troublesome expeditions, inseparable from the rule of savage African peoples, 'half devil and half child,' were as valuable an element in their military education as the discipline of the birch rod in the training of our own boys at school, and once the lesson has been learnt, more especially if it is followed by just and kindly treatment, the impression left by it is almost invariably lasting. The later and more durable effects of the mutiny, which lie beyond the scope of these personal reminiscences, were far-reaching; they broke the power of the anti-Christian forces in Uganda, and of almost every other form of native resistance to white rule; for they ended in the overthrow and capture, not merely of the weak and treacherous King Mwanga, but of his ally Kabarega, the stronger and fiercer tyrant of Unyoro. Both these potentates were eventually arrested, exiled to Kismayu, where I had some conversation with Mwanga, and afterwards to the Seychelles, the St. Helena in

1874 of a former Sultan of Perak, convicted after a solemn trial of the murder of the British Agent at his Court. Kabarega seemed to me an out-and-out savage; Mwanga, Bishop Hannington's murderer, affected to oscillate between Anglican and Roman Christianity, both of which he had apparently tried; but he had never been deemed fit for baptism by the clergy of either church. At Kismayu a Swedish missionary, Mr. Cederquist, who was anxious to evangelize the Boran Gallas, made a praiseworthy effort to instruct him in Lutheran theology, and appeared hopeful of effecting his conversion.

Compared with its two immediate predecessors, the year 1898 was a peaceful one throughout East Africa, its chief political event being the settlement of some Anglo-German boundary disputes. The frontier between the German and British Protectorates had been laid down soon after the conclusion of the treaty of July, 1890. Starting from the seashore at the mouth of the river Umba, and running inland in a north-westerly direction, till it struck the rising ground (Ufererhöhung) of Jasin, which it traversed, it continued till it reached Lake Jipe, then bisected, further to the north-west, Lake Chale, crossed the road from Taveta to Kilimanjaro, and ran on, still north-westward, to an old Masai camping-ground, now abandoned, which was known as Laitokitok. From Laitokitok, it was assumed to be prolonged, still running in a straight line north-westward, till it struck the eastern shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Then turning due west it bisected the lake, and was prolonged on its opposite shore in a due westerly direction, till it reached the eastern boundary of Congo Free State; but it had been stipulated some years previously, between London and Berlin, that its straight course should, if necessary, be deflected for

the purpose of including Kilimanjaro in the German, and the less celebrated peak of Mfumbero in the British sphere.

What first drew my attention to this question was the one-sided and unauthorized intervention of the local German district officer in certain villages which he claimed as belonging to German East Africa, under the incorrect impression that the river Umba, which formed the Anglo-German boundary on the coast, continued to form it for the whole of its course, from its source to its mouth on the Indian Ocean. Acting on this erroneous impression, this officer – whose name, if I am not mistaken, was Herr von Pauli – made a tour of inspection through these villages, informed their headmen that they were under the protection of the Imperial German Government, and distributed to each of them a German flag to be flown between sunrise and sunset. On being informed of these proceedings, I communicated first with my old friend Major von Wissmann, and then, on his departure for Germany, with his successor at Dar-es-Salaam, General von Liebert, and I intimated that, whilst I was ready to discuss any difficulties arising out of conflicting interpretations of the Protocol attached to the Anglo-German treaty of 1890, I could not permit the German flag to be flown over villages forming part of my Sovereign's dominions. Unless Herr von Pauli at once removed them, I should, I said, be placed under the unwelcome necessity of immediately doing so myself. I also pointed out that, whereas the frontier line shown on the map illustrating the boundary, bisected the rising ground (Ufererhöhung) of Jasin, the whole of that village and the cultivated land adjacent to it, had been, as I thought improperly, annexed by the Germans, who had established there an agency of the German East

Africa Company, and were farming a good many acres which probably formed part of our own territory.

I found in the new German Governor a colleague not less friendly than von Wissmann. General von Liebert was a straightforward old soldier and a wise and conciliatory diplomatist. He had been invited to Pekin by the Chinese Government as a kind of military adviser; but his appointment had been discouraged, if not actually prevented, by Russian influence. Tall, with a short grizzled beard, courteous manners and a wide knowledge of many countries, he was a firm believer in his Imperial Master's schemes for the world-wide diffusion of German influence; and I fancy that his experiences in East Africa served still further to strengthen his conviction that Great Britain was a serious obstacle to the realization of these aims. When, in the autumn of 1899, the Boer War broke out, he undoubtedly shared the hopes of the German Anglophobes that it would prove disastrous to the British Empire: but he was much too well-bred a gentleman to betray his feelings in his intercourse with me. I happened to be on a visit to him at Dar-es-Salaam, when we got the news of the reverse at Spion Kop, and the tact which he displayed in endeavouring to minimize its importance by describing it as a slight set-back revealed a desire which I could not but appreciate to relieve the anxieties of a guest and a personal friend. He at once recognized, in regard to the question of the frontier, that Herr von Pauli had acted prematurely in planting German flags in villages whose ownership was open to discussion, and he was ready, not merely to verify the accuracy of the present *de facto* frontier between our Protectorates, but also to accept *ad referendum* any modification of the line which might prove more convenient to us both.

The original frontier had been fixed by Consul-General Smith, an East African expert, at Berlin, and I consulted him before making any definite proposals to General Von Liebert, more especially in regard to the village and plantations of Jasin, which I was myself eager to acquire. He replied that he believed them to be well within our frontier, as shown by the Admiralty maps, but that our contention could be easily tested. Our naval officers and those of a German man-of-war thereupon agreed to send up rockets from the mouth of the Umba, and compare their positions, as they rose, with that of the hill upon which the disputed village stood, so as to show whether a straight line between these two points placed it north or south of that shown in the map itself, attached as it was to the treaty, which seemed to place it on our side of the border.

The trial took place in complete darkness at about ten o'clock in the evening, amidst a vast concourse of natives eager to witness the effects of the white man's magic, who were deeply impressed by this appeal to the judgment of heaven by the rivalry of the medicine men of two powerful monarchs. To my great disappointment, the experiment proved adverse to my claim, the straight line between the mouth of the Umba and the point at which the last rocket went up being about one-quarter of a mile to the north of the village, thus leaving the German East Africa Company's house and nearly all the others, except a few outlying huts, within the frontier claimed by the Germans. This was a severe blow, as I had trusted to the Admiralty map, and I only learnt some weeks later that it was itself rough and inaccurate, and had involved us in a disastrous experiment, which I would not, had I known all the facts, have faced. We thus lost the best part of Jasin, including the German Company's estate.

General von Liebert quite concurred with my suggestion that the treaty frontier from Jasin to Laitokitok should, as far as possible, be marked out, not merely upon maps, but on the ground itself, by the erection, at the most important points, of boundary pillars. These were duly erected at Jasin on the road from British Taveta to the German Moshi, or Kilimanjaro, station, at Lake Jipe, Lake Chale, and lastly at Laitokitok, in Masailand, where all cultivation and even habitations ceased, and where, therefore, our work of demarcation ended. One little incident at the close of our tour, when we were right in the heart of Masailand, struck and certainly amused me. A Masai warrior came up to one of our parties engaged in erecting a boundary pillar, and proceeded to ask what had brought us there. I replied that the German Governor and I myself had come to let them know – and to leave the pillar as a record of our commands – that the natives living north of it must transact all their business with Mr. Ainsworth, at Machakos, and those south of it with the German Captain Johannes, at Moshi. Our Masai friend informed us that we were labouring under a misapprehension, as the land belonged, not to the Europeans, but to his own tribe; if any dispute on the point existed, it must be settled between Lenana and Sendeyo, the heirs of their great medicine man, M'batian. It was futile to quote European treaties to a primitive savage, so we merely explained that, if any future question affecting his people's rights should arise, it must be referred both to us and to the Germans.

Meanwhile, the restoration of peace in Sayyidieh, in Jubaland and in Uganda, enabled the British Government to devote more attention to what had, for some years, been one of the great ends of our recent East

African policy – the construction of the railway from Mombasa to Lake Victoria Nyanza. It had been suggested, as early as 1890, to Lord Salisbury by Sir William Mackinnon, the illustrious pioneer and founder of the British East Africa Company, whose statue at Mombasa recalls his brilliant services, as being in his personal opinion one of the best methods of giving effect to the civilizing programme of the Brussels Act. On March 23 in that year the Foreign Office accepted in principle the obligation to provide a grant in aid, with a view to the realization of the scheme. A year later, in April, 1891, Sir Guildford Molesworth, who had, as an expert, been consulted on the subject, estimated that the cost of a survey for this purpose would amount to £20,000 and the correctness of his forecast was justified; for that commenced in November, 1891, by Major Macdonald, R.E., appears to have actually cost £19,710. Lord Salisbury, then Foreign Minister, approved of the construction of the line, and in 1895 it was definitely resolved that Her Majesty's Government should undertake it. The work was entrusted to a Committee appointed by the Foreign Office, and Mr. Whitehouse, a competent expert of wide experience, was appointed Chief Engineer.

The scheme was severely criticized by suspicious politicians at home, who complained that the taxpayers' money was being squandered on the building of a railway across deserts sparsely peopled by savages, at the cost of £2,000 or £3,000 a mile. The difficulties to be conquered were undoubtedly great; for after the creek separating the island of Mombasa from the mainland had been bridged, and the fertile coast strip, with its tropical products, some fifteen miles deep, left behind, the line entered the so-called Taru Desert, a waterless country producing only thorn-bushes, and

inhabited only by wild beasts. A patch of cultivation was reached on the banks of the river Voi, which watered the plantations of the Teita tribe; and here my new road connected the railway with the French mission station of Bura, and after crossing the Serengeti Desert, with Taveta and Kilimanjaro. Although another river, the Tsavo, a tributary of the Sabaki, which reached the sea north of Malindi, was traversed at mile 132, cultivation could only be said to commence at the Scottish mission station of Kibwezi, situated on a tributary of the Athi. Here the line diverged from the Mackinnon road, and, instead of passing through the more populous districts of Nzoi and Machakos, swerved westward across the extensive Athi Plains and rejoined the road near Nairobi. At Kibwezi, moreover, the tsetse fly ceased to be dangerous to mules, horses and camels, whilst cultivation increased along the high road running more or less parallel with the railway till the Athi River was crossed. Beyond it, the road and line alike entered Masailand, and reached at Nairobi, halfway to the Lake, the site of the future capital of the Province of Ukamba, and, to-day, of the East Africa Protectorate.

When I first visited Nairobi, it was merely a Masai kraal, its solitary European inhabitant being an English corporal named Ellis, living in a rough hut; but the surrounding country, an undulating expanse, presented the appearance of a spacious zoological garden; for our Government had decided, at my suggestion, with a view to preventing the destruction of its fauna by caravans going to Uganda, whose numbers were constantly increasing, to prohibit or regulate their wholesale destruction for sport or food. When I first went up to Nairobi and Kikuyu, in connection with the Uganda Railway, our party, as we rode along the Mac-

kinnon road, was joined by a friendly cow rhinoceros and her calf, which kept up steadily with our horses, and only left, striking southwards across the plain, within a short distance of our own destination. It was interesting, during these rides, to watch the wild antelopes and other deer stationed, like sentries on outposts, at a certain distance from the pastures on which the herds were grazing, suddenly warn them of the approach of strangers, and then to see them scatter in all directions. Apes were sometimes met, but nearer the coast. A native soldier accompanying a party with which I was marching during the Mazrui rebellion shot a large one, and the dismay and loud howls of his followers, as they saw him bowled over, were very human.

I need not pursue the history of the completion of the railway to Port Florence, its terminus on Lake Victoria Nyanza, and therefore outside my Protectorate, so called after its charming godmother, Lady Whitehouse. When I left East Africa once for all in 1900, it had passed the Kedong, which divided the Uganda from the East Africa Protectorate; but great credit is due to the Railway Committee at the Foreign Office, and to the Chief Engineer and his second in command, Mr. Rawson, for their success in overcoming, in the face of a railway strike, organized by dissatisfied subordinates, the obstacles confronting them in a barbarous and partly waterless country, one, moreover, in which animal transport was difficult, and the mass of unskilled workmen had all to be imported from distant India. The last section from Nairobi to the Kedong, where the line passed into the Uganda Protectorate and was just being completed, when I left East Africa, presented peculiar difficulties, for it descended into the so-called great meridional rift from the summit of its eastern escarpment at an elevation of nearly 8,000 feet.

After reaching its summit, the line turned sharp south, and developed round a valley to the north-east, when it reached a broad flat shelf constituting the first step of the escarpment. From this point a temporary rope incline had been constructed to reach the bottom of the rift, so as to enable a provisional diversion to be pushed up from its foot during the building of the permanent line. This descended into easier gradients and rejoined the temporary line in open grass country near Mount Longouot, some 376 miles from the coast. The work was vigorously pushed on, and not long after I left East Africa, the railway had reached its terminus on the eastern shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Many difficulties, apart from the work of construction itself, had confronted our resourceful engineers. These necessitated the maintenance of an active organization employing more than 15,000 men, in a country devoid of wheeled or animal transport. These workers often suffered from 'jiggers' – in Spanish 'chigas' – a little insect imported from tropical America through the Congo State, which had spread in the trains of caravans from the West to the East Coast of Africa. These unpleasant little animals produced painful ulcers in the feet of our mainly bare-footed native labourers, and multiplied in all the coolie camps. I myself suffered from them at times, but my negro valet, who inspected my toes every night, was skilful in extricating the jiggers with a needle or sharp penknife. It was important to make an incision in the flesh before the tiny baglike egg, which contained the infant jiggers, burst asunder, discharging its inmates into the blood. Many of the more careless natives had to undergo, as a result, the amputation of one or more toes. Many coolies were, moreover, killed, more especially in Masailand, by lions, and also one of my own English

police officers, a very capable and valuable man. He was sleeping on the seat of a railway carriage close to Kiu station, two other Europeans, an Italian and a German, the former occupying the opposite seat and the latter lying between them on the floor. The door seems to have been left partly open, for a lion leapt through it into the carriage, seized my friend by the throat, dragged him from his seat through the door and carried him a few hundred yards into the bush, where his dead body, lacerated but only partially devoured, was discovered early on the following morning. This particular lion, whom I afterwards saw in a cage, was eventually trapped, wounded and captured, and died some weeks later of his wounds; but the effect of the incident was to cause a serious panic among our timid coolie workmen, which it took us some time to allay. As, moreover, the coolies grew in number, it was necessary to provide corn-mills to feed them and to erect at Kilindini, on the coast, condensing plant for supplying them with water. The strike already mentioned, which embraced engineers, clerks and other subordinates, Indian and British, though it failed to achieve the ends of its promoters, added for a time to the difficulties of a situation which could ill afford fresh complications.

A more serious occurrence was the outbreak of bubonic plague in India, affecting as it did our supply of coolies. A British India steamer, the *Bundara*, suddenly entered the harbour of Mombasa, where I was at that moment staying, with a fairly large contingent of coolies for the railway, and the Port Medical Officer reported that bubonic plague was raging among them, and that several deaths from it had occurred since her arrival. My own advice, telegraphed to the Foreign Office, was to refuse the ship pratique and send

her back to India or at least to Zanzibar; for at Mombasa we had only two European doctors: the sanitary condition of the native town, if of late improved, was still very insanitary, and even if I landed the coolies at Mombasa and isolated them in an 'infected camp,' I felt certain that the Indian shopkeepers in the bazaar would endeavour surreptitiously to trade with them. I was, moreover, sure that, if plague broke out in the narrow lanes and alleys of the town, it would spread with terrible rapidity, not merely there, but all along the railway line, unable as we were to provide guards or hospitals at a moment's notice. The Directors of the British India Company were indignant at my attitude, and they brought pressure to bear upon the Foreign Office, which instructed me to grant the ship pratique, taking, of course, every measure to prevent the crew's contact with the local population. This was, as I explained to Lord Salisbury, more easy to propose than to secure, for whatever Swahili police force we might place in charge of a quarantine camp would, I felt sure, be bribed by the local Indian traders to obtain access to it, and some one must anyhow get into contact with them, in order to supply them with food.

As, however, our Government insisted on my landing the crew of the plague-stricken ship, instead of sending her at once to Zanzibar, where on Prison Island, a coral reef in its harbour, they might have been effectually isolated, I decided to hire a Protectorate Government steamer, to transfer to it the already infected Indian coolies, and to take them myself, with a capable doctor, and a few of our officials, who would, I thought, give me assistance, to the thinly peopled island of Manda near Lamu, about a hundred miles to the north of Mombasa, removing from Manda as many of its native inhabitants as could be provided for else-

where, before they came into contact with the contagion.

On arriving at Manda, followed by the *Bundara*, we at once cleared a camp for the coolies, digging ditches, planting tents and landing sufficient provisions. As they landed, one after another, in Adam's garb, they were duly disinfected, thoroughly fumigated, and washed from head to foot, each man being provided with a clean linen suit and a tent, in which he remained till the period of quarantine required to render him immune from infection had passed. These precautions proved successful, and as no death occurred since they landed in Manda, they were brought back to Mombasa, and sent up, in batches, to railhead, or to the intervening camps along the line, to which they were successively assigned.

Two years later, after I had left East Africa, I met, at a public dinner, one of the principal Directors of the British India Line, and we discussed in an amicable spirit the controversy in which we had been engaged. I reminded him, and he took it in good part, of the danger to which he had exposed my old Protectorate, and he on his side exulted in my failure to refuse his ship pratique; but my action was justified by subsequent events: for a later consignment of coolies, brought, after I had already left East Africa, the Indian plague as far into the interior of Ukamba as Nairobi, and necessitated the destruction by my successor of its large insanitary bazaar.

The extension of the railway to Port Florence belongs to the history of Sir Charles Eliot's successful administration, nor need I dwell on its further developments. The whole railway scheme was attacked as a wasteful lapse into Imperialism by some prominent Liberal statesmen, and some years afterwards, Sir William

Harcourt, sitting near my wife at dinner, severely criticized its extravagance; but few thoughtful politicians will, I think, endorse his opinion to-day, when the railway connects the Indian Ocean with the great Central African Lakes, and renders more easy the fulfilment of the dream of an 'all-red British line of communication' from Alexandria and Port Said to Table Bay.

CHAPTER VIII

SOUTH AFRICA

IN the Spring of the year 1899, my two Protectorates Zanzibar and British East Africa being in a condition of complete internal peace, I determined, on my return journey for a holiday at home, to pay a flying visit to South Africa, where Dr. Jameson's recent raid on the Transvaal, added to the Uitlander grievances, had produced an acute tension between the rival European races. After spending a few days at Mozambique, with tall, stately buildings on its island, and Beira, with its busy but rough activities, I landed at Delagoa Bay, and took the train from that port to Pretoria. At Komatipoort, then the Boer frontier, I had a rather troublesome experience. My Swahili boy, Farajullah, the firstfruits of Seyyid Hamid bin Thwain Mohammed's Anti-Slavery Decree, had omitted to bring with him a certificate of recent vaccination which was required by the Boer authorities in the case of every African native, as a condition of his admission into the two Dutch Republics. It was two o'clock in the morning, and my suggestion that I might request the local doctor to vaccinate him there and then was perhaps not unnaturally rejected by the local officials as absurd. I asked if the operation could not be performed at the station of Waterval Onder, at which we were to stop for breakfast fairly early on the following morning. The Dutch railway officials at first rejected this compromise, on the ground that he might infect the whole train; but I argued that if the boy already had the germs of smallpox, the infection might by now have been communicated to our carriage, and added that I was a Government official like themselves and was going to visit President

Kruger. To this argument they yielded, and the 'Joy of the Lord' was duly made immune by vaccination on the platform at Waterval Onder, while the train waited to enable the white passengers to enjoy their morning coffee. In the evening we reached the Boer capital, and next day I went to call on my old friend, Sir Conynghame Greene, our British Political Agent, then struggling to effect some arrangement which would terminate our conflicts with 'Oom Paul.' He himself was very doubtful as to any lasting settlement, but was doing his utmost to bring one about, and was evidently on friendly terms with the President, to whom I was presented by him on his 'stoep.'

Mr. Kruger was evidently unwilling to embark on a political discussion with a stranger; but he seemed to be on very friendly terms with Sir Conynghame, with whom he conversed in fluent Dutch, not the 'Taal,' but apparently that spoken in Holland. Oom Paul wore a rusty frock-coat, his long white locks and beard falling over its collar. He struck me as a homely old peasant, not devoid of the shrewd cunning of his class, and was at that moment in a good humour, for a water-finder of Irish origin had just promised to irrigate, by means of a forked hazel stick, his land, and he had, he added, looking with a friendly, if shrewd glance at Greene, himself a son of Erin, learnt to place the fullest confidence in an Irishman. I was also introduced to Dr. Reitz, the Foreign Secretary, a long-bearded, grey-haired burgher credited with very marked anti-British proclivities.

Thence, after a few days at Johannesburg, where I met some of the leading Rand Uitlanders, I saw President Steyn at Bloemfontein, as well as the leader of the British party in the Free State, Mr. Fraser. Steyn, a tall, dignified man, with a flowing yellow beard and

agreeable manners, honoured me with a long conversation on the political situation in South Africa. I congratulated him on the absence in his State of that bitterness between the Dutch and British elements, which had produced such lamentable difficulties in the sister Boer Republic. He observed that his own country had many just grievances against England and related the whole story of the 'Keate award,' and of the seizure by our Government of the diamond fields of Griqualand West, which had built up the colossal wealth of Kimberley. He thought no one in the Orange Free State could remember without deep resentment the sharp practice by which his little country had been deprived of this valuable territory.

After traversing the vast, dusty, treeless plains of the Karroo, which reminded me of the Spanish La Mancha, and the smiling, highly cultivated region which succeeds them as Cape Town is approached, I reached Newlands, a country house in the immediate vicinity of the capital, where I had the pleasure of being Lord Milner's guest. I met the Prime Minister, Mr. Schreiner, a very agreeable man, but not, to my regret, Mr. Hofmeyr, the 'ons Jan' of the 'Afrikander Bond.' Milner's own views in regard to a permanent understanding with the Boers were decidedly pessimistic. The racial struggle had, he thought, become one for supremacy in South Africa, and two rivals could not ride the same horse in opposite directions. He himself, he said, had done his utmost to conciliate Afrikander feeling: he had learnt Dutch, under the guidance of a Boer clergyman, and had constantly attended the services and sermons of other leading Boer predicants. But the Boer rulers were clearly bent on the formation of a Dutch United States from Table Bay to Zambesi, perhaps letting Great Britain

retain the port of Cape Town as a coaling station, and their recent successful repression of the Jameson Raid had made them unamenable to reason. Sir Conyngham Greene, he added, was doing his best to conciliate them, but he himself had wellnigh abandoned any hope of a peaceable settlement between the two races.

I arrived in London on May 31, 1899. I had not been long there when Sir Francis Bertie, Lord Currie's successor as Permanent Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office, informed me that the Legation in China was likely to be vacant, as our Minister there, Sir Claude Macdonald, was in bad health, and would probably soon be promoted to the Embassy at Tokio, in which event I might perhaps be invited to succeed him. Shortly afterwards I met the Prince of Wales, and received from him a good-natured reprimand for wearing at a levee, a few days previously, my decorations and medals in the wrong order. It struck me as remarkable that amidst the crowd of uniformed persons, who had on that occasion passed before him, he should have noticed a breach of the rules respecting medals; but I found that I had sinned in good company; for I was told that at a recent opening of Parliament, Lord Salisbury had incurred a similar censure for wearing the coat or tunic of one uniform over the breeches or trousers of another, and had admitted a suspicion at the time that his valet might have made a mistake. 'I clung, however,' he added, 'to the hope that Lord Chancellor Halsbury, who stood between Your Royal Highness and myself, might succeed in concealing from your eyes my improperly clothed lower limbs.' What, however, interested me more than my luckless blunder about the decorations, was the confirmation by a member of the Prince's household

of the probable change at Pekin. Had it really taken place I should have come in for the Boxer Rebellion and the siege of the Legations, and have lived, like so many of their members, to read my own obituary notice.

My stay in England on this occasion was destined to be fraught with a more important event than a transfer from one diplomatic post to another; for before it had ended I had become engaged to marry my first cousin Alexandra or, as she was called after her godmother the Princess of Wales, Alice Ellis. I was accepted by her as her future husband at Halswell Park, the Somersetshire country house of her brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Kemeys-Tynte, who at that time had not yet succeeded to his present barony of Wharton. Our marriage, the most fortunate event in my life, took place on November 4, at St. Mark's Church in South Audley Street, and was solemnized, with the assistance of its vicar, by my friend and former brother-fellow at All Souls, Canon Henson of Westminster, now the able and popular Bishop of Durham, my best man being my cousin Robert James. The religious ceremony and the subsequent reception at my father-in-law's house in Portland Place were graced by the presence of the Prince of Wales; of my old Madrid colleague, the Marquis of Soveral, then in charge of the Portuguese Legation in London; of Sayyid Ali, the heir of the reigning Sultan of Zanzibar, then at Harrow School, and of many of my relatives and my fellow-workers in the Foreign Office. From these latter I received a most beautiful present. We had no time for a regular honeymoon, for we were to start in three days' time for Zanzibar, and we had to be in consequence restricted to the time-honoured Cockney week-end at Brighton. Less

than a week later we left England, and after a pleasant but too brief visit to Lord Cromer at Cairo, embarked at Suez on a German steamer bound for the East African coast.

The Boer War had just begun and we heard the news of Nicholson's Nek a few days before we left London. Throughout Continental Europe all those who wished ill to England, more especially in Germany, were full of enthusiasm for the 'Afrikander' David, who had challenged the British Goliath. Among our own fellow-passengers were would-be volunteers of all nationalities, who were hastening to offer their services to the Transvaal; and at Aden a Government official came on board our ship and hearing that I was travelling by her asked to see me. He inquired whether I thought that any arms for the enemy were being conveyed by her to South Africa, and whether it would be, in my opinion, advisable for our authorities to search the ship. I replied that I thought it very probable that she carried munitions of war, but I doubted the wisdom of detaining or searching her, as I suspected that they were so ingeniously concealed that we should only discover them if we took the whole vessel to pieces. I did not regret this advice, when some time afterwards the German Government claimed and recovered from the British Foreign Office an indemnity of £25,000 for the seizure and unsuccessful search of the German steamer *Bundesrath* on the suspicion, no doubt well deserved, that she had on board munitions of war destined for the Queen's enemies; for I felt certain that large quantities both of arms and of funds were being constantly unshipped in the open sea from these German subsidized steamers into Arab dhows, and even smaller craft under the German and Portuguese flags, which

landed them at places such as Inhambane in Portuguese East Africa, whence they found their way to the rulers of the Transvaal.

The German captain was a very agreeable man, and long afterwards, when the Boer resistance was on its last legs, he lunched with us one day at Zanzibar. I chaffed him about his lucrative arms traffic, and he said, with a smile, that on his last call, on his homeward way, at Zanzibar, a few weeks earlier, he had written home something of which I should have been glad to know, but which, as I was then absent on the mainland, he could not have the pleasure of telling me. His secret, he proceeded, was a huge chest containing President Kruger's treasure, which, just before Lord Roberts took Pretoria, had been carried from the Bank in wagons by a roundabout route to a small station on the railway connecting the Boer capital with Komatipoort. There it was transferred to the neutral Portuguese railway to Lourenço Marques and placed on a German steamer bound for Hamburg, which called at Amsterdam. As a matter of fact, I am not quite certain whether our authorities could, without a breach of public law, have seized this treasure in a port such as Zanzibar, in which the vessels of neutral Powers having treaties with the Sultan might claim ex-territorial rights, though they might perhaps have taken the risk of doing so – in itself a somewhat serious one – just outside the Sultan's territorial waters. The treasure, if seized, would probably have greatly exceeded in amount the indemnity which we had to pay for the detention and search of the *Bundesrath*.

After landing for a few hours at Mombasa we went on to Zanzibar, where we were met by the news of the disaster at Colenso. I was mildly amused by the

cheerful comment on this announcement to the effect that Colenso, a name hateful to the boy victims of the latter's mathematical treatise, had been 'captured and set on fire by Boers,' though the small town was of comparative unimportance. We determined, however, not to gratify our foreign ill-wishers in the European colony by omitting our customary festivities and dance on Christmas Day, which were duly honoured by the presence of Sayyid Hamid bin Mohammed himself. The weather was, of course, at its hottest and proved rather trying to an English girl unaccustomed to the tropics. But Lady Hardinge was keenly interested in the picturesque life and scenery of Africa; she rode a pony in the immediate neighbourhood of the city of Zanzibar, or drove through the clove plantations to Dunza or Chuaka on the eastern side of the island. Her favourite residence was a bungalow on an island in the harbour known as 'Prison Island,' where the air was far cooler and like that of a ship's deck, and there she would often spend day after day enjoying the relative freshness of the breeze. Early in the spring we moved to Nairobi, which I first remembered as a Masai Kraal, but which had grown into a fairly large town. Its new architecture was not picturesque, consisting largely as it did of corrugated iron shanties, which provided my own staff and that of the Uganda Railway with public offices, and on adjacent higher ground with a few Masai bungalows, one of which, belonging to Mr. Ainsworth, my Sub-Commissioner in Uganda and one of my ablest officers, he kindly allowed us to share with him and his wife, so that we had a bedroom and dressing-room, and a sitting-room of our own, our servants occupying sleeping tents after the Indian fashion in the adjacent compound. We had horses, as we were well beyond

the limits of the tsetse fly, and every morning I rode down to my office, a corrugated iron building in the centre of what was fast growing into a popular, though I fear by no means a picturesque, street. The new town was in the land of the Masai, with whose King my relations had always been friendly, and this cordiality sometimes assumed a somewhat comic form. Shortly after I arrived at Nairobi, on returning home to lunch one morning from my office, I was told by Lady Hardinge that whilst always prepared in Africa for oddities, she had been slightly taken aback when a tall Masai warrior without a stitch of clothing and carrying a long Masai spear in one hand, walked into her drawing-room, dragging in with the other a fat sheep and talking volubly in an unknown tongue. She conceived, by the quaint visitor's smiles, as he pointed first to her and then to the sheep, that his errand was a friendly one, and, summoning one of our native servants, she requested him to take charge of the animal. This complete disregard of all clothing was most conspicuous in Kavirondo, between Masai-land and the Lake, where the native women as well as the men never made any attempt at wearing it.

With the advent of the cooler summer season we returned to Mombasa and then to Zanzibar. It was in the month of August, after returning from a memorial service on a man-of-war in the harbour for the Duke of Edinburgh and Saxe-Coburg, the announcement of whose death had just reached us, that I received a telegram from Lord Salisbury offering me the post of Minister in Persia. The appointment was a good one, with a salary like that of China; but Persia possessed for me the additional attraction of being a Mohammedan country, and I had, ever since my first appointment to Constantinople,

devoted a large part of my spare time to the study of the history, the languages and the politics of Islam, in which I had developed a keen interest. Yet it was not without a pang that I left East Africa, in which I had spent nearly seven years, studying all its varied peoples, from the dignified and highly cultivated Arabs to the primitive dwarfs who hunted elephants with poisoned arrows in the East.

I derived, however, some satisfaction from reflecting that I was handing it over to my old friend Sir Charles Eliot, in a condition of far greater peace and prosperity than when I first took it over from the Company. The railway, though for this I was only indirectly responsible, since its construction was the work of highly capable engineers acting under a Foreign Office Committee in London, had passed the western frontier of my Protectorate, and I had connected it with a Government road from Voi to Kilimanjaro, which would, I hoped, divert some German trade. Notwithstanding the frequent military operations in which I had been compelled to engage on the mainland and the need for many years of grants, the revenue had steadily gone up. The Queen's writ ran from one end to another of the different divisions and sub-divisions of the Protectorate, and might, had I been allowed to forestall a later expedition, have been obeyed at Afmadu. The abolition of slavery had been effected without a violent or sudden change in the conditions of labour of a nature to inflict grievous injury on the interests of the Arabs, whether landowners, or merchants, or to offend Mohammedan opinion. Much indeed remained to be done in the vast unoccupied area extending north of Ukamba and of Jubaland, along the upper courses of the Tana and Juba Rivers, and in the improvement of communica-

tions in the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba. Some new system of direct taxation had to be introduced since our main source of revenue was the 10 per cent. *ad valorem* on foreign imports. But great care had to be taken not to alarm the native tribes, whom we wished to inspire with confidence, by premature attempts to impose hut tax, which some of my subordinates rather favoured, before we had satisfied the inhabitants that the maintenance of security against more warlike tribes, the advantages of railway communication, and the opening of new and accessible markets, were all worth a small pecuniary sacrifice.

Pending the arrival of my successor, who when we reached England spent a few days with us at our little house in Gloucestershire to discuss with me East African affairs, I left Colonel Ternan as Acting Commissioner for the mainland, and Mr. Cave as Acting Consul-General for Zanzibar. It was with a real feeling of sorrow that I beheld from the deck of a German steamer the white Arab houses of Zanzibar and its rich cocoa and clove plantations fade from sight.

Our vessel had come from Delagoa Bay and contained a large number of Boer refugees bound for Europe; indeed, but for the dispatch by the Queen of Holland of one of her men-of-war to fetch him, President Kruger would have travelled home with us. Some of these Boers were members of the old Republican Government, such as Mynheer van Grobler, Kruger's son-in-law and Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Mynheer van Alphen, his former Postmaster-General. This latter statesman was friendly and communicative, and I had, during our journey, many talks with him about the causes and events of the war. He always spoke with respect of Lord Salis-

bury, but ascribed all his countrymen's misfortunes, not so much to Mr. Rhodes as to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner, whom he clearly regarded as uncompromising foes. When we reached Suez, van Alphen told me that he would like, if he could do so, to have a glimpse of Egypt. I suggested that this could be easily done, if he would let me accompany him from Suez to Ismailia and thence to Port Said, where we might have some time to wait, before we could rejoin our German steamer. When we went on shore at Suez, there was the usual crowd of Egyptian fellaheen and domby boys seizing luggage, yelling 'Baksheeh ya Hawaga' and hustling the European passengers as these latter strove to push their way through it. Van Alphen's indignation at a system which allowed 'niggers' to jostle gentlemen and persons of European race, without being whipped off the pavements, knew no bounds; and he presumed that similar indignities would not be inflicted by us on white burghers in the streets of Pretoria and Johannesburg; but a good breakfast at Suez, followed by a walk by the Canal through the palm groves of Ismailia, restored him to a happier frame of mind. We spent a pleasant evening at Port Said, where I introduced him to Mr. Consul W. Cameron, a great authority on the strange confederacy of Senoussi sectaries, of which he had made a special study, when residing in this same capacity at Bengazi. Three days later we bade farewell to our Afrikander friends at Naples, and rested for the inside of a week at Rome, to re-visit St. Peter's, the Forum and Coliseum and to look up a few English friends.

On arriving in London I learned that Lord Salisbury, whilst retaining the Premiership, had handed over the Foreign Office to Lord Lansdowne, who would

now be my immediate superior in my new capacity as Minister in Persia.

About the middle of December I was summoned to Windsor to kiss hands on my appointment at Tehran. I had not seen Queen Victoria for some time, the last occasion being a dinner party at the Castle, where I once more met the lovely young Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt. I had been just presented to her, whilst still only a youth at Oxford, by her father, and she was, when I next saw her, in England, engaged to the Emperor Nicholas II, and was making some difficulties about her official conversion, as a Russian Tsaritza, from the German Lutheran to the Russian Orthodox Church. On this occasion, I was struck by the change in Queen Victoria's appearance. When I had last seen her a year or so earlier at Osborne, she was not merely lively and cheerful, but full of sympathetic talk about my East African work, though even then she moved rather slowly, leaning on the arm of the turbaned Indian attendant, who entered the dining-room with her. This time she looked thinner and more worn, and spoke only in a few brief sentences, much of our short conversation being carried on through Princess Beatrice, who stood behind her, leaning on the back of her chair. Lady Hardinge and I had been honoured by an invitation from the Prince of Wales to go to Sandringham after Christmas in order to meet Lord Roberts on his return from the Transvaal, and I was doubtful as to whether I could do this, as I had only just recovered at my father-in-law's house in Portland Place from a bout of African fever, always more dangerous in a European winter than in the tropics, when our invitation was suddenly cancelled by the announcement of the Queen's serious illness. 'When

Her Majesty is unable to go out for her regular drive,' was the general opinion, 'look out for danger'; and this prediction was rapidly fulfilled. Her death was the close of a great epoch; but it meant, as far as I personally was concerned, a postponement of my journey to Persia, for I had to be provided with new credentials from the King, who had succeeded her as Edward VII. Just before she fell seriously ill, I had been entertained at a banquet at the Persian Legation, to which the principal officials of the Foreign Office were invited, by the Shah's Minister, then Ala-es-Sultaneh, destined later to be one of my best friends in Persia.

Early in February, 1900, leaving Lady Hardinge in England, to rest after her long journey from Zanzibar, I started, by way of Brussels, Berlin, Warsaw, Moscow and Rostoff on the Don, for Baku, where I embarked to cross the Caspian, to Enzeli, the port of Resht. On this journey I had the advantage and pleasure of the company of Mr. Preece, our Consul-General at Ispahan, and at Resht I was met and welcomed by the Mehmandar, or receiver of foreign representatives, the Nawab Hussein Kuli Khan, and by the Governor of the maritime Province of Ghilan. It was winter, and the carriage road, which a Russian company had built from Resht to Tehran, was in parts covered with snow after we reached the hills, dividing the highly cultivated coast land of the damp, fever-stricken Caspian provinces from the great arid tableland of Central Persia, which recalled in its aspect the plains of Castile. Considering the rough character of Persian accommodation in the wayside caravanserais at Kuhdum, Menjil, Yuzbashi Chai, Kazvin, Yengi Imam, Hissarek and Shahabad, we did well to reach Tehran on the third afternoon,

and I was met there by the first of those many Istikbals or official receptions which Persian politeness offers to honoured guests. I was very favourably impressed by the dignity and comfort of my new Legation, built in the Indian style of architecture and surrounded by a large and pleasant garden. I was welcomed there by my old Eton and Oxford school and college friend, Cecil Spring Rice, who had acted as Chargé d'Affaires since the departure of my predecessor, Sir Mortimer Durand. The latter I had never met, for he had left Persia before my own departure from home; but he was kind enough to address to me a long letter on the entire political situation, which, for reasons which I shall explain later on, was far from advantageous to British interests, and I had the benefit, before his own departure for England, of many interesting talks with Spring Rice. The latter took a very pessimistic view of the immediate prospects of my mission and this soon proved to be only too correct.

CHAPTER IX

PERSIA

Our diplomatic intercourse with Persia, although for many years intermittent, was of ancient duration, but was only regularized in the early years of the nineteenth century when Napoleon was contemplating an overland advance upon India, and had persuaded Fath Ali Shah to receive a French Envoy at Tehran. Early in the nineteenth century, Sir John Malcolm had been sent by the Board of the East India Company with the object of detaching the Shah from this French alliance, but he was met by the Grand Vizier on his way from Bushire to the capital. Although he argued with him until both were exhausted, Malcolm was at last told that the friendship between France and Persia would render his reception impossible. Malcolm expressed his regret, hinting that he had orders to lay at the Persian Monarch's feet a large selection of valuable pearls and precious stones from India, and that a still larger caravan of camels was bringing further treasure for other dignitaries who had secretly offered their assistance, one of these recipients being the Grand Vizier himself. He could not, however, unpack these costly gifts so long as the French Envoy was still at Tehran, and the English Envoy not admitted within its walls. 'Is that so?' exclaimed the Persian statesman. 'He shall be expelled by the northern before you yourself enter the southern gates'; and a friendly understanding, on the strength of these reciprocal assurances, was quickly reached. When all was over, the Grand Vizier had a long talk with Malcolm; he praised his ability, but one thing, he said, had perplexed him. 'Why on earth,' he asked, 'when you had

all these jewels and treasures in your hands, did you waste your own time and mine for whole hours – days even – talking politics?'

Malcolm's trials did not end with the rupture of relations between France and Persia, which he had achieved on his way from the Gulf to the capital, for an important question arose at Tehran, that of the costume which should be worn by the British Elchi or Ambassador, as well as by the Staff, at their solemn presentation to the Shah. The Windsor diplomatic uniform, in which Ambassadors and other Privy Councillors appeared before their own Sovereigns, was shown to the Persian Court officials in pictures representing them, and was declared to be quite inadmissible. It was in vain that Malcolm pleaded that these uniforms were used upon similar occasions in England. 'They are not in use among you,' replied the Persian courtiers; 'do not attempt to deceive the King of Kings. We possess a picture of an English mission to Shah Abbas the Great. In the clothes therein depicted and in none other must the present British Ambassador appear before our Royal Master.' This picture was found to represent Sir Antony Shirley and his suite during his mission to Ispahan in the early days of the seventeenth century. Bearded, with a large Elizabethan ruff and even fuller trunk hose, he was utterly unlike his native nineteenth-century successor. Fortunately, however, a Persian who had been in Europe and had studied the dresses of the English Court and people, came to Malcolm's rescue and persuaded the Persian sticklers for Jacobean Court dress to accept the dark blue costume covered with gilt foliage and known as the Windsor uniform, which had come into fashion in the days of King George III.

Malcolm must have been a man of considerable

ability and resourcefulness, but in his day the ancient Monarchy of Persia had already entered upon a long period of decay. The seeds of it had been sown ever since the famous Nadir Shah, a Mayor of the Palace to the puppet Kings at Ispahan, had invaded India, seized the Peacock throne of Delhi and ruled Persia as a pitiless despot until his own murder in 1747. That event was the signal for the temporary break-up of Persia. An able Kurdish chieftain of the Zend tribe in Farsistan, named Kerim Khan, governed from his headquarters at Shiraz the greater part of South-Western Persia; but being, like our own Oliver Cromwell, unwilling to assume the perilous title of King, he contented himself with the less ambitious designation of 'acting ruler,' Vicegerent or 'Vakil,' perhaps on behalf of the absent Imam, whom the Persians had begun to revere as their lost but hidden legitimate Sovereign, ever since the fall of the great Sefavi house, founded by Shah Ismail, a Persian Mohammed II, and conqueror of Khorassan and Georgia from the Turks, as well as the ally of the great Mogul Emperor Humayun, after the latter had recovered the throne of Delhi.

The Zend Dynasty, founded by Kerim, was, however, of short duration; an able and ferocious eunuch of Turkoman race, known since his mutilation as Aga Mohammed Khan, detached from the rest of Persia his own province of Mazenderan, on the southern shore of the Caspian Sea, and at the head of his Kajar tribesmen and other mercenary nomads, subjugated the greater part of the ancient kingdom as far south as Kerman. This important city he sacked in 1794 with atrocious cruelty, tearing out the eyes of thousands of prisoners and killing, after subjecting him to horrible indignities and torments, the brave young

Pretender, Lutif Ali Khan, the legal heir of the just and wise Vakil, Kerim Khan, who had for a time resisted him with considerable success. Three years after this usurpation of the throne, he invaded and subjugated Georgia, but so deep was the hatred felt for him by his subjects and even his mercenary army that when he died by the hands of an assassin, his corpse was brutally outraged by his own soldiers, notwithstanding the fame and success which had crowned his last victorious campaign.

He was peaceably succeeded by his eldest nephew, Fath Ali Shah, a Prince as uxorious as Solomon, whose handsome features and magnificent dark and bushy beard Persian artists long delighted to depict. He was indeed very handsome and dignified as a young man and so numerous were his legal wives and concubines that the number of his surviving male descendants, when I went to Persia, about sixty years after his death, was asserted to be at least eight hundred. Unlike his predecessor, the savage and ignorant eunuch King, he endeavoured to conciliate the Persian clergy, which regarded the Kajars as a race of foreign Tartar usurpers, not perhaps quite as hateful as Nadir who had attempted to reunite Sunnis and the Shiahs, but nevertheless accursed as children of Turan or Tartary in the eyes of every Orthodox Persian.

A strange circumstance attendant on his death was described to me by a Persian friend, as a solemn illustration of the unerring and therefore inevitable vengeance of Heaven. He was walking, it is said, attended only by a few servants, in the crowded Bazaar at Tehran, when, on pausing to glance at the wares in a shop, a ragged dervish suddenly fixed his eyes on the huge but still black and glossy beard of which Fath Ali Shah was so inordinately proud, and

then, with a deep sigh, exclaimed, 'Alas! alas! that that magnificent beard must so soon crackle in the undying fires of hell.' The Shah lost his temper at this insult, as it seemed to him, and struck the holy beggar with his cane. 'You have sealed, as I expected, your own fate,' cried the dervish; 'but for that blow you might have had a respite, but to-morrow night you will awake from your last sleep on earth to enter upon an appalling eternity of torment.' Terror-stricken, the King fled to the Palace, and a few hours later expired there. His grandson and successor, Mohammed Shah, endeavoured to annex Herat in violation of an engagement entered into with England, and actually occupied the city, but was forced by our Government to abandon any attempt at interference with Afghanistan and was further compelled to this by the landing of a British Expedition in the Persian Gulf which restored Herat to the Afghan Amur. Nasreddin Shah, Mohammed's heir, reopened this quarrel with the British and Indian Governments, for Afghanistan was a constant cause of jealousy between the two States, and it was not until 1872 that all the questions involved in their differences were, albeit only temporarily, adjusted and Persia was finally permitted to occupy Gwadur on the north-east coast of the Persian Gulf as well as the islands of Ormuz and Kishm, claimed by the Arab Imams of Muscat, together with the eastern portions of Mekran and Seistan which hitherto had seemed to belong to the loosely organized realm of Baluchistan.

In 1873 Nasreddin Shah visited the chief capitals of Europe, including London, and my father was one of the officers on the Staff attached by Queen Victoria to his person while in England. I have a vivid recollection of this visit, for I was, at that time, an Eton

boy, and my form master and tutor, Mr. Marindin, made us write a Latin poem on the subject, telling us that we might call the Shah Achæmenides, a delightful suggestion, as 'Clarus' or 'Magnus' Achæmenides made up the whole half of a pentameter. We might also, we were told, contrast his pacific arrival from Paddington at Windsor with the disasters attendant on the efforts of his predecessor Xerxes to cross the Hellespont with an army into Europe. Queen Victoria, who was in strong sympathy with Mr. Disraeli's design of proclaiming her as Empress of India, was greatly interested in the Shah's visit. She awaited him at the entrance of Windsor Castle and, perhaps slightly to his own surprise, kissed the Persian monarch on the cheek alike on his arrival and departure. She moreover, in defiance of the rule that a Knight of the Garter must profess the Christian faith, herself invested him with the insignia of that Order. A review took place in his honour in Windsor Park, during which a Persian grandee tumbled off his horse; and I have myself a somewhat vivid recollection of seeing Achæmenides himself, a dark man with a heavy moustache and a lamb's-wool head-dress or Kulah riding on a fine white horse with a bright pink tail. My father told us some quaint anecdotes about the Shah. One of them described his astonishment, when he rose at dawn to recite the first of the seven daily Moslem prayers, on observing, as he looked out of the window, the regularity with which the sentry on guard before the Palace kept pacing his beat, instead of dozing or even sitting down – and this, although there was no one to prevent him from taking a nap in his own sentry-box. Another tale described his still greater surprise when, on visiting Trentham, he noted the numbers and the size, efficiency and arms of the

local Yeomanry and Volunteers, who paraded before him and before the Prince of Wales under the command of the then Duke of Sutherland. 'Are you not afraid,' the Shah was said to have asked the Prince, 'to permit one of your own future subjects to command so large and so well equipped an army? You know your own business, of course, a good deal better than I can; but, speaking personally, if I were you' – and here he stopped, pointed to the Duke with his right hand, whilst significantly passing his left across his own throat and then said, in an audible whisper – 'that, I think, might perhaps prove to be, in the long run, your wisest and safest course.'

Nasreddin Shah was a good deal interested in our methods of capital punishment and was, it was said, very desirous of seeing a criminal hanged. It was alleged, in fact, that on learning, when at Newgate, that no victim was available for the purpose, he turned to a number of his staff and uttered a few words in Persian. No sooner had he spoken than two of his courtiers were seen dragging forward a pale and protesting third, whom the Shah wished handed over to the hangman in order that he might himself obtain an opportunity of judging of the precise effect of the drop, and it was only with great difficulty that he could be persuaded to release the man. But this is, I think, unlikely. No Mohammedan Sovereign could put an innocent or unconvicted man to death.

He was indeed in these respects a genuine Oriental, completely indifferent to human suffering. During his persecution of the Babi Sectaries, who were doubtless a possible though really not a grave danger to his throne, he rivalled the atrocities perpetrated by Nero upon the early Christians, for he was said to have ordered blazing torches and candles to be inserted into

holes drilled in the naked bodies of the heretics, until they caught fire and were slowly burned to death. When the Emperor Alexander II of Russia was murdered, he was said to have begged Alexander III, instead of merely carrying out the commonplace sentence of hanging, habitually inflicted for high treason, to send the conspirators to Tehran, where he guaranteed a series of horrible tortures, unsurpassable in any European or even Asiatic kingdom. In one respect he appears to have attained a somewhat higher standard of civilization, for he was shocked and surprised at the low gowns of the ladies both in England and on the Continent, and when the French Government gave a great Gala Ballet at Paris, in his honour, at which the French dancers appeared in what struck him as indecent attire, he considered their scanty costume, which, in fact, approached that of Eden, as a mark of disrespect to himself and abruptly left the box assigned to him, with the whole of his reluctant and disappointed suite. He was murdered, twelve years later, by a religious fanatic, whilst praying at the shrine of Shah Abdul Azim near Tehran, and although when he was carried out of the Mosque he was already dead, the Grand Vizier, apprehensive that the news of the Sovereign's assassination might occasion disturbances in the city, caused the corpse to be placed on his right hand in the carriage and supported it with his own arm, until the royal Palace had been reached and the necessary measures could be taken to proclaim the heir apparent's accession to the throne.

The new sovereign, Mozaffer ed Din, was the second son of Nasreddin Shah. His elder brother's mother was a 'sighah,' that is, a legitimate wife, but not of royal rank, or as the Germans would put it, 'eben-

bürtig.' The younger son was therefore preferred to the elder, who was known as the Zil es Sultan or Shadow of the King, a preference in many ways unfortunate for Persia, since the Zil, a man of strong character and remarkable vigour and ability, would, had he been given the opportunity, have probably proved a wiser king. There was little love lost between the two brothers; the Zil, in his boyish and later youthful moments of frankness, was often wont to flourish a sword which his father had given him and which he significantly called 'Mozafferkush' or 'The Slayer of Mozaffer.' Nasreddin Shah had entrusted him, as his first-born, on his attaining the age of manhood, with the government of a considerable portion of Central and South-Western Persia which he administered from the old royal capital of Ispahan, the favourite residence of the great Sefavi Princes whose magnificent buildings are adorned by fine landscapes and portraits in the European style, the work of monkish or missionary painters, themselves trained in the schools of Italy at a period when Italian art was still supreme or was rivalled only by that of Spain and of Flanders.

Later on, I got to know the Zil es Sultan very well, for I was several times his guest at Ispahan and he honoured me with his presence at dinner at His Majesty's Legation at Tehran. When I made his acquaintance he was already an elderly man, the father of several handsome boys, one of whom, Bahram Mirza, a charming young Prince, was afterwards drowned at sea; his Anglophile sentiments and his liking for our Consul-General, Mr. Preece, and for his own children's English teacher, Captain Swift, had rendered the Russian Consul-General, M. Dabija, his determined enemy: and many amusing anecdotes were related of their sharp reciprocal encounters. One of

these told how, when the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia was blown to pieces by the bomb of a Nihilist assassin, the Russian Consul-General complained of the Zil's discourtesy in not calling to condole with him on this atrocious murder, whereupon he replied that there was no need to deplore an event which had never really taken place. 'Explain yourself,' said the Russian Consul. 'Do you mean to doubt the truth of the assassination?' 'Of course I entirely disbelieve it,' exclaimed the Zil, 'and my disbelief is based on your own advice; for it was only announced here by Reuter's English agency, and you have repeatedly impressed upon me the fact that news derived from any English sources may safely be at once dismissed as lies. Let us therefore now rejoice together at your illustrious Grand Duke's happy escape.'

Another somewhat comic incident turned upon the visit to the Zil of a Polish physician, whom M. Dabija had recommended, and who had charged an enormous sum for his treatment. As the Pole was a Russian subject, His Royal Highness did not like to have trouble about his claims with the Russian Consul-General, and he accordingly at once paid to him the whole large amount shown in his bills. The Polish doctor entrusted the bag containing this money to one of his mounted escort from the city of Ispahan to the border of the small neighbouring province of Natenz. He had only ridden a mile or so within the limits of the latter district when a band of apparent highwaymen surrounded the doctor and his followers and immediately relieved the former of the bag containing the Zil es Sultan's enormous fees. As this robbery had been clearly committed by persons described as unknown, within the limits of the small and fertile province of Natenz, the local governor of that

district was called upon, notwithstanding his loud protests of ignorance and innocence, to refund the money taken from the Pole by the so-called 'unknown persons,' whom everybody believed, although no one dared to say so in public, to have been employed for that object by the Zil. The Polish doctor was loud in his complaints, but never, I believe, recovered his lost fees. The whole story is peculiarly Persian, a parable, so to speak, of the 'biter bit' not unworthy of the *Arabian Nights*.

Before leaving home for my new post in Persia I was entertained at dinner, with several of my Foreign Office colleagues, at the Persian Legation, by the Shah's Minister, the Ala-es-Sultaneh, with whom I was to cultivate later on a sincere friendship, based on reciprocal confidence and on similar views in regard to Persian affairs.

At Brussels, I met Mr. Preece, British Consul-General of Ispahan, and travelled with him through Southern Russia and Transcaucasia to Baku, whence we crossed to the Persian port of Enzeli, a short distance north of Resht, the capital of the province of Ghilan. There I was received by the Mehmandar or official welcomer of distinguished guests, whom the Shah's Government had sent down to receive me. The Nawab Hussein Kuli Khan – for that was this officer's name – was a member of a distinguished Indian Shiah family, and his brother, Abbas Kuli Khan, assisted me with considerable ability as Oriental Secretary of our Legation.

The Legation at Tehran proved to be a large, roomy and handsome building, standing in extensive grounds, irrigated by kanats or water-courses, and situated at the northern end of the city, at a short walking distance from the gates, in the ramparts of earth which bounded it to the north.

It was within an easy distance of the principal Government offices and of the Royal Palace, which lay half-way between the southern wall, overlooking the roads to Hamadan and Bagdad to the west as well as southwards to Ispahan and the Persian Gulf, whilst the eastern road, a great artery, had long connected the capital with Khorassan, Seistan and, beyond them, with Afghanistan and India.

On the outskirts of the Persian capital, I was met by Sir Cecil Spring Rice, the British *Chargé d'Affaires*, my own schoolfellow and friend, both at Eton and Balliol, by Colonel Scheider, our military attaché, and by the principal British residents, the managers of the British Imperial Bank, Mr. Rabino of the Indian Telegraph Department, Mr. Barker, and Mr. Esselsteyn, an American Presbyterian clergyman, who acted as chaplain to the British and other Protestant residents. Spring Rice was to leave for Egypt on my arrival, but I spent several instructive days with him at the Legation house, a comfortable modern building of somewhat pretentious appearance, situated together with some smaller houses for married secretaries, in a vast garden watered by canals. Our house was not more than a few moments' walk from the long line of earthen ramparts, already mentioned, which marked the northern limit of the city, and beyond which lay a vast, shadeless, but highly cultivable plain extending in every direction, bounded on the north by a great chain of mountains, separating Central Persia from the less healthy but more luxuriant regions of the coast.

A few days after my arrival I handed my credentials to Mozaffer ed Din Shah at the Ark or Royal Palace, situated in the centre of the city, about twenty minutes' ride from the Legation. He presented a

dignified appearance in his military uniform and black lamb's-wool cap or kulah, looked well-bred, with good features and a straight, slightly aquiline nose, but rather older than his real age, for his brow and face were beginning to be wrinkled and his long moustache was already fast turning to grey. He welcomed me politely, but was sufficiently lacking in good taste to make in somewhat unintelligible French an allusion far from flattering to my predecessor, Sir Mortimer Durand, to which I avoided replying by affecting not to understand its purport. My relative, Sir Edmund Monson, then British Ambassador at Vienna, had prepared me to some extent for this attitude on the Shah's part: for he had told me that His Majesty, when he met him last in Austria, had expressed, in conversation with himself, his satisfaction at the fact that I belonged to the British Diplomatic and not to the Indian Political Service. The inordinate vanity of the Persians had long made them affect to look down upon any British official accredited to a Prince 'in subordinate alliance with the Government of India,' and suggested a suspicion that an Asiatic potentate, such as the Amir of Cabul or the Imam of Muscat, might be, in this respect, insufficiently distinguished from the Achæmenid, Sassanian and Sefavean Sovereigns of Persia.

At that moment, moreover, the Shah and his Ministers were in a state of complete vassalage to Russia, owing to their own reckless extravagance and folly. A debt, incurred in order to indemnify the so-called 'Imperial Tobacco Corporation,' had necessitated further borrowing on a still more expensive scale. In 1900, the year which preceded my arrival at Tehran, a Russian Institution, the Banque des Prêts de Perse, created some years earlier, had advanced a

sum equal to £2,400,000 sterling at 5 per cent. on the security of the Persian Customs other than those of Fars and of the Persian Gulf, which had been already pledged in return for an earlier loan; for in May, 1892, the Shah had obtained through a British Institution, the Imperial Bank of Persia, which owed its creation mainly to Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, a loan of half a million pounds, repayable in fourteen years, and guaranteed by the Customs of Southern Persia. The new agreement with Russia, which the Shah had now accepted, stipulated that no further loan should be contracted in or with any foreign country without the Russian Government's consent, and by this ingenious provision the Russian Minister at Tehran had acquired the power which makes the House of Commons supreme in our own country; in other words, the sole and exclusive provision of supplies to the Persian executive. This advantage was especially valuable when the Sovereign was, like Mozaffer ed Din Shah, a weak, childish and ignorant puppet, brought up, whilst acting as nominal viceroy of Azerbaijan, in an atmosphere of subservience to Russia, or rather to her able representative, M. Pokitonoff, reputed to be a bitter Anglophobe, who, when I subsequently visited Tabriz, contrived a temporary diplomatic absence in order to avoid having to call on me.

About a fortnight after the presentation of my letters of credence, I had a second audience of His Persian Majesty, in order to announce to him, on behalf of the British Foreign Office, the death of Queen Victoria and the succession to her throne of King Edward VII, at first sight a slightly futile formality, inasmuch as I had already delivered my credentials as my new Sovereign's representative in

Persia. Had I not been ineligible as a British diplomatist for such an honour, I should, on this occsion, have received the high Persian decoration of the 'Lion and Sun,' which was usually given to Foreign Envoys on their presentation, 'because,' so one of them rather cruelly observed, 'if they waited any time for this honour, they would find that they shared it with so many panders and other venal and disreputable scoundrels, that nothing would induce them to accept it.' At a later period it was given to my wife, who, woman-like, cared little for the reputation of her other associates, provided she received a pretty jewel.

The Foreign Minister with whom I transacted my regular business was known as the Mushir ed Dowleh, or Marshal of the State. He was a courteous old Persian gentleman, who concealed under a grave exterior a good deal of quiet determination and a capacity for evading awkward questions. He was, however, merely the shadow of the Sadr Adam or Grand Vizier, better known as the Amin es Sultan, who had recently displaced his predecessor as Prime Minister, the Amin ed Dowleh, or 'Trusted one of the State.' He himself had begun life as a Georgian slave from Transcaucasia, and he had the blue eyes and the light complexion of his race. He combined with an apparent frankness a cheerful, almost jovial, ease of manner, which frequently disarmed his most bitter and uncompromising foes. After the fall of his predecessor, the Amin ed Dowleh, whose son had unwisely divorced his one wife, the daughter of Mohsin Khan, Persian Ambassador at Constantinople, in order to marry a Royal Princess, thus making the Ambassador a bitter enemy, he had been recalled from a temporary banishment at Kum, and, although his own sympathies were not at heart Russian, he was

placed in a very difficult position by the condition of the loan contract already described, which, bestowing as it did upon Russia the sole right of advancing any future foreign loan, had given her a tremendous hold on the Persian Government. When he came to our Legation to dine and spend the evening after dinner, he was continually in the billiard-room. Dr. Odling, our Legation physician who kept the score, always contrived that the Grand Vizier should win, albeit only after a fairly severe and long contest, or that His Highness's opponent at chess should lose his queen when within a move or two of checkmating his opponent, thus enabling him to depart in the best of humour, not only with himself, but with his hosts. He himself had many attractive qualities. He was versatile, resourceful, good-natured, and a pleasant and persuasive companion. Among his conversational peculiarities was a curious trick or habit of describing himself in the third person singular, as 'a certain individual' (fulan kess). 'The Russian Minister,' he would observe to me, 'is greatly displeased at the support which a certain person is, as you know, constantly giving to any demand made by England,' or 'Some day the British Government will realize what it owes to a certain person's zealous advocacy of British interests in the face of determined opposition on the part of other Persian statesmen.' Later on, when his relations with Russia were less friendly than was the case during the early part of my mission, he used to indulge in merry jokes at the expense of the Russian and British Governments, comparing the red and white billiard balls to the Russian Envoy or myself. My Russian colleague, who did not appreciate this joke, when I mentioned it to him, frowned severely, and remarked, 'Qu'il prenne

garde: car c'est lui qui se trouvera le premier dans la poche.'

He occupied a handsome Palace within a short distance of our Legation, situated in a spacious garden, and richly furnished, partly in the Persian and partly in the modern European style. There he habitually gave dinners and evening parties to the official and diplomatic world of the Persian capital, including its European ladies. At my own Legation he was a frequent guest, and delighted in billiards and in chess, the latter game being somewhat different in Persia from that played in Europe, for the pawns could not advance more than one step at a time, instead of two in the first move, and the rules regarding castling were, in some respects, also unlike ours. The names of the pieces were, moreover, different. The Queen was called the Wazir or Prime Minister, the Bishop the 'Fil' or Elephant, whence the French corruption 'Fol' or 'Fou' (Jester), and the castle the 'Rukn' or corner, the origin of our English term 'Rook.'

Sometimes, when Europeans were not present, the Shah honoured his Grand Vizier by attending these festivities, and they occasionally took the form, so I was told, of roughish horseplay, some of the Ministers or Secretaries of States, the 'Arkan ed Dowleh' or 'bulwarks of the State,' as they were termed, wrestling with official colleagues, or pitching one another into a spacious pond, from which the servants dragged them panting and struggling not to sink, while their Sovereign shook with laughter at the sight. One special butt was, I was told, the Mehandis ul Memalik, or 'Engineer of the Realm,' a merry Minister of Public Works, whose cheerful temper no involuntary bath, even in his best clothes, could dispel.

The diplomatic body at Tehran was presided over,

as its Dean, by the Turkish Ambassador: for the only Embassy was that of the Sublime Porte. Shems ed din Bey, who then filled it, was an amiable and polished Turkish gentleman, nor was his name, 'The Sun of Religion,' a misnomer, for he possessed pleasant manners and a considerable learning in Mohammedan theology and law. He belonged to a secret confraternity of dervishes, I think the Bektashis, cultivated a long fair beard, and was profoundly interested in the metaphysical theology of Islam, which he used to explain and discuss with me at considerable length. He was himself, really, I think, a Sufi, and appeared to regard all intelligent creatures, or at least all human beings, as inspired or inhabited by a supernatural and indestructible afflatus or spirit: but these curious speculations facilitated his intercourse with the more learned members of the Persian clergy, some of whom I often met and talked with at his house. I imagine, indeed, that he was chosen for this very purpose by Sultan Abdul Hamid II, as an agent in the Panislamic propaganda, whose headquarters were at Yildiz Kiosk. Its aim was undoubtedly to unite Sunni and Shiah Islam in a common resistance to the encroachments of Europe, both in the Balkan Peninsula, in Northern Africa, in Egypt, in Arabia, and in the Persian and remoter Tartar East.

The difficulties of such a combination, especially in Persia, were very great, for the hatred of the Shiahs for the first four Caliphs was, and is still, so strong that some of the more enthusiastic members of the sect have, from time to time, sought to hasten their own entrance into Paradise by defiling the tombs of these usurpers and especially that of Omar, the chief object of their hatred at Mecca. It could only be restrained by the doctrine of 'Ketman' or pious dis-

simulation – in Arabic Takayah, which renders it lawful for a good Moslem to appear to dissemble or even to lie, for a really pious purpose. I remember myself going with the Turkish Ambassador to hear a great Tehran Mullah preach during the Moharram and being surprised at the fulsome eulogies which he heaped upon the Sultan of Turkey and on the sacred character of the latter as 'Lord of the two Continents and Seas' ('el barrein wa el bahrein'.) It was hinted to me afterwards, by a clerical friend, that this was mere polite dissimulation, in honour of a Sunni fellow-guest. On the whole, the ablest of the Persian Mullahs with whom I came in contact was a certain Sheikh Mohammed Abutaleb, a man of very broad religious and political opinions; and he told me that he had endeavoured, so far completely in vain, to suggest, or make concessions, in order to discover a common theological platform on which Shiah and Sunni could conscientiously meet and work together. I have touched on this question at perhaps unnecessary length, but it played – and I think still continues to do so – an important part in Persian politics and thought.

The Russian Minister came next in rank to the Turkish Ambassador, as the Envoy who had resided longest at Tehran. He was an elderly man, a grey-bearded bachelor of Greek descent, as his name Argyropulo implied, and he belonged, by his past antecedents, to that so-called 'Oriental section' of the St. Petersburg Foreign Office, which supplied, before the overthrow of the Russian Imperial Government, so many capable diplomatists to the Russian Embassies, Legations and Consulates, both in the nearer and the remoter East. The diplomatists of the Asiatic Department, of whom M. Zinovieff, well known to me

at St. Petersburg, was, I think, the ablest, were distinguished as a class by excessive reticence and were therefore reluctant to allude to any local political topics; and M. Argyropulo was no exception to this depressing rule. His reserve was indeed so great, that it purposely impelled some of the diplomatic ladies to tease – and even to agitate – him by purposely asking him indiscreet questions, for the purpose of hearing his evasive replies about the foreign politics of Persia. Mrs. Griscom, the attractive wife of one of our American Ministers, once determined for fun to draw him out on some difficult question of Russo-Persian policy. She plunged into it with studied indiscretion, and the Russian Minister, whom her inquiries had rendered almost speechless, looked as shocked as an old maid at the sudden relation of an improper joke, while he rushed frantically, to her great delight, into a flow of awkward and inconclusive inquiries as to what particular kind of flowers she preferred. I myself now and then touched on politics with my Russian colleague, but was usually answered by evasive generalities. On one occasion, after the Grand Vizier had told me that he was negotiating a new treaty of commerce with Russia and I ventured to ask my Russian colleague how these negotiations were getting on, he at once took refuge in some other very commonplace subject. I afterwards heard that he had complained of my inquiry to the Grand Vizier, and had warned him against any allusion to political matters in my presence. Such diplomacy seemed to me somewhat foolish, especially in a corrupt Eastern State, where information can be bought at quite reasonable prices from its officials, but the cultivation of this absolute reticence was a tradition of the Russian 'Oriental section.'

The German Empire was represented by Count Rex, a Saxon diplomatist, a jovial and contented bachelor, and the possessor of the best cook at Tehran in the person of a German *chef* named Stoessel. The policy of Germany in Persia and elsewhere in the East, was to push German trade in every form, whilst endeavouring, as far as possible, to envenom the rivalry of Great Britain and of Russia throughout Asia. Count Rex's first secretary, a Baron Von Kuhlmann, was a brilliant young military officer and diplomatist, who was afterwards Councillor of the German Embassy in London at the time of the outbreak of the great European War in 1914. For the purposes of Germany, Persia was mainly a post of observation, in which Anglo-Russian animosities could be fostered for the benefit of the Fatherland: and, with this aim in view, German agents and concession hunters now began to appear on the Persian Gulf and endeavoured to create new commercial interests and claims in various islands or ports situated on or near to its coasts.

The Austrian Minister, Baron Von Hammerstein, an old colleague of mine at Madrid, was married to a very charming Prussian lady, who soon became one of my wife's greatest friends. Austria was nominally neutral in the questions of the Middle East, but her general policy was to cultivate good relations with England rather than with the Franco-Russian alliance, for the latter was regarded as opposed to the interests and aims of the Central Powers which then constituted the Triple Alliance, acclaimed, at its birth, by Lord Salisbury, as 'glad tidings of great joy.' On the strength of this natural inclination, Baron von Hammerstein leaned to our side, and was always very ready to discuss in the frankest and most sympathetic

manner our occasional conflicts with Russia. Towards the end of my mission in Persia, when my wife and I were on leave at home, Baroness Von Hammerstein died, to our great sorrow, from a sudden and malignant attack of fever; and from that time onward her husband's grief at this misfortune rendered him an entirely changed man. I have corresponded with him occasionally at his home at Baden, near Vienna, where he lived after retiring from diplomacy and serving his country as a Colonel during the war of 1914, and I shall always look back with affection on our long and always friendly companionship.

The French Minister, M. Bourgarel, and his successor, during the later years of my stay in Persia, M. Defrance, were both of them able men; and the latter became his country's Ambassador at Constantinople, where he had already married, as a Secretary of Embassy, a very handsome and, I believe, wealthy Levantine lady of Greek race. He was, of course, himself frankly pro-Russian and anti-British, and he gave his decision against me in his capacity as arbitrator, in a conflict between the British Imperial Bank of Persia and a Russian litigant, which I had, somewhat foolishly, agreed to refer to him, in the belief that his judgment would prove completely impartial, like that of an Englishman placed in the same position, and would not for a moment be biassed by political consideration; nor should I be justified in insinuating that he conscientiously favoured, for political reasons, a deliberate miscarriage of justice.

My Italian colleague, Signor Maissa, had, like M. Defrance, spent the greater part of his public career as a Consul in the Nearer or Ottoman East. Himself an agreeable and well-informed diplomatist, he had had the misfortune, like our Austrian colleague, to

lose a wife who was liked and respected by every one who knew her, After this sad event he preferred to resign his position at Tehran, and obtained, if I am not mistaken, a transfer to the Italian Consulate-General at Beyrout.

The first important duty which confronted me a few months after my arrival at Tehran was that of securing for a British Company an important concession of Persian oil-fields. Although oil was believed to exist in abundance on the shores of the Persian Gulf, its deposits had never been seriously developed; but my predecessor, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, believed – and his opinion was supported by a Persian-Armenian financier named Kitabji Khan – that it might not improbably be found in abundance in the Turco-Persian frontier region which is traversed by the great pilgrim road from Tehran through Hamadan to Bagdad. Sir Henry Wolff accordingly wrote a letter of introduction, brought by a Mr. Marriott, whom he recommended in it to my good offices, and who would, he went on to say, explain to me fully the character and objects of his mission.

Its main end, which appeared to me well deserving of support, was to win the goodwill of the Persian Government by assigning shares in the proposed development of the rich oil-fields believed to exist in Western Persia to some of its most influential Ministers, including the Grand Vizier himself. I accordingly at once interviewed that statesman and strongly urged that the concession, which had been already laid before him and which, if I remember correctly, gave exclusive rights to dig for oil throughout Persia, except in the provinces bordering on Russia – Azerbaijan, Ghilan, Mazenderan and Khorassan – to an Australian mining magnate, a

Mr. D'Arcy, who was ready to finance the undertaking. The Grand Vizier declared himself prepared to fall in with the project, but he suggested that a letter – to be written by me, in the Persian language, embodying its main features – should be immediately drawn up for submission to the Russian Legation. He was aware that M. Argyropulo could not read Persian, more especially in the written or 'shikasté' character, which is illegible, owing to its peculiar abbreviations, even to scholars familiar with the printed language. He also knew from his own spies that the Russian Oriental Secretary, M. Stritter, who alone could read it, was about to leave Zergendeh, the summer residence of the Russian Legation, for a short sporting excursion in the neighbouring hills. He therefore sent the letter to Zergendeh, where it lay several days untranslated, awaiting M. Stritter's return, and as no objection to the proposal contained in it was made by the Russian Minister, who could not read it, and never suspected the importance of its contents, all the Persian members of the Government supported the Grand Vizier's decision to sign the concession to Mr. D'Arcy. M. Argyropulo was far from pleased when he learnt what had actually happened; but the Grand Vizier could not be blamed for the accidental and temporary absence of his Legation's Persian translator, and the Russian Minister accordingly adopted the sensible course of accepting the accomplished fact. He required, however, some compensation at the hands of the Persian Government, though he had to wait a little time for it. A young Scotchman named Maclean held a subordinate post of some importance in the Persian Ministry of Finance, and the Russian Minister now pressed for his removal, as a sort of compensation for

the Persian oil concession obtained by me. I objected strongly to this and had, for the first time since my arrival in Persia, a very unpleasant interview with the Grand Vizier, who tried to argue that economy and not Anglophobia, inspired from St. Petersburg, was the real motive of Maclean's dismissal, and that it was, after all, a matter for the Shah's decision alone. This latter proposition was, of course, strictly speaking, a true one: and I was obliged to content myself with conferring on Maclean an honorary post as commercial attaché in His Majesty's Legation at Tehran. From that moment, however, I began to realize that where the interests of Russia were concerned I could not rely on the Grand Vizier, that the Shah, who was merely an elderly child, was himself a broken reed, and that the Persian monarchy itself was an old, long-mismanaged estate, ready to be knocked down at once to whatever Foreign Power bid highest, or threatened most loudly its degenerate and defenceless rulers.

The real key to the political situation was the financial one. By the Russian loan agreement, the Persian Government had covenanted to accept no new foreign loan without the previous sanction of Russia. As an internal loan was then out of the question, since no Persian or foreign capitalist was prepared to advance money to the Shah, Russia had acquired that exclusive right of granting him supplies. It was notorious that Mozaffer ed Din Shah was bent on foreign travel, that his ignorance and indifference to the interests of his country knew no limits, that the funds required for this purpose could only be obtained from St. Petersburg and that their price must be as complete a subservience to the counsels of Russia as that of the Ameer of Bokhara and of the Khans of

Khiva and Khokand. I had, moreover, ascertained that the Grand Vizier was contemplating a new treaty of commerce with Russia, which would probably be detrimental to British interests, and that our own existing Anglo-Persian treaty only gave us 'most favoured nation treatment,' a very unsatisfactory security, inasmuch as the details of the new commercial agreement might easily be so arranged as to operate to our disadvantage. The supremacy of Russia was in fact, though not as complete as our own in Egypt, already effective, for a well-armed and well-drilled force of Persian Cossacks had been created by an able Russian officer, a Colonel Kosakovsky, under whose orders it had been placed, but the regular Persian Army had been for some time below contempt.

I was amused one day, on coming out of the gate of our Legation, to notice that the Persian sentry on duty, who was lolling on a mat, neglected, as I passed, to rise and present arms. I asked him why he had not done so, and how long he had been a soldier. 'I am not,' he replied, 'one really, and therefore know nothing about salutes, but my brother, who has gone on a short holiday to his village for a wedding, and who is himself in the army, has left me his own uniform and rifle. I am really very sorry not to know how I ought to present arms; but perhaps you will be kind enough to teach me, so that, while he is away, I may not offend you again.'

Indeed, in many of the Persian garrisons, the nominal soldiers composing them performed no real military duties whatsoever. Their commanding officers let them out on hire as gardeners or workmen to local landowners and cheerfully pocketed the wages which the men had earned in those capacities. On one

occasion at Meshed, so I was told, the Sepeh Salar or Commander-in-Chief of the Persian Army, came to pay an official visit to the division which was nominally quartered in that city. As the men composing it were all labouring on adjacent properties, as gardeners, artisans, mechanics, or assistants in shops and bazaars, for wages which the military governor eventually seized himself, it was difficult to collect them in less than a week or ten days from the farms and villages among which they were scattered, in time for their parade of inspection. A bright idea, however, struck the Governor-General of Khorassan. Meshed, as became a sacred city beloved of pious pilgrims, was full of ragged dervishes and religious beggars dwelling near the holy shrine of Imam Riza and subsisting on the alms of pious visitors and of other less virtuous persons, who paid for and married 'temporary wives,' divorcing them at the close of some two or three weeks. The Governor-General accordingly gave orders that these ragged figures of fun should be quickly collected, dressed in such relics of old uniforms as the barracks contained, and then paraded as the regular garrison of the great province of Khorassan. Unfortunately their grotesque appearance, when disguised in various fragments of long-disused and moth-eaten tunics and trousers, produced not merely on the General charged with their inspection, but also on the whole populace of Meshed, such delighted fits of laughter that the motley force had to be at once dismissed. The officer in command, so at least I was assured, paid a large sum of hush-money to the Sepeh Salar, but escaped the loss of the office which he had dreaded; and the ragged actors in the disbanded military force resumed their former duties as ploughmen, shop assistants and devout religious beggars.

'Let me relate to you,' said a Persian friend with whom I was discussing the conditions of his country's army, 'a tale illustrated by the experience of a famous Persian hero, who was known as the "Atabek," without any other qualifications. This warrior was famous for his reckless and indomitable courage, but in order to strike greater terror into the foe, he conceived the idea of tattooing upon his right arm the gigantic figure of a not less formidable lion, whose appearance on that muscular member, when he bared it for the fight, would strike terror into the boldest of his foes. The tattooer commenced his work, but he experienced some difficulties with the painfully curly incision representing the monster's huge tail and the lesser curves which depicted its appallingly sharp claws and teeth. Their delineation wrung, in fact, the most agonizing groans and piteous yells from the hero, as the sharp point of the artist's instrument cut into his quivering flesh. "We will," he exclaimed, "be content with a general figure of the lion; never mind the claws or the teeth – and we can, I think, also drop the twisted tail." The Atabek's lion,' my friend continued, 'is a true emblem of our Persian Army; just as that formidable monster possessed neither claws, teeth, nor a tail, so our military forces, alas! possess neither infantry, nor cavalry, nor guns.'

Inasmuch as the Cossack force under Colonel Kosakovsky was a visible emblem of Russian power, I determined to exhibit an outward and visible sign of the at least equal military resources of Great Britain. With this object, I obtained, through the Government of India, a small force of Indian sowars or cavalry to act as an escort and guard of honour to the British Minister and his successors in Persia. These turbaned Indian soldiers, some Sikhs and the rest

Indian Mohammedans, constituted an outward evidence of British strength, whilst their presence, as a mainly Moslem escort and guard of honour attached to the King-Emperor's representative, impressed on the Persian troops as well as on the people at Tehran some idea of the might and majesty of the British Empire. They formed a brilliant guard of honour, not merely in the capital, but in all the other chief consulates in important Persian cities such as Meshed, Ispahan and Shiraz.

Desirous of increasing the revenues of Persia, on which the Shah's lavish expenditure was making fresh inroads, the Grand Vizier had determined to reorganize the Customs administration and place it under the control of a European staff, recruited from the neutral realm of Belgium. As the chief of this department he had selected an able Belgian official, M. Naus, who resided at Tehran, and a number of Belgian subordinates, stationed in all the most important provincial ports and other centres. This Belgian administration played a somewhat important part in Persian politics, and though I myself always believed that M. Naus was himself neutral in regard to the foreign politics of Russia, the financial dependence resulting from the Russian loan of 1898 compelled the Persian Government to cultivate Russian friendship and, to some extent, induced it, as an inevitable consequence, to prefer that friendship to our own. Our natural interest was, of course, to preserve the integrity and independence of the Persian monarchy, as a buffer State between Russia and India; but just as the Yezidis, those strange Kurdish sectaries, prefer to worship Satan rather than God, – inasmuch as the former is vindictive whilst the latter is indulgent and full of compassion and lovingkindness, – so the Shah

and Grand Vizier were inclined to propitiate, at the expense of a Power trusted by them as at bottom friendly, the formidable Empire which threatened the whole of their northern frontier, from Julfa in the Caucasus to the eastern extremity of Khorassan. Nor was this in itself unreasonable, for the Transcaspian Railway, constructed some years earlier by General Annenkoff, had a station at Duchak, an easy ride of two or three miles from the Persian border in that region.

The Indian officials who were delimitating under Colonel MacMahon the Anglo-Persian boundary in Seistan and that between Persia and Afghanistan, complained to me bitterly – and their complaints were re-echoed from Simla and Calcutta – of the pronounced Russian partisanship displayed by the Belgian Customs officers: and similar remonstrances repeatedly reached me from our Consuls and Agents in other places. Aware as I was, ever since the dismissal of Mr. Maclean, that the Grand Vizier could not be relied on to stand up to my Russian colleague, I had long viewed with a good deal of misgiving the prospect of a new Russo-Persian commercial treaty, in which I was aware that M. Naus would be certain to have a powerful voice. Realizing moreover, that he was open to argument, and had at heart, apart from his personal desire to serve his chief, the Grand Vizier, no genuine preference for Russia as compared with England, I avoided, as far as I could, any friction with his powerful department, and, in fact, did my best to work with him and make him, if possible, a friend. Lord Curzon was inclined to reproach me with this, when we met some years later in the Persian Gulf, but I am obstinate enough to believe that I was in the long run right.

In June, 1902, my wife joined me in Persia, and we spent a delightful summer, partly at Gulahek, the country residence of the Legation, situated at a short distance from Tehran, and partly in tents on the banks of the River Lar, which runs there through very wild scenery recalling that of the Scottish Highlands, and inhabited partly by a few pastoral ilyats or nomad pastoral tribes and partly by the horses and mares belonging to the Shah. We had a large dining tent and another for the work of the Chancery, as despatches and telegraphic messages were continually passing to and fro from Tehran. My wife's chief complaint of a smaller tent in which we slept was that tame buffaloes and camels of the nomads woke her up at all hours of the night and early morning by scratching and rubbing themselves against our tent ropes. Life was pleasanter in these wild surroundings than at Gulahek and Zergendeh, the country residence of the Russian Legation; for these had long been privileged villages, ruled and administered by the two Ministers of the two great rival European Powers and, like those two residences, both constituted 'bast' or refuges not inferior for practical purpose in sanctity to mosques or sacred shrines, in which Persians in difficulties with their own authorities were wont to seek shelter from arrest or other forms of persecution. What was still more curious was that Persian officials against whom complaints had been made by Foreign Governments were in the habit of taking refuge and living in our grounds. One day I was told that a petty local governor who had been accused of maltreating a British-Indian subject, by hanging him head downwards in a dry well till he paid a high price for a passport, had just pitched his tent over a table, near which his cook was busy preparing a repast in a

field belonging to our summer Legation house; and had formally refused to leave it unless I would give him a free pardon. I sent for him and told him that he might depart in peace, but that he must understand that I could never consent to his re-employment in any town or district inhabited by Indian or other protected British subjects. 'Had you not,' he said, 'made this reservation, I would certainly have asked you to do so. You have, in fact, anticipated another of my prayers, for I never wish again to be placed in command of a town or district containing Indians, British Consuls or other persons enjoying your high protection.'

In addition to the Foreign Legations, certain shrines such as the great mosque at Meshed and the sanctuary a few miles from Tehran, Shah Abdul Azim, were recognized places of security or 'basts' for persons guilty of some offence against the Government, thus resembling our own 'Whitefriars' and Alsatia in the later years of the Stuart Dynasty. The Shah's stables constituted another traditional place of refuge from the Persian police, but in this case it was stated to be necessary that refugees should be shown to have clasped or held on to, even at some danger of being badly kicked, one or more of the pink tails of His Majesty's horses, and this peril was actually faced by some discontented officials of the post office, who had struck or mutinied as a means of obtaining better pay.

For some weeks, during one of my stays at Gulahek, I observed a seeker of sanctuary, a bald old man, who had tied himself to the flagstaff in our compound, from which the Union Jack flew, and who obstinately declined to relax his grip upon it until his grievances had been thoroughly examined and redressed. Higher

personages, even Ministers, although more rarely, were not above taking 'bast' or refuge either in a shrine or in a Legation or, in some rarer cases, at the house of the very Minister whose hostility they had reason to anticipate or dread. It would not be easy to picture such opposition leaders as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald or Mr. Snowden, concealed at No. 10, Downing Street, under the bed of Mr. Baldwin and firmly declining to quit its protection until they had extorted from its owner the promise to vote for 'a capital levy.' These curious methods, when practised occasionally by large bodies of malcontents, were, in effect, an equivalent of the railway and other strikes, so frequent in our own more progressive society; the most celebrated of them was probably the invasion, in the time of my successor, of the British Legation and garden at Tehran by several thousands of political malcontents who, in 1906, encamped with a swarm of attendants, cooks, coolies, supplies of food and kitchen utensils in the gardens at Tehran, declaring their firm resolve not to leave them until the Shah should form a new progressive Ministry and initiate political and constitutional reform.

In the winter of 1901, soon after my discussion with the Grand Vizier about the commercial treaty, the Shah somewhat suddenly announced his intention to make a tour in Europe, visiting all its principal capitals – except Sunni Constantinople – and spending some time in England. I prepared Lord Salisbury for this visit, for which there was fortunately a precedent in the case of his father, Nasreddin Shah. Queen Victoria had, however, created a new and awkward precedent by bestowing the Order of the Garter, a decoration which had hitherto been confined to Christian Princes, not merely upon the Turkish

Sultans Abdul Medjid and Abdul Aziz, but upon Nasreddin Shah himself. It was clear, therefore, that if the latter Sovereign's son and successor were to pay a State visit to London and were not to receive the Garter, a slight would be placed upon him of a nature to wound the sensitive pride of the Persian monarch and thus play into the hands of Russia, which would take every advantage of it. If, however, the Shah received the Garter, it would be very difficult to answer, without giving offence, the claim of the Sultan of Turkey, two of whose immediate predecessors had received it, but who had, by his cruel massacre of so many of his unfortunate Armenian Christian subjects, disqualified himself for membership of a distinctively Christian brotherhood of chivalry. Our Ambassador at Constantinople, Sir Nicholas O'Connor, insisted, however, very strongly, that unless the Turkish Government were to be made an enemy and perhaps driven into an alliance with Germany or Russia, full of peril to our Eastern interests, the Garter could not be bestowed on the Shah and withheld from the Sultan of Turkey.

My own answer to this argument was that the Shah was coming to London as our King's guest, and that if he were invited, as was actually the case, to St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Paris, we could not refuse to receive him, as his father had been received, in London; that this implied the bestowal of the Garter, and that although Mozaffer ed Din Shah could not be regarded as a great Sovereign, he was not, like his father, stained by the horrible persecutions of the Babis; and that his short reign had, generally speaking, been, if not brilliant, at least unstained by any atrocious act of cruelty. It appeared to me very improbable that the Sultan of Turkey, terrified as he was by the con-

stant fear of deposition, if not assassination, would seek to visit England or any other foreign country, and it would be sufficient to deal with the difficulty of such a visit when the Foreign Office was actually confronted with it. Lady Hardinge, who had been staying at Sandringham, wrote to me that the question had been discussed there between King Edward and the Bishop of Rochester, now Primate of All England, and that the latter had expressed his opinion that there was nothing in the statutes of the Order of the Garter to forbid its bestowal on an unbaptized foreign Sovereign or President.

On arriving in England I went straight to Buckingham Palace, in order to see the King and discuss the arrangements to be made for the Shah's reception. I found His Majesty with Lord Knollys, and was somewhat taken aback by learning that it might not be easy to bestow the Garter on the Shah, mainly owing to the difficulty of withholding it from his brother Sovereign of Turkey. It had at first been proposed that Dorchester House should be placed at the disposal of Mozaffer ed Din and his suite, but this suggestion proved unwelcome to the Persians, for this building, one of the handsomest in London, had been occupied by an Afghan Prince – I think Habibullah Khan – and a somewhat unpolished retinue, who were said to have sacrificed and cut up sheep on its sofas and best carpets. It was therefore deemed by them as unsuited for the reception of so exalted a personage as their own Sovereign and his Court. Fortunately, Marlborough House, which King Edward VII had vacated for Buckingham Palace, was unoccupied and was able to be rapidly fitted up, so as to accommodate the Persian King of Kings and his large retinue.

I went over to Carlsbad to see the Shah, who was

taking the waters there, and explained to the Grand Vizier the programme of his Sovereign's reception in England.

The arrival of the Shah and his suite in England was unexpectedly delayed, at the end of the month of June, by the serious illness of King Edward, which necessitated the postponement of his Coronation, and it was not until some weeks later that a date for the Persian monarch's reception could be fixed.

Meanwhile, on August 26, the King had undergone the trying ordeal of the Coronation Service, one of the most impressive pageants I have ever witnessed, and had arranged to receive the Shah's visit on board the Royal yacht in the waters of the Isle of Wight. As the Government, doubtless from reluctance to offend the Sultan of Turkey, continued to persist in its refusal to bestow the Garter on the Shah of Persia, it was decided that no order of inferior rank could be given him, but that the King might present him with portraits of himself and of the Queen, adorned with rich diamonds and other precious stones.

Prince Arthur of Connaught was directed to meet the Persian Sovereign at Dover and accompany him, after a night's rest at the 'Lord Warden,' to Marlborough House. On the following day, a State banquet was given in his honour by the Prince of Wales, as representing the King (who was still recovering from his serious operation), at Buckingham Palace, and I noticed that His Royal Highness, in the speech proposing the Shah's health, alluded in very friendly terms to the friendly relations between his own family and the Imperial House of Russia.

Mozaffer ed Din visited the chief places of interest in London, as well as Windsor Castle and Woolwich Arsenal, where he was entertained by Lord Roberts at

luncheon: and he held a levee at Marlborough House, his own temporary residence, at which all the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers in London were formally presented to him. He looked a good deal bored as these dignitaries, some in uniform and others in evening dress, filed past and bowed to him one after the other; but his somewhat weary face brightened into a broad smile as the negro Envoy from Hayti arrived, in a swallow-tailed suit, as black as his own complexion, and made his bow. 'Habshi! Habshi!' the Shah exclaimed – the Persian name for the natives of Habesh or Abyssinia – many of whom served as safe guardians of the harem; and he was a good deal surprised when the dusky diplomatist replied to him in fluent French.

A still more comic scene took place during a visit which Lord Lansdowne paid to his Persian Majesty at Marlborough House, for the gramophone, of which the Shah was very fond, had just been turned on, and neither the British Foreign Minister nor his Royal guest could stop the strains of a long series of popular ditties till they rang for the assistance of the servants. The Grand Vizier made, I think, a good impression on the British statesmen whom he met, and especially on Lord Lansdowne, for his manner had a genial frankness which at once disarmed distrust.

When I dined at Lansdowne House on the eve of the Persian Royal visit to Portsmouth, I asked my chief whether he had prepared the Grand Vizier for the difficulties arising out of the question of the Garter and he replied that he had taken it very well.

I was thus in hopes that, after all, my fears of a fiasco would prove unfounded, and I travelled next morning, in a more cheerful spirit, from Victoria to Portsmouth with Lord Lansdowne and the Persian Minister in London, who was not, I think, a friend of

the Grand Vizier. The latter confided to me, that the Shah had learned that there were difficulties about giving him the Garter and that his pride had been sharply wounded. His Persian Majesty had told him, and he had, I gathered, repeated it to Lord Lansdowne, that his friendship for England was independent of any interchange of decorations or other presents. He had not sought these, nor would their bestowal or refusal affect in the slightest degree his regard for the British Empire and for its illustrious Head. The latter might grant or withhold from him pledges of his goodwill in the form of decorations or presents; he himself asked for no such honours, but if it was proposed to offer him a British decoration it must be quite clearly understood that he could only accept the Garter, which Queen Victoria had conferred, under similar conditions, to his father. This language had, I have little doubt, been reported by the Ala-es-Sultaneh to the Grand Vizier, but the latter was probably too timid or irresolute to repeat it to Lord Lansdowne or myself.

When we reached the Royal yacht, the King at once sent for me to his cabin and showed me the jewelled miniatures of the Queen and of himself, as well as of other members of his family, which it had, he said, been his intention to present to his Persian brother Sovereign. With the charming urbanity which was one of his most attractive characteristics, he did his utmost, when they met on the yacht, to make the Shah feel completely at his ease. He welcomed him most cordially and asked him to take the Queen on his arm to luncheon, which was served on deck; but before it was half over Their Majesties had between them completely won the sympathies and affection of their Asiatic guest. The King's unsurpassed charm of

manner, his cheerful and familiar talk so soon after undergoing a painful operation, combined with the simplicity, the grace and the beauty of the Queen, completely dispelled any feeling of resentment at the withholding of the Garter from the Shah, which might have lingered in the mind of the latter, and, to my great delight, His Majesty relieved the whole difficult situation by intimating his intention, as he could not himself undertake the long journey to Persia, to send there as soon as possible an English nobleman, who would present the Order of the Garter to his Persian brother monarch. The effect of the new situation thus created was instantaneous, and the personal aspects and incidents of King Edward's welcome to him at Portsmouth effaced every trace of suspicion or distrust. Nearly a year afterwards, in the course of a somewhat unpleasant interview, which I had with the Shah, and during which he took me to task for a representation which his Grand Vizier had resented, he reminded me of the emphasis with which my Royal Master had laid stress on his own resolution to maintain a steady friendship with Persia. 'Have you forgotten,' he asked me, 'your Sovereign's warm welcome of me on his yacht? I myself can never do so.' It was indeed characteristic of King Edward's almost magical power of winning sympathies in the most unlikely quarters that he should, in the very act of disappointing, at least at first sight, a sensitive Royal guest, have contrived so successfully to win his affection and render him a devoted friend for life.

I accordingly wrote to His Majesty to explain that however tiresome he might have found my representations, my one object was to promote and protect British influence and commerce in Persia; and when, two years later, I returned to England and had several

opportunities of discussing these matters with the King at Balmoral, I found myself fully forgiven. I attribute this happy result mainly to my wife's representations, when she met King Edward at Marienbad, for, from that time onward, I was always most kindly treated by him. He was, indeed, graciously pleased to be godfather to my second son, born in London in September, 1905, whose brief life only lasted for four months, and my subsequent relations with him at Brussels, where I acted as his Minister until after his deeply lamented death, were always marked by the greatest consideration on his part.

After accompanying the Shah on his homeward journey as far as Calais, and spending a few weeks at Buxton, where the waters exterminated the malarial fever microbes which had been bequeathed to me by my long sojourn and campaigns in the swamps of tropical Africa, I returned to Tehran, where I had to receive Lord Downe in order to complete the conclusion and ratification of the Anglo-Persian Treaty of Commerce and attend the special Envoy's presentation to the Shah of the Garter which had caused such deep heart-searchings at home. The journey from Resht was attended with some discomfort, for the road was blocked with snow, and my wife and I had to leave our carriage and ride the horses, which drew it to the nearest place of shelter, a single room in a windowless hovel where we and our servants, European and Persian, spent the night. Lord Downe fared a good deal better, as the Persian Government, warned of his arrival, had made special arrangements all along the road for his staff; but even so, his recollection of the highway from the Caspian to the capital were not, I am afraid, very rosy.

Mozaffer ed Din Shah's investiture took place at

his own Palace at Tehran, but a fresh difficulty arose on this terrible subject, as to one of its details; for a Knight of the Garter had to have that sacred appendage slipped on to his leg just below the knee, whilst the Shah possessed no knee-breeches and always wore on State occasions a pair of regular military trousers. It seemed as if our holy patron, St. George, 'that model of courage and chastity,' as the Garter service puts it, for polygamous unbelievers, was once again to prevent the profanation of his valiant and virtuous Order. But I was fortunately able to find a saving precedent in the case of a King of Portugal, I think Don Louis II, who received the Garter in the uniform of a British Admiral, and therefore in trousers, over one of which it was slipped, instead of in knee-breeches, which the Shah did not, of course, wear. Thus the ceremony passed without a hitch.

The Shah's love of travel, however, so I found on my return to Persia, had been stimulated by the hereditary nomadic instincts of the tent-dwellers from whom his dynasty had sprung, and he longed, if not to conquer, at least to explore new worlds. While in London, during his visit, I had sat at luncheon next to an old diplomatic colleague, the Marquis of Northampton, a Liberal in politics, but, withal, a strong Churchman, and a patron of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He was anxious to present to the Shah a Persian translation of the Holy Scriptures, and he asked if I would kindly undertake to deliver the sacred volume to His Majesty, which I said I should be happy to do as soon as I was back at Tehran. It was most beautifully printed and bound; but for Persian use it was, perhaps, slightly disappointing, for it omitted, with the rest of the Apocrypha, the book of Tobit or Canis Tobæ (Toby's dog), the scene of which lies

partly at Reh or Ragae, a village near Tehran, and partly at Hamadan, the Achæmenid Ecbatana and the summer residence of the Persian Kings from the days of Cyrus.

Had I realized this, I should, I think, have asked Lord Northampton to send a Bible containing the Apocrypha, which, as a strong Churchman, he would probably have rejected on the authority of the Great Latin Father, St. Jerome, who is said, in the fourteenth Anglican article of religion, to have described it as lacking, in certain respects, full canonical authority. The descendants of Tobit and Tobias's cousins, who originally, according to the Scriptures, came to Persia from Jeroboam's Northern Kingdom, are a curious, blue-eyed and fair-haired Semitic people. Their greed and sharpness are common to most branches of their long and cruelly persecuted race, as well as to the Armenians and Parsees. My wife held both them and their wares in very high esteem, more especially when she beheld them spread out, in picturesque confusion, on the lawns of our Legation gardens.

The American Presbyterian missionaries at Tehran and the English ones working under an Anglican Bishop at Ispahan had made some, although rarely successful, efforts to convert these ancient Jews to Christianity; but they were, I believe, very rarely successful. Mr. Esselsteyn, an American priest, who was kind enough to read the English Prayer Book services, including that of Holy Communion, on a tiny tea-table in place of the altar, upon Sundays and Christmas Day in the American Mission Chapel, and to perform marriages, baptisms and burials according to our rites, but without any vestments, not even the black preaching cassock, had a strong tinge of

Puritanism, which forbade him, though otherwise very broad-minded, to dine with us on Sunday, even when it coincided with the more sacred feasts of Twelfth Night or of Easter and Christmas Days, and these views led him, moreover, to condemn Sunday cricket or other games. The American Mission, which wisely supplied several excellent physicians of the body as well as of the soul, was ruled, jointly with him, by a learned physician, Dr. Potter, who was famous for the dryness of his manner. This worthy man was constantly attacked by a less orthodox surgeon, who objected to the doctrine of eternal punishment, as inconsistent with the Divine benevolence. 'There is no such place as hell, Dr. Potter,' he was wont to explain. 'Do you hear me! There is no such place!' 'Maybe,' the good old padre would reply with an agreeable smile, 'and I hope with all my heart for your own sake that your rash conjectures may prove to be correct.'

The American missionaries believed that the religious future of Persia lay with the Babis, the strange sect which had first made its appearance during the reign of Nasreddin Shah, and whose leader, the 'Bab' or door of religious truths, was a new incarnation of the genuine spirit of Shiah Islam. After a long resistance in a fortified stronghold among the forests of Mazenderan, the attempts of the Persian Government to exterminate its teaching proved successful, and the leader, who bore the two sacred names of the Prophet, was captured and died a martyr at Tabriz. His execution had been attended by what seemed to his adherents, miraculous proofs of his heavenly inspiration, for when the local Moslem soldiers fired at him, their bullets only broke the ropes which bound him to the post of his gibbet

without inflicting the smallest injury upon him. He stood for a moment with the severed ropes at his feet, and had he done so a little longer, he would, perhaps, have been acclaimed as a prophet accepted by Heaven; but he lost his head, made a wild attempt to escape, was pursued and finally killed by Armenian, and therefore infidel, soldiers, fit murderers in Shiah eyes of a truly inspired messenger of God. By the traditional hierarchy of Persia, whose love of money and of temporal power the Babis denounced, these sectaries were often disliked as dangerous innovators; for the increased liberty which so many of them claimed for women and which found a brilliant exponent in a high cultivated Persian lady known as Kurret ul Ain, afterwards put to death by the orders of Nasreddin Shah, who was bitterly attacked as heretical by the older schools of Shiah theologians. One of their warmest sympathizers was a distinguished Cambridge scholar, Edward Browne, a professor of Arabic, who had entered deeply, indeed intimately, into the religious life and controversies of Persia, and was, in this capacity, invited to the dinner given by our King to the Shah at Buckingham Palace – an invitation which he considered, so at least he told me privately, as extremely unattractive, owing to the abhorrence which he felt for the reigning Persian house, stained as it was by streams of innocent and – in his opinion – virtuous blood.

To return from this religious digression on Babisim, to which I may revert later on, I asked for an audience of the Shah, and presented him with Lord Northampton's Bible, a magnificent volume, explaining that it contained the Tura or original revelations given to Moses and the prophets, and the Injil or life and teaching of our Saviour, both of which were regarded

with reverence by Mohammedans of every race and sect, as well as by Christians and by liberal-minded Jews. Mozaffer ed Din scarcely looked at the Holy Book beyond listlessly turning over two or three of its pages, but he said that he wanted to speak to me on another somewhat different subject. Then, leading me to a large jewelled globe, he bade me fix my eyes on Behring's Strait. He had, he continued, long desired to visit America, but his fear and horror of seasickness, from which he had suffered in the Caspian and the English Channel, might, he feared, deter him from this plan. Behring's Strait was, however, so he had ascertained, not much broader than those of Dover, and it had struck him that his friend, the Czar of Russia, might perhaps be induced to oblige him by constructing a railway bridge across them which would free from its terrors the alarming sea journey to Alaska. What was my own opinion of the project and how would it be regarded by my Government? I was rather taken aback by this suggestion, but as Russia was the all-important factor, I advised him to consult my Russian colleague, though I never learnt anything further from the latter. Had I asked him, he might have turned the conversation on to the botanical resources of Alaska, as to which I should have been quite unable to afford him any information; but in this respect the Shah was a real Asiatic nomad and, if he could not travel himself, delighted in talks about new countries.

Not long afterwards I was called upon by the Grand Vizier to present to his Sovereign an Indian Shiah Prince or Nabob, whose name I have forgotten, but whose dignity was in the main religious. He had visited Imam Riza's tomb at Meshed and was returning home, like so many of his countrymen, by

way of Kum, Kerbela, and the other holy places of Turkish Arabia, accompanied by one of his wives, a lady just then suffering from a painful illness in her legs, which her modesty forbade her to exhibit to any physician, even if he were a qualified surgeon and as aged as the patriarch Abraham. The Shah was at first rather interested by the holy man from India, but disappointed by his evident forgetfulness of the precise numbers and sizes of the tigers or other wild beasts which he had shot, or the height and girths of the largest jungle trees. 'As tall as that,' His Majesty cried, pointing to the roof, 'or taller?' till the whole exhibition began to impress the spectators as supremely childish, and the Grand Vizier did not conceal from me that he himself felt quite ashamed of it. His European tour, with its changing and exciting scenes, had quite unsettled Mozaffer ed Din Shah, but he could not do without its varied incidents, and he hailed with delight the decision of his doctors that a fresh visit to Europe, in this instance entirely non-political, would prove beneficial to his health, shaken as it had been by the fatigues and anxiety of the two previous years. The visit to Contrexéville, which the European doctors had proposed for the cure of his nephritic troubles, was uncomplicated by diplomatic difficulties, such as those which had disturbed his rest in England, and he spent most of his leisure at the pleasant watering-place practising in its shooting galleries and applauding the many dances and farces at its theatres.

Early in the year 1903, the Russian Minister, Monsieur Argyropulo, was succeeded by a new and more active representative, in the person of Monsieur Vlassoff. The latter presented a marked contrast to his predecessor. He was indifferent to and even slightly

bored by talk and gossip, such as that which had enabled Monsieur Argyropulo to keep off what he regarded as the perilous topic of politics. He entertained strong prejudices against the German Empire, and he told us on one occasion that he felt so deep a dislike for Berlin, that he never stopped to rest or break the journey there, when he travelled backwards and forwards between Western Europe and Russia. His Anglophobia was political, rather than personal, for he had married an English lady, to whom he was deeply attached, and whom he had had the sorrow of surviving.

His political tendencies were Panslavistic, rather than anti-British, and he had served for some years as Minister in Abyssinia, a State, ever since the formation of the Triple Alliance, inclined to conciliate Russia, and to distrust the ambitions of Italy as a member of that combination. When King Alexander of Serbia, the son and successor of Prince Milan Obrenovitch, was murdered with his wife, Queen Draga, under circumstances of horrible barbarity, he did not conceal his satisfaction at the news, and we almost quarrelled at luncheon when he criticized our own King's chivalrous horror as exemplified by His Majesty's dignified refusal to recognize the new blood-stained rulers of Serbia.

Unlike his immediate predecessor, he was never afraid of discussing politics, nor would he have taken refuge in a flower-bed, in order to escape a diplomatic question. He was full of interesting experiences acquired in Abyssinia, and described in vivid language the Sunday banquets given by King Menelek, in which raw steaks, cut, as in Bruce's time, from living cows, were distributed after church parade to the diplomatic guests of the Ethiopian monarch. His own motto was

'thorough,' and I think that at bottom he thoroughly distrusted the shifty methods of the Grand Vizier, now decorated with the rarer and more pretentious title of 'Atabeg Azam.'

The summer of 1904 had been more than usually hot, but as my wife was expecting a fairly early arrival of an addition to our family, we moved back rather earlier than usual from our house at Gulahek to Tehran. There, at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of October, our first child, a boy, destined to a bright but alas too brief a life, was born. I had gone out to luncheon, on that day, with my German colleague, Count Rex, who had invited all the heads of Foreign Missions to his house for an exchange of views about some question of collective diplomatic interest. As soon as lunch was finished, I was hastening homewards on foot when I met one of my servants riding towards me. 'Barak-allah!' he exclaimed. 'Yek kutchuk Sahib rasidé ast' ('Blessed be God, a small gentleman has just arrived'), and a few minutes later I beheld a queer little specimen of human infancy whining disconsolately in a new cradle, but not many hours later invigorated by its mother's milk and often screaming for it at all hours of the day and night. A fortnight or so later, we had him christened, the service being performed in the drawing-room of the Legation, according to the Anglican Liturgy, by our friend Mr. Esselsteyn, of the American Presbyterian Mission. After the accomplishment of this regenerative rite, our numerous staff and friends joined us at luncheon and our first secretary, Mr. Grant Duff, made a speech wishing luck to the little neophyte, who would, he hoped, inherit both his father's intelligence and his mother's looks. A few days later I had, however, to start on a long journey, for I had recently received instructions from the Foreign Office to meet

Lord Curzon, my old Balliol friend and brother-fellow of All Souls, now a Viceroy of India, at Muscat, whence I was instructed to accompany him to the Persian coast and discuss in its general outline the existing situation in the Middle East. Mr. George Churchill, my Oriental secretary, accompanied me on this interesting mission.

The first part of our journey, as far as Ispahan, was performed in a fairly comfortable carriage by way of Kum, Kashan, Sinsin, Natenz and Murchejar, and thence after a short stay at Ispahan with the Zil es Sultan, to Kumishah and to the strikingly picturesque village of Yezdikhast, which overlooked, from the summit of a lofty cliff-like mediaeval stronghold, a deep ravine or fissure in the ground. That night we stayed at Abadeh, the first important town of Northern 'Fars,' the 'Persia proper,' and the birthplace of the old race of Farsis or Parsees. We were guests, in his house, of a local magnate, who, together with most of the gentlemen bidden to meet us at dinner, were all of them also very pleasant local notables. They were, it seemed, enthusiastic votaries of the fast-growing Babi sect, most of them being Behais, as distinct from Ezelis; for after the tragic death of the original Bab, his adherents were – and still remain – divided into two schools of thought, whose respective leaders were known as Subh i Ezel, or 'The Eternal Dawn,' and Beha Ullah, or 'The Majesty of God,' and who resided, the former in Cyprus and the latter in Palestine at Acre. The Behais, I think, were the more numerous of the two sects, and at Abadeh they constantly exchanged the salutation 'Beha el Abha' or 'The Most Majestic Majesty.' All were keen enthusiasts for their faith and bitter foes of the Persian Ulema or Priests, and at Abadeh, our host's servants sat up late into the night with our Persian

escort and other attendants, endeavouring to convert them to Babism. They were not, however, fanatical in their attacks on other creeds, especially on Christians, for they revered, even more so than ordinary Moslems, the wondrous teaching and miracles of Christ, although they held that Christianity was not a final revelation but a mere preparation for further developments in the religious evolution of the world. What struck me most was the resemblance which their attitude seemed to bear to that of the Lollards in England, and the Hussites in Bohemia, in their dislike of the rapacity and mainly worldly or political aims of the Shiah priesthood.

From Abadeh we pushed southwards to the wonderful ruins of Persepolis and to Shiraz, with its tombs of the great poets Hafiz and Sadi and its memories of the wise rule of Kerim Khan. We then descended the steep 'Kotels,' and on this somewhat difficult part of the journey I was assisted by a magic amulet, presented to me as a sure guarantee of safety, by an aged Mullah to whom I had paid a complimentary visit, and which I only recently lost, long after my departure from Persia. At last, after halting for a night at Kazerun, where some tropical vegetation first appeared, we emerged into the great plain of Borasjun, whence we soon sighted Bushire, the residence of the Political Agent and Consul-General of the Persian Gulf, Colonel Kemball. There we embarked on a British man-of-war and arrived, after a night at sea, at Muscat, the capital of the ancient Imamate of Oman, then ruled by Sayyid Feysal bin Turki, as the nearest heir in Arabia of the Albusaidi house. Here I met Lord Curzon, then staying on the s.s. *Hardinge*, so called after my own grandfather, that Governor-General of India who had conquered the Punjab in 1847.

On the morning which followed his arrival at Muscat, the Viceroy held a solemn 'durbar,' and conferred on the Imam, as sovereign ruler of Oman, the Grand Cross of the Star of India. Lord Curzon, a stately figure in the blue robes of his office as a Grand Cross of the Order, delivered an impressive address, recalling the long and close alliance between the Indian Government and the Albusaidi reigning house, which had produced so many able and successful rulers, ever since the days of Sayyid Said and of his heirs Sayyid Majid, Sayyid Barghash and their successors both in Arabia and on the African mainland and islands of Muscat and Zanzibar alike. I could not but feel that Sayyid Feysal must be conscious of his absolute dependence on the British Imperial Power, which had, during so many stormy years, maintained the peace of the Arab states and so-called 'Trucial Chiefs' of the Persian Gulf. He himself was a very dark Arab, almost a black man, but his features, which were refined, had nothing of the negro in them and his manner was dignified, as became a Prince conscious of his own rights. He could hardly, it seemed to me, relish being reminded before his own subjects of the debt of gratitude which he owed to the Government of India, when it gave the Arabian possessions of the Albusaidi house to Sayyid Thwain and the African possessions to Sayyid Majid. On the other hand, the protection of the Indian Empire was a valuable asset.

From Muscat, where I left the Viceroy for a brief period, I sailed across to Bunder Abbas, on the Persian side of the gulf, a small but important seaport, with a burning climate even in mid-winter, so much so, that some discontented British settler is said to have exclaimed that nothing but 'a thin sheet of paper separated it from the hottest part of hell.' While there, I was shown by the British Vice-Consul a curious docu-

ment, which announced that the great Mujtehids of the 'Attabat'[1] or holy places of Turkish Arabia had pronounced a severe censure on the policy of the Shah's Ministers at Tehran, amounting almost, in its effects, to their excommunication, and recalling the thunders which the ancient Popes were accustomed to launch against political or ecclesiastical opponents, such as the famous Bull 'Regnans in Excelsis,' deposing Queen Elizabeth, and the 'Zelo Domus Dei,' condemning the articles of the Peace of Westphalia which permitted the toleration in Germany of Protestant theology and rites. I ought, I think, in this connection to say something about the position and powers of the Mujtehids, who had for some time past been betraying anxiety and suspicion as to the pro-Russian sympathies displayed by the Grand Vizier and by the Shah himself.

I should premise, in order to make their position clear, that the Shiah religion of Persia recognizes no regular Supreme Head or personal representative, either hereditary in a given dynasty or a succession of temporal princes as in Turkey, nor collective, like a synod or definite corporation of divines, such as the General Assembly for instance, which legislates for the Church of Scotland. Unlike the Kings of England, the Czars of Russia and the holy Roman Cæsars, the Shah has no religious authority or character whatever; indeed, his position is not unlike that of the Piedmontese Sovereigns of Italy, since the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope, but the great majority of Orthodox Shiahs, in my time at least, in Persia regarded as their true religious chief, the so-called Twelfth Imam, as descended from the first Caliph Ali, and his wife the daughter of the last purely Persian monarch Yezdigird, who was himself a Parsee or Zoroastrian Fire-worship-

[1]Literally thresholds.

per. This Twelfth hereditary Imam is regarded by most Shiahs as still living, nor can age effect his vigour or supernatural powers, but like Moses, he is said to have mysteriously vanished and no man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day.

Yet the lost Imam is commonly believed to be lurking at the bottom of a dry well near Jabalgird, in itself an unknown locality in Mesopotamia, until he receives a divine summons to reappear as the 'Imam Mahdi,' or priest appointed to indicate the road (Hoda) which is sure to lead to Paradise, this doctrine being only slightly different from that proclaimed by the Sunni Mahdi Mohammed Ahmed, when he first stirred up in 1880 the fierce revolt in the Egyptian Sudan. Some devout Shiahs go further and assert the 'Ubiquity' of the last Imam, holding that he may even now be seen, so several pious persons have assured me, seated in a Tehran tramcar, or praying in a mosque at one and the same moment. The Shiah zeal for him is remarkable, and I have met with strange instances of it; for when the Shiahs of the Yemen rebelled against the Turkish Government a year or so later, I was asked by the Foreign Office to ascertain whether this rebellion was regarded or not with sympathy by the Persian clergy. I consulted a very learned theologian, who repudiated the suggestion as heterodox and asked why I had made it. 'Well,' I replied, 'surely the Yemenis are nearer to you in religion than the Turks; for they recognize ten out of the twelve Imam revered by the sect known for this reason as the Shiah Etnasharis.' 'They will blaze in hell for ever,' was the holy man's reply, 'even if they should recognize eleven of the Imams and leave out only the twelfth.' Theoretically the invisible, or only rarely visible, last Imam is the head or rather Caliph of the Shiah faith, and any inter-

ference with religious or other ecclesiastical matters on the part of the Shah, a mere child of Turan, sprung from Tartar, and therefore Sunni, ancestors, would be deemed a piece of sacrilegious blasphemy.

Such ecclesiastical authority as exists in Persia is mainly exercised by the Great Nujtehids, some four or five in number, who reside in the sacred cities of Irak Arabi or Mesopotamia, but chiefly at Nejef, the burial-place of the Caliph Ali, at Kerbela, where the families of Hassan and Hussian were slaughtered, and at certain minor shrines, Kazimein and especially at Kufa, where Ali himself, the only true successor of the Prophet, was murdered by the traitorous Firouz. Although Kerbela makes a more powerful appeal to the Persian imagination, Nejef is by far the greatest seat of Shiah learning, and there, in my time, resided the principal Mujtehids, so called from the well-known Shiah doctrine that God's divine 'revelation,' the Arabic 'Ijtihad,' is not, and perhaps never will or indeed can be closed. This view assumes new discoveries in revealed Divine truths and may thus add to the doctrines of the Koran and traditions expressing these new revelations to the general body of Orthodox Shiah belief, much as good Roman Catholics include the pronouncements of the Pope, on contested or uncertain questions, in the steadily and constantly increasing body or compendium of the Christian or Moslem faith. It is true that no formal enunciation of a new doctrine or new interpretation of the Koran or Ahadis as authoritative documents need be accepted, on pain of damnation, but such a doctrine would probably carry considerable weight. It would perhaps be more correct to compare the Mujtehids not so much to the Pope as to the great Protestant sixteenth-century divines in Switzerland and Germany, Œcolampadius at Basel, Bucer

at Strassburg and the Antistes Bullinger at Zürich, who without having any high ecclesiastical rank or explicit power to formulate new opinions in theology, could further their acceptance as such by the mere weight of their own personal authority. In this respect the Shiah Church of Persia is in a sense weaker than any one of the four Sunni orthodox sects or Muzahib, the Hanefi, Maleki, Shafei and Hanbali, for their rules of ecclesiastical law and procedure have been crystallized ever since the Middle Ages. On the other hand, the greater fanaticism of the Persians long tended to confer upon the Mujtehids, whom the masses instinctively revered, a far higher authority than of a Sheikh ul Islam at Constantinople who was to some extent a creature and an official servant of the Sultan. The Mujtehids are not exactly State officials; their authority rests mainly on their prestige as men of high sanctity and learning and the acceptance of their spiritual claim by the great mass of the Shiah population, in Turkish Arabia primarily, and thence throughout the length and breadth of Persia.

It seemed clear to me that if the report which had reached us, of a condemnation of the policy pursued by the Atabeg Azam, emanating from the great teachers at Nejef were correct, his position at Tehran might soon be rendered precarious: and I accordingly decided on my way through Bagdad, to visit the 'Attabat' or holy thresholds of Nejef and of Kerbela, and endeavour to get into touch with their leading divines. This could only, however, take place after the Viceroy's departure from the Gulf; and for the immediate present my attention was concentrated on his intended State visit to Bushire, where I had arranged, before leaving Tehran, for his formal reception by the Ala ed Dowleh, a former capable Governor of Kermanshah, whom the Shah

had deputed to meet and welcome him on Persian soil.

The Ala ed Dowleh was already well known to me, and I had formed a favourable impression of his character and political ability. He was a tall, strongly built, handsome man with dark moustaches and a ruddy complexion for a Persian: and he enjoyed the reputation of being a strong-minded and fearless administrator, when Governor of the great province of Kermanshah, which adjoined the Turkish vilayet of Bagdad. It was said, doubtless with some of the exaggeration which characterized the Persians, in common with the natives of Gascony, that he had signalized his assumption of office by bricking up alive, in each of the boundary pillars which indicated the limits of his rule, unduly rash or headstrong highway robbers and that this instructive precedent had not been lost on the predatory bands which had harried the Debateable Land. Generally speaking, he had obtained the reputation of being a just and a liberal ruler.

Meanwhile, Lord Curzon had not been inactive. He had held a reception just before my arrival at Muscat of the minor or co-called Trucial chiefs of the Persian Gulf, each of whom had contracted engagements at different periods with the Government of India, obliging them to put down the sea-borne slave trade and to accept the general guidance, both commercial and political, of the British Residents at Bushire. These chiefs were six in number, called after the places which they ruled, – Ras ul Kheimah, Umm el Kawain, Azman, Sharkeh, Debai and Abu Dhabi, – all of whom had for many centuries lived by piracy, but had undertaken, ever since 1820, to forswear it, although they had from time to time broken faith in this matter with England. They had been at length compelled, in 1853, to con-

clude a perpetual treaty with Great Britain, imposing upon them a complete abandonment of piracy and hostilities by sea, all disputed claims and questions having first to be referred by them, under its provisions, to the British representative of the Government of India at Bushire. The welcome accorded to these chiefs by Lord Curzon on the *Hardinge* illustrated, although too late for me to arrive in time to see it, the beneficent effects of the treaty, for the December weather on the day fixed for their State reception was unusually rough and indeed stormy. Several of the Arab vikings were completely prostrated by sea-sickness and lay throughout their journey, depressed and groaning sadly, on the deck.

The Viceroy himself was indefatigable in his efforts to become acquainted with the most important and interesting places in the Gulf. He received on the s.s. *Hardinge* the chief of Bahrein, Sheikh Isa, a shrewd, white-bearded old Arab gentleman whom he pressed very hard to appoint a native Indian inspector of Customs, intended, I imagine, to develop in to a finance Minister or fiscal adviser. On this point, however, Sheikh Isa was not at all easy to move. In his talks with the Viceroy, as well as with my own humbler self, I thought him decidedly cautious, and his favourite expression was the word 'Naam,' which is in a sense ambiguous, conveying as it does an interrogative as well as an affirmative signification, according to the pronunciation of the sound, which, when uttered by an Arab, recalls the somewhat meaningless bleating of a sheep. Old Sheikh Isa made the most of this happy ambiguity, in order to protect his retreat from any uncomfortable discussion with Lord Curzon; and I think that his varying methods of uttering the word 'Naam,' which means either 'yes' or 'indeed,' exhausted the

patience of even so amiable an official as the Indian Foreign Secretary, Sir Louis Dane, not to mention minor persons like myself. In other respects, however, the picturesque island of Bahrein, whose interesting little capital, with its lofty minaret tower, we explored under the guidance of a friendly American missionary after riding on sturdy donkeys, was full of historical traditions. Meanwhile Lady Curzon succeeded in purchasing a handsome pearl necklace, at a price which, judged by Indian standards, was not in my opinion excessive.

An attempt to explore some ancient and curious salt caves on the island of Kishm was somewhat less successful. Lord Curzon, an omnivorous reader on all Oriental subjects, had heard of these historical caves, and Colonel Kemball, the British Resident at Bushire, had a faint recollection of a visit paid to them, some years earlier, by himself. We accordingly landed on Kishm, in several separate parties, and scoured the island – so at least it seemed to me – in all directions, vainly interrogating 'oldest inhabitants' who appeared to have no knowledge whatever on so remote a subject. A more interesting visit was one paid by the Viceroy to the Arab Sheikh Mubarak of Koweit. I have a somewhat vivid recollection of our arrival, for, whilst galloping from the landing-place to the shabby little Arab town of Koweit, my horse put one of his feet into a deep hole in the rough road and threw me, but without any worse result than a few insignificant bruises, which did not prevent the resumption of my ride a few minutes later.

Mubarak impressed me as a strong and capable ruler. His appearance was dignified, his manner was frank, and conveyed an impression of sincerity not always characteristic of his countrymen. He was good enough to assure me that he would gladly arrange, if I really

desired it, for my travel in safety to the Wahabi capital at Riad. Had I been free, I should have liked nothing better, though I should perhaps have jibbed at being deprived of my whisky and soda and tobacco by the 'Zelators.' Our last visit was to the mouth of the Euphrates, or Shatt el Arab, up which we travelled by boat for a day and a half in order to inspect the newest forts erected by the Turks; and from thence we returned to the harbour of Bushire, to await the formal exchange of State visits between the Ala ed Dowleh and the Viceroy.

Meanwhile, an unexpected and unfortunate difficulty had arisen, which threatened to disturb the arrangements made by me, and approved by the Viceroy, when I first left Tehran for the coast. Those arrangements had involved a provision by the Persian Government of two houses, selected in or on the outskirts of Bushire – one for the Viceroy and his suite, and the other for the Ala ed Dowleh in his capacity as Governor-General of Fars and therefore of Bushire itself. He was to have met Lord Curzon on his landing and accompanied him to the first of these residences, in which the Viceroy, Lady Curzon and their personal staff would have stayed as the guests of the Persian Government, represented by its most exalted local authority. The Viceroy would then have replied to this civility by returning it in person, at the Ala ed Dowleh's own temporary residence, after which he would have held a reception of the local notables, whether Persian or foreign. Unfortunately, on the day which preceded the execution of this programme, Lady Curzon was suddenly indisposed and felt unequal to the landing, in somewhat rough weather, at Bushire; and the Viceroy accordingly decided not to spend the night at the house originally assigned to the viceregal

party for that purpose, as it was at a somewhat tiring distance from the shore, but to stay with his wife and staff on the *Hardinge*, landing only on the following morning. This was an unfortunate, if inevitable, decision; inasmuch as it reopened the somewhat complicated details of a ceremony whose success depended on its execution in accordance with lines like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which alter not, even in the case of such a Daniel as the Viceroy.

The Ala ed Dowleh was a good deal disturbed at this new complication. He could, however, do nothing beyond offering to receive the Viceroy at his own house, which had been very handsomely fitted up with a view to His Excellency's eventual stay there. But for Lord Curzon to go there spontaneously, without awaiting a first visit from his Persian host, might appear like the payment by him of a first call on the Shah's representative. I interviewed my old friend the Nawab Hussain Kuli Khan of the Persian Foreign Office, who had been attached to the Ala ed Dowleh, and we got into telephonic communication with Mr. Grant Duff, my Chargé d'Affaires at Tehran. But neither the Prime Minister at the capital nor the officials of the Persian Foreign Office had the courage to suggest at the last moment any change whatever in the ceremonial already settled and – what was more serious – approved by the Shah. I found myself oddly enough in the same spider's web of diplomatic etiquette which had confronted us when Lord Harris at Bombay jibbed at paying the first visit in full uniform to the Tzarevitch. The simplest method would no doubt have been for the Viceroy to have left Lady Curzon on board the *Hardinge* for one night; but it was by no means certain that any change in ceremonial details, however insignificant, would not have had to be referred to the Persian Government, and in that

event new and awkward questions might not have been added to those already raised.

The Persians, judging other Governments and countries by their own, perhaps suspected that any sudden modification in the ceremonials, suggested by the British Legation, was a trick for exalting the Viceroy in the eyes of the races of the Gulf, to an equality, or rather superiority as compared with the Shah, and I have little doubt that the Russian Consul, who had left Bushire for Shiraz, in order to avoid meeting Lord Curzon, had created both there and elsewhere a certain atmosphere of suspicion among the leading Persian officials. Further telegraphic representations to the Shah and his Ministers would have probably been futile and might have only strengthened the suspicions of the Ministry as well as of the Court camarilla at Tehran.

I myself would have greatly preferred the creation of a feeling of cordiality between the two monarchies as a result of the Viceregal visit. I wished that visit to be a brilliant success.

I had determined, after bidding farewell to the Viceroy, to visit the Karun River, then Bussorah and Bagdad as well as Kerbela and Nejef, and to return thence to Tehran by way of the provinces of Kermanshah and Hamadan, rejoining the Great Southern Road at Kum. I went up the Karun with Mr. Churchill as far as Ahwaz, the little town where the so-called 'Bakhtiari' road connects the river, through a wild country inhabited by that tribe, for very many years well disposed to British policy and interests. Thence we redescended the Karun to Mohammerah, the residence of a powerful chief, Sheikh Khazal. He enjoyed the reputation of being an active and courageous ruler; but his methods were distinctly Oriental and he was generally

believed to have caused his elder brother, Sheikh Mizal, in whom he suspected a rival, to be drowned in the waters of the Shatt el Arab. To me he was exceedingly courteous, and he gave me a beautiful Arab horse, which I called Khasal, after the donor, and on which I rode for the greater part of the return journey from Mohammerah to Tehran. I would, I think, have brought this horse, which was one of the most intelligent and friendly animals that I ever possessed, to England but for my sudden and unexpected transfer to Belgium just before my leave from Persia had ended.

Before, however, turning once more eastward, I was anxious to see Bagdad, the ruins of Babylon and the 'Attabat' or holy places, literally 'thresholds' of Irak Arabi or, as we prefer to term it, 'Mesopotamia.' The ascent of the river from the magnificent palm groves of Bussorah, where Mr. Churchill and I paid our respects to a very polite Turkish Pasha, on board one of Messrs. Lynch's steamers, was, notwithstanding a certain monotony in the winter landscape, very pleasant; for the December winds killed the insect plagues and at Bagdad itself, where we enjoyed the kind hospitality of Colonel Newmarch, at the British Residency, we had several grey and even rainy days. What was more disappointing was the news that at the sacred city of Kerbela, one of the holiest shrines of Shiah Islam, indeed second only to Nejef, a bad attack of cholera had suddenly broken out, and that no one could enter or leave it without undergoing a lengthy quarantine. This did not extend to the less popular but holier Nejef, nor to Hillah on the site of ancient Babylon, which I wished to visit on my way. Arriving there after a day's ride from Bagdad across the rich alluvial Mesopotamian plain, we were hospitably welcomed by the German archæologists, who were working among

its ruins, and who showed us all their most interesting discoveries, including some ancient yellow Babylonian bricks, believed to be the equivalent of cheques or letters of credit in the days of Nebuchadnezzar and of Cyrus. The Euphrates had greatly shrunk in its dimensions since its waters had been recently drained by the Hindieh Canal, for the benefit of Shiah pilgrims, by a pious Indian, and at present was broad and full enough to convey us as far as Kufa, not quite an hour's march from Nejef.

When, however, I ordered horses to ride across the plains from Hillah to Birs Nimrud and Kifil, at which we would strike the Hindieh Canal, I was informed, to my great indignation, that mounts could not be provided and that the local Turkish authorities had refused to sanction my proposed excursion to Nejef. There was, of course, no doubt that the Russian Consulate at Bagdad was determined to prevent Mr. Churchill and myself from visiting the holy places, and had endeavoured to demonstrate my own impotence to get there, in face of the veto of Russia. I was determined not to submit to such an insolent rebuff, and I at once returned to Bagdad and had a stormy interview with the Governor-General, an amiable old Turk, who had never hitherto ventured to suggest that I would not be welcomed at Bagdad or elsewhere within his territory. He could not say that Nejef was, like Kerbela, infected by cholera, and I was not, I told him, prepared to stand any fresh insult or attempt to interfere with a diplomatic officer, discharging his public duties in the territories of the Ottoman Government. He was, moreover, very apologetic, and assured me that nothing could be further from his thoughts than to meddle with the freedom of my movements. Orders would, of course, be sent without delay to Nejef, to afford me all

facilities both there and on the road. We returned to Hillah, to find a Turkish escort prepared to attend us to Kifil on the canal, where we would find a boat to take us to Kufa, the port of Nejef. We had a pleasant ride past the wonderful hill crowned with picturesque ruins, which was said to have been first built by the mighty hunter Nimrod and called after him the 'Birs Nimrud.'

At Kifil we visited a Jewish sanctuary, the tomb of the prophet Ezekiel, who was said to have died there during the Babylonian captivity. The venerable Jewish priests, who acted as its guardians, kindly showed us over the sacred building and were very courteous and friendly, though the tomb itself was less interesting than the memory of the great prophet, who beheld the dry bones of his countrymen reassume their flesh and skins and who himself welded into a solid staff the long divided sticks of Judah and of Ephraim. The sun had risen, lighting up with wondrous brilliancy the huge golden dome of Ali's mosque at Nejef, when we disembarked at Kufa, and after glancing at the ancient shrine defiled by the murderer Firouz, got into a shaky conveyance and in about an hour's time arrived at Nejef. A Syrian official of the Turkish Government, whom the Vali of Bagdad, unwilling to receive fresh complaints, had ordered to be attached to me, kindly took us both to his house and thence through the narrow streets of the city to the great mosque of Ali, where the Caliph most beloved of the Persian people, the grandson of Yezdijird and the link between Achæmenid and Mohammedan Persia, now reposes in a rich and stately tomb. The narrow streets were full of religious students, but the Franco-Russian intrigues which had striven to prevent my reaching Nejef had already been at work there, and in order that I should not

defile its 'kibla' by my glance at it, had suspended a kind of sheet or curtain right across its entrance. It was not, however, difficult to get a glimpse at intervals into the interior, and the building impressed me as a graceful and gorgeous monument of Oriental art. Mr. Churchill and I lunched with the Kargusar or local governor, a Syrian, who afterwards took us out for a ride in the Arabian Desert lying west of the walls which encompassed the holy city on all sides. The country which we traversed was generally treeless and sandy; but interspersed with the sand and packed in close juxtaposition, with little space intervening between them, were thousands of slabs and gravestones, covering the bones of pilgrims from the remotest realms of Shiah Islam, India, Persia, Yemen, Hadramaut and the Moslem lands of distant Eastern Asia. Even I, when walking quite respectfully with a cavass in the chief mosque of Bagdad, was insulted and bitterly cursed by a fanatic wearing quite a respectable dress. When we were out, riding over this enormous necropolis of Nejef and thence into the outlying desert, Mr. Churchill had cleverly succeeded in obtaining an interview with the first and most influential Persian Mujtehid, a great divine, known from his native place in Azerbaijan, as Agha Sherabiani. This eminent theologian received him with the greatest courtesy and gradually revealed, though without laying undue stress on it, the discontent felt by the Persian clergy at the growing subservience of so many high Persian officials to the Russians. He produced on the whole – as did also his son – a favourable impression on Mr. Churchill. Agha Sherabiani was a deeply learned teacher and a cultivated man, as was also another great divine of Nejef known by the flattering designation of 'Bahr ul Ulum' or 'The Sea of Sciences'; for both of them

were not merely theologians but in some degree men of the world, well acquainted with the main features of its politics.

The second in dignity of the Nejef high priests, Agha Memakani, also from Azerbaijan, although regarded as almost equal in sanctity, was in no sense a man of the world. Not long after my return to Tehran from the Gulf, he placed himself at the head of a pilgrimage from Mesopotamia to Meshed and marched to Tehran, accompanied by a daily more infectious and incongruous host of diseased and ragged dervishes, who defied the Belgian and other European sanitary officers on the Turco-Persian frontier and, worse still, brought a cholera epidemic in their train: for no sanitary authority in Persia dared to place any obstacle in the path of so holy a saint. On reaching Kum, where the road to Bagdad diverges westwards from the great southern one, leading through Kashan, Ispahan and Shiraz to Bushire, he created a riot by declaring 'Haram,' or impure and sacrilegious, the tolls levied under one of its concessions by the 'infidel' Imperial Bank of Persia, for the upkeep of this highway as well as of the post-houses and inns, which it had built along it at considerable expense.

The Shah, on hearing of the arrival of this pious personage, invited him to come to Tehran, but he would not defile himself by entering a city polluted by so many Jews and Christians, with their shameless unveiled wives and daughters. He proposed, however, to offer prayers on his way at the specially sacred mosque of Shah Abdul Azim, and intimated that he would not refuse to meet His Majesty at that venerable sanctuary. A person who witnessed their interview supplied me with a somewhat quaint description of it. 'Memakani,' he said, 'took no notice whatever of the

Shah, when the latter entered the holy place, although he had bowed reverently to the saintly sage,' whom my informant described as 'a pale emaciated old man, with an immense hooked nose, between two penetrating eyes, which looked out upon the scene from beneath the folds of a still more enormous black turban.' In walking to the 'mimbar' or pulpit, he leant partly on a stick and partly on the arm of a younger Mullah, whose juvenile appearance presented a marked contrast to the Mujtehid's stoop and bushy beard. The Shah drank several cups of the water in which the holy man had washed and undergone other ablutions prescribed by the sacred law. He, in fact, gave orders that a number of bottles, filled with the same sacred and purifying fluid, should be distributed for consumption among the ladies and female slaves of the Royal harem. The journey was, however, Agha Memakani's last, for he died at Meshed, the original goal of his pilgrimage, soon after his arrival there. Born as he was in Azerbaijan, he was probably not of entirely pure Persian blood, and had spent most of his life at the 'Sacred Thresholds.' Of politics he was, I should imagine, unlike Agha Sherabiani, completely and contemptuously ignorant.

One leading ecclesiastic whom I knew at Tehran, although he was not strictly speaking a Mujtehid, was a certain Sheikh Hadi, who, like many other of the more virtuous Mullahs, was entirely indifferent to filthy lucre. He was indeed, like the more unselfish and virtuous priests, regarded, perhaps for this reason, as a secret member of the Babi sect. He administered a rough-and-ready justice in the courtyard of his humble dwelling, and I have myself sometimes seen him do it, 'without money and without price,' to any one who came to appeal to him: nor did he ever, I believe, accept any fee except from well-to-do litigants. In politics he

took no interest, and in this respect he presented a remarkable contrast to many of the leading Persian clergy of my acquaintance. Some of these I used to meet at the house of Shenseddin Bey, Sultan Abdul Hamid's Ambassador at Tehran, and sometimes at those of other Persian friends. On the whole, however, the most liberal-minded of the Persian ecclesiastics whom I met at Tehran was a certain Sheikh Mohammed Abu Taleb, with whom I had frequent conversations upon Persian theology and politics. He had, I think, worked on the lines of Sultan Abdul Hamid on behalf of Islamic reunion, for, although he did not himself really much believe in them, he realized that some clear evidence of Mohammedan solidarity would strengthen the authority and influence of Mohammedan interests throughout the whole civilized world. With this object he had spent some time at Mecca, but had not been favourably impressed by the political wisdom of its doctors. They seemed, he said, unable to look ahead or grasp facts, and to squabble about trifles as if they were unchangeable realities.

One powerful lever, which helped to promote good relations between the Persian ecclesiastics and myself was the so-called Oude Bequest, a legacy which must by now have assumed extensive proportions. It had been left by the last King of Oude for the maintenance of a succession of Shiah students at the shrines and colleges in Kerbela and Nejef, who afterwards became teachers of theology and Shiah Moslem law, and as this endowment had been so long carefully managed and administered by the British Residents at Bagdad, it amounted in my time in Persia to a very considerable sum. I was therefore being constantly asked by my numerous clerical friends to appoint deserving youths, connected by hereditary or other family ties with the

Shiah clergy, to what might be called scholarships or fellowships at the Sacred Thresholds whence they would ultimately develop into doctors of divinity and in cases of special merit into Mujtehids. I considered it important that the Oude Bequest should be administered, as it was by Colonel Newmarch, with the greatest care and tact, and should not become, as happened at one time in the case of the Maynooth Grant, a hot-bed of sedition against its own founders and friends. The impartial care which was brought to bear upon all applications to me and to Colonel Newmarch on reference to him for these minor ecclesiastical appointments, afforded opportunities for influencing the leading Persian Ulema which I strove to utilize for the purpose of maintaining my own contact with the chiefs of that powerful class.

After spending Christmas as the guests of our Resident, on returning from Babylon to Nejef, I realized that it was time to get back to Tehran before the heavy snows due in January began. What had on the whole most impressed me during my stay in Irak Arabi was the number of traces left upon the entire province by Midhat Persia, the great statesman whom Sultan Abdul Hamid had first exiled and then put to death at Taif in Arabia. When one asked who had built the tramway lines in the city and suburbs of Bagdad, who had covered the low hills which divided Turkey from Persia with lines of forts, who had spanned that stream with a bridge or provided that suburb with a caravanserai or some river-side country town such as Kut el Amara with a market, the almost invariable reply was, 'It was done in Midhat Persia's time by his orders,' in other words, some fifty years ago, and since then little progress had been made.

The population of Bagdad struck me as pictur-

esque, if motley and rather unattractive. I have already mentioned the insult offered to me as a Frank in a mosque, though escorted by a Mohammedan cavass and my own Persian uniformed servants: and I was, moreover, not permitted to approach, although this was, it is true, a more sacred place, the shrine at Kazimein. On the other hand, I had the pleasure of receiving from a kindly Arab chieftain residing in the city of 'the Thousand and One Nights' a beautiful Arab lady's dress, with the suitable veil and 'kefiyeh,' which I presented, on reaching Tehran, to my wife, and which she afterwards becomingly wore at several fancy dress dances at Tehran and afterwards in Europe. After thanking Colonel Newmarch for his kind hospitality, we rode through Bakubeh to Khanikin and thence next day to Kasr-i-Shirin, just across the Turco-Persian boundary. There I found the activities of the British Company created by Mr. D'Arcy, for which I got the concession soon after my first arrival in Persia, already in full swing, and promising a continuous supply of peculiarly valuable oil. One of Kitabji Khan's sons, who was employed there, rode with us some way towards Tehran; but I need not describe in detail the well-known route, which, passing under the lofty rock of Behistan, and its ancient Achæmenid inscriptions, begins to climb, in the neighbourhood of Kerind, the western slope of the vast Iranian tableland and traverses the large town of Kirmanshah, where Mr. Rabino's son, our local Consul, met and entertained us. Leaving Hamadan on the left, this road led us to Sultanabad, a place already familiar to me as its Prince Governor had sometime earlier been my host there, thence to Kum and at last to Tehran. The journey had been a very cold one after the ascent of the Central Persian plateau, and in one village, I think Dizabad,

our further progress was stopped by very heavy snowstorms, which obliged us to spend a whole day or most of it in a somewhat squalid hovel. This road is the most important one in Persia, from the point of view of the traffic, chiefly in corpses, from other parts of Persia, destined for interment at the 'Thresholds' of Mesopotamia; for the Atabeg Azam once assured me when we were discussing the possibilities of a Turco-Persian railway, that if such a line were really to be built, no bodies would ever be buried on Persian soil. He evidently did not believe in their destruction, as described to me by the Vali of Bagdad, for the purpose of heating town baths. We found the long journey, notwithstanding the wintry weather, quite agreeable; nor did my own Arab mount, Sheikh Khazel's gift and the bearer of his name, feel the change from the steamy heat of the Gulf to the still whitened plains which heralded our approach to our home at Tehran. There I had the happiness of rejoining my wife and of seeing our baby already beginning to develop into the first phase of boyhood, though as yet chiefly in a perambulator pushed by a tall uniformed Sikh. My wife had made a warm friend in the new Russian Minister, whom I have already described elsewhere, and who impressed her by the strangeness of his mournful Slavonic view of life; for when she expressed satisfaction at the infant's increasing health and vigour, he sighed gently and murmured, 'How much happier the poor child would be if only his sojourn in this melancholy world could be shortened.' Although much more reticent than the average Englishman, I found my Russian colleague, as I got to know him better, always willing to discuss Persian politics with me; and I gathered that, in spite of the services which the Atabeg had rendered to Russia, he did not himself entirely trust

that personage. In me, I think, he recognized an open but a courteous and, within the limits of our paper warfare, a truthful enemy, who would be willing to come to terms with Russian diplomacy, provided Russia herself were prepared, as in the tariff question, to deal fairly and straightforwardly with us.

A few days after my return to Tehran, I was formally received by the Shah. I expected a somewhat cold welcome; but though His Majesty did not disguise his regret at the misunderstanding which, at the last moment, had prevented Lord Curzon from landing at Bushire, he listened quite patiently to my own explanations of the Viceroy's position and of the difficulty of suddenly giving effect to an entirely new programme, sprung upon us, without any knowledge, on our part, as to how it would be viewed in England. The Shah had, however, two valuable qualities – a dislike for and a boredom with arguments, and an Eastern fatalism, which I think indisposed him to consider how it might have been possible to avoid what had actually occurred.

The Ala ed Dowleh had, however, in His Majesty's opinion, made a muddle of the mission entrusted to him; and he probably imagined that England would be placated by making the Governor of Fars the scapegoat of his policy and depriving him of the office in which he had cut so poor a figure. Some persons indeed described his attitude at Bushire as the result of a Russian Consular intrigue; but this was, I imagine, a delusion; in the first place because the Russian Legation, in order to avoid recognizing Lord Curzon's presence in the Gulf, had summoned the Russian Consul on some frivolous pretext to Shiraz, where he remained till the Viceroy's ship had finally quitted Persian waters. The real cause was, I myself believe, the sud-

denness of the change in the ceremonial programme, which in Persia was bound to produce a more serious controversy than any mere political crisis. Had the question been raised a fortnight earlier, an agreement would almost certainly have been attained, but no Persian functionary could expect that delicate questions of precedence would be settled by the telegraph in the course of a single night.

It was, however, obvious that if His Majesty wanted money in order to go back to Europe, in the following year at latest, for his health and recreation, the cost of the journey would have to be considered and provided. His doctors were agreed that the Shah ought to take the water cure at Contrexéville, and with this object it became urgent that the Grand Vizier should supply him with the necessary funds. The Indian Government was disposed to meet him, and Lord Curzon was anxious to do so; but the India Council in London had recently objected to sanctioning a new loan to Persia on the ground that to do so would be inconsistent with the provision in the latest Russian loan agreement, which forbade any fresh Persian borrowing without the consent of Russia. My own feeling was that one at least of the most important objects of our Persian policy should be, instead of respecting, to nullify and run a coach and horses through so detestable a condition from the point of view of British interests and that this all-important end could easily be attained by employing for the purpose the resources of the Imperial Bank of Persia, an English institution which had been created in 1889 by a Royal charter granted by Queen Victoria at Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's suggestion, with an authorized capital of £4,000,000 sterling. This capital had, it is true, been reduced to £650,000, owing to the fall of

silver and rise in the exchange; but the Bank itself was skilfully managed, as I have, I think, already mentioned, by Mr. Rabino, a Maltese British subject of considerable ability and himself on very friendly terms with the Belgian Chief of Customs, M. Naus. I contended, in approaching my Government, that a loan made to Persia by a Persian Bank could not properly be deemed, in the sense understood by the contract with Russia, a foreign one, and was therefore entirely consistent with the Russian convention of 1898; and I suggested that its security might be found (1) in the products of the Caspian Seas fisheries, a Persian State monopoly, and (2) in the Customs of Fars and the Persian Gulf which had been already excluded or separated from those of the other provinces both inland and maritime of Persia, when these latter were affected to the payment of the debt incurred in 1900. Negotiations on these lines were immediately commenced by me with the Atabeg, and he felt, I think, that his own position depended on his providing his Sovereign with the money required for his next European journey. My negotiations with him were rapidly concluded, the Viceroy doing all he could to help me, as was indeed his interest. As none of the money required, some £300,000, could have been shown to have come direct from England – for the Caspian fisheries were a purely Persian interest – the provisions of the original loan contract with Russia were entirely irrelevant and outside the purview of that agreement; but its chief value lay in the creation of an all-important precedent, which would knock the bottom out of the Russian monopoly of financial supply to the Shah.

I saw my Russian colleague on the morning which followed Mozaffer ed Din's acceptance and signature of the agreement, and M. Vlassoff asked me to inform

him, if I could do so, of its contents. I gave him, with absolute frankness, all the particulars: and he made no attempt to call in question the legality in form of the arrangement we had made with Persia. But a day or so afterwards, at a garden party in the grounds of the British Legation, I noticed that the Russian Minister sat for a long period on the lawn, in close converse with the Atabeg, who was evidently having the reverse of what schoolboys would call 'a good time.' England had now, if she wanted to help Persia in ministering to the Shah's insurmountable extravagance, only to furnish the funds necessary for the purpose, through the English Bank at Tehran – on the security, for example, if the Shah's Customs failed, of other new native resources, such, for instance, as the produce of the oil-fields of the southern and western provinces, which I had acquired for Mr. D'Arcy, soon after my arrival at Tehran. A further gain was the loss of Russian confidence in the Grand Vizier; for he had shown his readiness to act as my accomplice in an open though technical invasion of the conditions attaching to the Russian loan of 1898.

One feature of the agreement, in itself an unimportant one, did not meet oddly enough with Lord Curzon's personal approval, though the Foreign Office offered no objection to it. I had in the draft, which I submitted to the Atabeg, introduced into the contract designedly the expression 'The Southern Ports of Persia' with a view to increasing the limits of our security, instead of reproducing the words 'Fars and the Persian Gulf.' It was indeed open to question, for example, whether Mohammerah was one of these ports or not; but it seemed to me to be advisable to employ a somewhat wider and yet more precise term than 'Fars and the Gulf,' so as to be able to include, with a view

to future borrowings, all those lying at the extreme south-eastern end of Persia, some of which lay, strictly speaking, in the Indian Ocean. I think this application satisfied the Viceroy, as covering, in so far as it did not adopt the term 'Fars and the Gulf,' the more extensive whole southern coast of Persia, from Mohammerah to the eastern limit of Baluchistan.

As with the approach of summer the weather in the neighbourhood of Tehran became hotter, an outbreak of cholera, perhaps a part of the 'damnosa hæreditas' derived from the journey of the saintly Agha Memakani, broke out at Tehran and soon spread to all the neighbouring villages. That of Gulahek, close to which our summer residence was situated, was one of the first places infected: and I accordingly gave the strictest orders to my gardeners that, even if our orchards yielded little or no fruit, none should be purchased by them in the bazaars. One evening, at the end of June, I had a dinner party in a large 'shamiana' or tent in our grounds. It included M. Naus, the head of the Belgian Customs and an intimate friend of the Atabeg, and I think, but am not quite sure, the Russian Financial Adviser, M. Grube, as well as several ladies and secretaries of the Russian Legation at Zergendeh, situated at a short distance from our own Legation, and a few members of my own British Staff. Towards the end of dinner, and after I and several of my guests had partaken of dessert, a telegram was brought into the tent and handed to me. I opened it and I must have looked unusually serious; for my guests observed later that they were sure it contained interesting news. This prophecy proved to be correct, for the message announced that the Russian Minister of the Interior, M. de Plehve, had that very day been killed in broad daylight by bombs hurled at him by Nihilist hands in one

of the main streets of St. Petersburg. As several of my guests were Russians, and some of them ladies, I was somewhat reluctant to give them an unpleasant shock, and I therefore merely said that M. de Plehve had been attacked and, it was feared, perhaps mortally wounded by some insane Anarchist. I added that the details were brief and that we might still hope the first report to be exaggerated as might easily happen in a moment of sudden excitement or panic. Greatly to my surprise, my Russian guests – and especially the ladies – all cheerfully expressed the hope that M. de Plehve had really been blown to bits, adding that he was a tyrant and a ruffian and had richly deserved his fate. The tragic announcement, however, to some extent shortened our evening festivities and most of my Russian friends and guests left early, perhaps secretly murmuring the *sic semper tyrannis* with which Booth had given the signal for the murder of Abraham Lincoln.

Next morning I was roused fairly early by my servants with the news that a young secretary in our Legation, Mr. Duvallon, who had dined with us on the previous evening, had been suddenly prostrated by a very severe attack of cholera: and on entering his bedroom, in order to ascertain how he was, I found him already prostrated by the first painful pangs of the disease. I sent for my servants and asked whence the fruit supplied to my guests on the previous evening had been procured. The answer was, 'From the village bazaar at Gulahek'; for although I had forbidden their purchase there, those grown in our own garden were still unripe: and my servants pointed out to me that 'my face would have been blackened,' or at least dishonoured by their production before so distinguished a gathering. As several of those who had eaten them were determined political opponents, albeit private

friends of my own, it required very little imagination to depict the secret feelings and comments of the Persians on the 'banquet of the Borgias,' which had, as they would certainly say or suspect, prostrated so many leading personages representing policies far from friendly to that of England. As it was, the epidemic spread rapidly throughout Northern Persia. During that very autumn, or just before it, while travelling in Mazendaran, I saw many signs of its ravages, cholera victims lying dead side by side with others still alive, but sick and helpless on the roads. The Italian Minister's daughter, not to mention several other European victims, contracted the disease, and her recovery hung for some time in the balance.

A month or so after these events the Shah determined to get rid of the Atabeg Azam. He sent for him and after offering him an inoffensive cup of coffee, and thanking him politely for his services, advised him to seek change and rest abroad, in new surroundings. My wife and I, although on political grounds we could not pretend to deplore his departure from office, had at bottom always cherished a certain personal liking for him, and she said that, whatever other diplomatic ladies might do, she would wish herself to pay him a friendly farewell visit at his country house. I went with her and he seemed to appreciate our courtesy and sympathy.

The Ain ed Dowleh, who succeeded him as Grand Vizier, and the Mushir ed Dowleh still as Foreign Minister, were neither of them sincerely or heartily disposed to support British interests. The Ain, literally either 'fountain' eye, or a 'mainspring of the State,' was in appearance more like a Turkish Pasha than a Persian dignitary. He had been, as was also the case of the Ala ed Dowleh, who bricked up highwaymen, so at

least it was reported, alive in pillars, a vigorous administrator of the great and turbulent province of Arabistan. He himself knew no foreign language, not even the smattering of French so common amongst educated Persians. He was a pious and Orthodox Mohammedan and was frequently in the habit of exasperating my first secretary, Mr. Grant Duff, when the latter was summoned to transact official business with him: for he used to have him shown in, when he himself was in the middle of his prayers and would keep his visitor standing, whilst he slowly rose from his knees, and then solemnly prostrated himself once more when he had finished his rekahs on the prayer mat. As he was not indifferent to money, he probably hailed with delight the pleasant prospect of making a large harvest in Europe, out of the huge bills which would certainly be run up by the Shah.

One of the first questions, in fact, which I had to discuss with the new Grand Vizier was the cost of His Majesty's impending journey to Contrexéville, and perhaps to the Russian Court in the following year. I advised him to allow me to make arrangements with this object through Messrs. Cook & Son. But whether or not he feared that in this case I should, in my negotiations with an English firm, get more lucrative terms than himself, he affected to recoil from labelling the 'King of Kings' as a mere Cook's tourist; nor could I overcome his objections, when I mentioned the German Emperor's visit to the Holy Land in that capacity, by pointing out that His Imperial Majesty had been to Jerusalem, the Sea of Galilee and Damascus in virtue of a contract made by him with Messrs. Cook. I further told him, but in vain, that the Sirdar Kitchener Pasha had at last broken, by the aid of Cook's fleet of steamers, the barbaric power of the Mahdi's Khalifa at Khartoun.

The Ain ed Dowleh had undoubtedly to deal with a grave problem. Cook might be an all-powerful wizard; but he would be only one, pitted against many others: and could his magic prevent, for the first time in their lives, the Shah's retinue from stealing or piling up debts, from one end of Frangistan to the other? I argued that, with a little firmness on his part, the extravagance of the Shah's courtiers might be checked. He smiled sadly and replied that I could have no conception of the inexorable rapacity of the flight of locusts whose depredations he would have to restrain. No estimate, however generous, could leave a margin in the present condition of the Court; for its members would be reinforced every day, and from every hotel or inn, by hungry parasites or other vermin of all descriptions. These would order great masses of expensive clothes and jewellery for the Shah, or such toys as gramophones and the latest inventions in motors for themselves, with the object of reselling them duty free at three or four times their real market value in Persia. Some older men, with large houses to furnish, were quite as unscrupulous as these youthful courtiers and would take the lion's share of the plunder. As a matter of fact, one man of the highest rank brought back with him – so at least I was credibly assured – enough European furniture to fill an extensive new palace.

At 11 a.m. on May 5, 1905, the Shah bade farewell to the diplomatic body in a garden on the immediate outskirts of Tehran, whence he drove with his retinue to Kazvin, on his journey to the Caspian and to Europe. His visit to Contrexéville, which the European doctors had agreed to recommend for the cure of his kidney troubles, was uncomplicated by the diplomatic problems which had disturbed him on his earlier journey to London. There was no lack of rival doctors in

his train, for Sir Hugh Adcock and Dr. Schneider, his English and French medical advisers, had been reinforced by a second English physician, Dr. Lindley, the husband of a very pretty wife and the son of a distinguished Judge, who was also the father of a promising member of my Staff in Persia. Dr. Lindley may be said perhaps to have taken the place of a physician who was at that time a figure in Persian politics, the Hakim ul Mulk or Physician of the Realm. This statesman had always been pro-English and strongly opposed to the pro-Russian tendencies of the Atabeg Azam. His sudden mysterious murder at his private house at Resht was not improbably connected with the political rivalries, which had so long existed between the Atabeg and himself.

During the Shah's absence from Persia, his eldest son, the Valiahd, or heir apparent, Prince Mohammed Ali, Governor-General of the great northern province, the 'Dauphinê,' it might be called, of the Persian monarchy, had been charged with the duty of replacing the sovereign at the capital. His Royal Highness was a fat heavy man with a slightly dark complexion, black eyes and a marked double chin, and although, like all other Persians, well mannered, he struck me as a good deal coarser and less well-bred and dignified than his father. The first anecdote I heard of him, soon after his arrival at Tehran, was that he had slipped when descending into his bath, and had suffered a few trifling injuries or bruises. The courtiers, desirous of basking in the rising sun, had got up a subscription towards a thank-offering to Allah for distribution amongst the various mosques and other religious institutions of the capital. Every court official, it was said, had subscribed very largely to this fund; and when their loyal efforts had succeeded in producing a considerable sum of money,

the proceeds of this generosity and loyalty were brought in a large bag to the Regent, with a request that he would indicate the shrines and holy places, or the various sacred objects, to which each contribution should be duly assigned. 'Give me that bag at once,' briefly observed His Royal Highness – this at least was the story as told to me – 'I will see to it that its contents are all properly distributed in the quarter in which they are most needed.' Nothing further was heard, so rumour ran, of the money thus collected and handed to the Regent: but his attendants were unanimous in asserting that it could not possibly have been better or more piously employed than it was, by entrusting its expenditure to so generous and exemplary a Prince.

My own experience of the Persian heir apparent were somewhat less agreeable. In the summer of 1904 I had some trouble with him, in connection with the barbarous murder in his province of a member of the American Presbyterian Mission, to which our chaplain Mr. Esselsteyn belonged. The Regent's apparent hesitation to punish the assassin, who was said to be a Sayyid or descendant of the Prophet, obliged me, as I could obtain no clear or written promise from him that the murderer would be punished, to proceed myself with Mr. Churchill to Tabriz, the capital of his province, where he was at that moment residing. The country across which we rode was, from Kazvin onwards, quite new to me: and the road along which we advanced became gradually less and less adapted to carriage traffic: we accordingly decided to mount our horses, passed through the picturesque little city of Zinjan, slept a few miles on at Nikpeh, and thence pushed on to Mianah, renowned for its monstrous bugs. We reached a somewhat hillier country at Jemalabad,

after crossing the Kizil Uzun River, and noted as we passed on northwards that the peasantry spoke little or no Persian, but a dialect of Turkish very different from the language which I had myself learned at Stamboul. Tabriz, which I saw for the first time – a vast, straggling town, surrounded by fertile fields and pleasant gardens, presented a striking contrast to the aridity of the dry and dusty region adjacent to Tehran; and I was again most hospitably entertained, as some fifteen years before, at Erzerum, by Mr. Wratislaw, our Consul-General, with whom I had stayed on my way to Trebizond and Constantinople. The town was experiencing, as so frequently happens in Persia, a cholera epidemic, not unlike that from which we had suffered at Gulahek; but its virulence had already been greatly diminished by the effects of inoculation. These had been successfully tried by Mr. Wratislaw himself, and by several of the Mission clergy, as well as foreign traders of various countries. The effect was that the inoculated persons experienced for a day or two some of the milder symptoms of cholera; but that deaths from the disease were practically unknown among inoculated European residents, who kept their houses in wholesome sanitary conditions. The mainly medical missionaries and the ladies of their families were active among the poorer sufferers in Tabriz and a Russian doctor was very busy cultivating the bacilli with a view to inoculating, as the epidemic spread, an increasing number of sufferers from it.

Mr. Churchill and I went to visit and inspect the Witch's cauldron, in which these unpleasant little creatures were being bred. Before doing this, we were arrayed in long white calico shirts descending to our feet, and recalling the full-sleeved surplice which I had so often worn in chapel at Oxford. The cauldron was

of considerable size, and full, up to the brim, of hot, almost overboiling water, in which were disporting themselves, or somewhat uselessly floating about, a host of tiny reddish globules, the lowest form of life, so to speak, in a seminary of malignant bacilli. The Russian doctor offered to inoculate me there and then; and I said I would be willing to try his remedy, provided he could, as a consequence of the experiment, authorize me to traverse the sanitary quarantine cordon – and with it the Russian frontier – at Julfa, without being interfered with on medical grounds. This, however, was refused, and probably rightly; for large bodies of workmen, who had been in Tabriz when the epidemic there was at its height, were being employed on the construction of a carriage road connecting an already practically completed one to Julfa on the river Arazes, which there separates Turkey from Russia.

One result of the spread of the disease was the withdrawal of the Valiahd from Tabriz to an 'Eylak' or country camping-ground, a day's fairly easy march from that city. Dissatisfied with his unhelpful attitude, I followed him thither, and I repeatedly insisted on the trial and execution of the murderer, who so far had not even been arrested. The Valiahd and the Government of Tehran each threw on the other the blame of this sluggish delay; but although the American Minister supported me as strongly as he could, no serious attempt to bring the murderer or his accomplices to trial, or even to pursue and arrest them, was made. The Valiahd promised me, if I would not press him further, to send me the head of the assassin, who he was, he said, resolved to put to death; but I refused to be pacified by the offer of a trophy, which, decomposed as it must be by some weeks' or months' exposure to the burning climate of a Persian summer, might not have

been easy to identify. Eventually the strong pressure brought to bear on the Ain ed Dowleh, by the British and American Legations, combined to overcome the Regent's obstinate evasion of his duty, and the murderer, in spite of his rank as a Sayyid, was arrested and put to death.

Meanwhile Lady Hardinge had started for home, in order to leave there our baby, now able to endure a railway journey, but had found Baku in one of those intermittent revolutionary tumults which had, throughout Russia, been fast becoming worse. Exhausted by the rough crossing from Enzeli, she was advised not to stay in the city of Baku, even for a single night, as it might at any moment become the scene of horrible bloodshed. All the well-to-do elements among the population were already crowding into the trains bound for Europe; and she was told that she must not sleep in the town, but hasten, if she wished to get home safely, as fast as possible to European Russia. Her train was chock-full of refugees, flying from the red Nihilist spectre on the one hand and from riots between murderous Tartars and Armenians on the other: and she could only obtain accommodation in a crowded third-class railway carriage, on whose hard and wooden seats she herself, with her nurse and her one-year-old baby, slept during the tedious four days' journey through southern Russia and Galicia to Vienna. I joined her shortly afterwards in England, where I found her not much the worse for this experience, and had the honour of being the guest at dinner of the Directors of the Imperial Bank of Persia and of thanking them for their flattering appreciation of my services to British commerce in the Shah's dominions.

The Ain ed Dowleh, like his sovereign, possessed a reputation for bleeding wealthy Persian capitalists,

which surpassed that of Empson and Dudley. I found myself obliged on one occasion to remonstrate strongly with him on behalf of a wealthy rural magnate from Ghilan, who had been given, whether by myself or by one of my predecessors, I cannot now remember, a Knight Commandership of St. Michael and St. George, which was regarded by Persians and other Orientals as a special kind of talisman, securing its possessors against oppression by unfriendly agents of the Persian Government. This gentleman complained to me that he had been summoned from his home to the capital by the Hajib ed Dowleh, a courtier of the Poohbah type in the 'Mikado,' who was said to combine with other duties and emoluments the superintendence of those pertaining to the public executioner. The Hajib himself, although in theory the chief hangman, was a charming and agreeable person: his handsome face reflected a kindly disposition, and he would, I am sure, have been most reluctant to employ 'something with a little boiling oil in it' if other less painful methods could be made to produce the same effects. My friend from Ghilan came to see me and complained that his room in the Hajib ed Dowleh's house, which he had occupied when he was first that high official's guest, had been suddenly changed for a much more uncomfortable and ill-ventilated apartment, and that hints had reached him that, if he desired to return to his own pleasant estate on the Caspian, he would act wisely in offering a substantial gift of money to the new Grand Vizier. The latter, it was pointed out to him, was expecting a friend from the country, and the Hajib might perhaps be able to suggest to him a variety of alternative financial arrangements, with one or other of which, as a wealthy landed proprietor, he would probably find it the simplest and pleasantest course to comply. I did

my best to impress on the Ain ed Dowleh that any harsh treatment inflicted by the Persian Government on a Persian Knight of an English Order might produce a deplorable impression in London, when it became, as it certainly would, my duty to report it to my superiors. At this juncture a compromise was happily reached on the basis of reciprocal interest: the British Knight being released from the restraints of the Hajib's uncomfortable quarters, which were, he said, by far the worst and most costly hotel in which he had the misfortune to stay. A few years earlier the British Knight might probably have been induced to tumble through an open trap in the dark, into a deep well and have been solemnly reported as 'found accidentally drowned.'

In the late autumn of the year which I have endeavoured to review, the diplomatic corps was convulsed by a storm in a teacup. M. Vlassoff who had died some months previously had been succeeded by a Monsieur Stamer, a grey-bearded diplomatist somewhat of the type of M. Argyropulo. He was, however, a more decided Anglophobe than any of his predecessors known to me, and his reluctance to entertain friendly relations with the British Legation was strongly marked. No one could feel surprise, while the war with Japan was raging, that he should not offer me hospitality in return for my own invitation to dine with me, but he carried this attitude rather further when on a casual meeting with me, at the Austrian Legation, he asked the Minister to tell him who I was. But his crowning mistake was his violent behaviour after a dinner given by the Mushir ed Dowleh. When the guests returned from this entertainment, the Cossacks of the Russian Legation attempted to get ahead of the other carriages, the first of which was that of M. Ser-

stevens, the Belgian Minister. The latter, who was technically in his right, declined to let the Russian carriage pass before his, and an unseemly scuffle, aggravated by the invectives of the rival coachmen, which spread in its turn to their respective masters, seemed likely to develop into a serious diplomatic incident. Fortunately, the Belgian Minister was both moderate and firm. His carriage, he said, had been pushed aside by that of the Russian Legation, regardless of the equal dignity of the two missions in Persia. He must, therefore, insist on a call at the Belgian Legation of the Russian Minister in person, but out of regard for his colleague's susceptibilities, he would be satisfied with his appearance, not in uniform, as he was entitled to do, but in morning dress, frock-coat and with a high hat in his hand. The Russian Minister, long accustomed to be haughty to the smaller Legations, was compelled to swallow the leek and the expression of his regret at the incident was rendered easier, though it could not fail to be humiliating to a Minister long accustomed to treat in a somewhat haughty fashion the representatives of all the minor Powers.

Lady Hardinge rejoined me in Persia in February, 1905, under sorrowful circumstances, for her best friend among the ladies of the diplomatic body, the Baroness von Hammerstein, had recently died of a rapid illness, and she herself was only able to arrive in time for the melancholy rites of the funeral, and of the transport of the coffin, which was being sent across the Caspian to her home at Baden near Vienna.

In the spring of 1905 I had received a despatch from Lord Curzon, who was still Viceroy of India, requesting me to proceed to Meshed, in order to inquire into the case of a highly-placed Indian official,

who was accused of improper relations with a married lady. It is unnecessary, in such a matter, to mention any names, but her husband was the Belgian director of the Customs of the province of Khorassan. This journey, on which I was accompanied, little as I suspected it, for the last time in Persia by Mr. Churchill, my frequent and most agreeable companion in so many long rides over many Iranian provinces, was very interesting, coinciding as it did with the close of the war waged by Russia against Japan. In Persia the crushing defeat of Admiral Rodjenstvensky's fleet had produced a tremendous impression. The Shah was still away from Tehran, but the news was brought, in his absence, to the Valiahd, who acted for his father as Regent, and who, during his long Viceroyalty at Tabriz, was regarded as a faithful friend to Russia, inasmuch as the Russian Consul-General Pokhitonoff was believed to enjoy his special confidence.

He had just been holding a royal reception or levee and the Royal Princes, with the Ministers, were on the point of leaving the Palace, when a telegram, announcing the destruction by the Japanese fleet of that of Russia, was suddenly placed in his hands. He read its contents to himself without a word, and then announced, very briefly and composedly, the account which it contained of the Russian disaster. The courtiers and other Princes and attendants on them listened to the contents of the message in silence: and, silently too, the rest of the company began to move out of the reception-room. One of them, a young Persian Prince, of English sympathies, whom I knew well, and through whom I afterwards heard this account, was just bowing before he withdrew when the Regent made a sign to him to stay. Then, after most of the other Court officials and attendants

had withdrawn, he bade him come closer and said: 'What do you think about this news? Do you believe it can possibly be true?' The Prince, whose own personal sympathies were anti-Russian, observed that he could not express an opinion; but he thought it quite likely, from what he had recently heard, that the Russians might have been severely beaten. 'Do you really,' said the Valiahd, with a look of relief, 'believe it to be possible? To me it seems *too good* to be true.' Indeed, from one end of Persia to the other, along the whole line of her northern frontier from Azerbaijan and the Caspian provinces in the west to Khorassan and Seistan in the far east, a huge weight appeared to have been lifted from men's hearts and the whole native population breathed again, as in Central and Southern Europe, outside France, after Napoleon's final overthrow at Waterloo; for the history of Mozaffer ed Din's reign had been that of a long absorption, military, financial, and commercial, of the ancient realm of Iran by Russia; and Persia's other neighbours, Great Britain and Turkey, had seemed to stand helplessly aside and to make no real effort to save her. The destruction of the Russian fleet by an Asiatic Power was one of the main indirect causes of that national, if ill-managed, revolutionary attempt to overthrow the ancient polity of Persia, which broke out in the following year, and the ultimate effects of which, in our own day, it is still far from easy to predict. The methods and ideals of the revolutionary leaders were foolish and in the long run, more disastrous than the old corrupt despotism itself; their ultimate effects are still difficult to gauge, nor is there any hopeful sign of a new leader who can bring back a really stable order and such securities for internal peace as were provided by the

earlier Kajar Kings. But Persian patriots may, perhaps, derive some consolation from the fact that their great Russian neighbour is even now in a more melancholy condition than their own, and that, as the old commonplace has it, the darkest hour still precedes the dawn.

Leaving Tehran late on a July afternoon and camping for the night near the ruins at Veramin, we passed the Caspian Gates fairly early on the following morning, lunched at Kishlak and slept at Deh Nemek, a ride of about a hundred miles. We rode Chappar horses and did on an average some eighty or ninety miles a day. The landscape grew somewhat less arid as we traversed, after leaving the plains adjacent to Tehran, the district of Damgan Shahrud and Sabsevar; a few of the smaller towns we traversed were fairly pretty. At one of them, whose name I forget, I was allowed a rare privilege of entering a picturesque little mosque; but all along the greater part of the road the country was a dull, parched and treeless solitude. Soon after passing the frontier of Khorassan we stopped at Nishapur, for I had received a request from the Omar Khayyám Society in London to give them, which I did, some account of the condition there of the poet's tomb. It appeared to be, when I visited it, in a somewhat dilapidated and neglected state: nor was this to be wondered at, for, in Persia, very little respect is felt for the Sufi philosopher and bard, whose poems have been immortalized by their brilliant translation into the English version of Fitzgerald. In the shrine containing the tomb, which is not a mosque nor regarded by the natives as a place of any sanctity, some admirers, most likely Europeans, had placed, quite recently, a few withered bunches of flowers as a tribute: but none of the natives with

whom I conversed knew anything, to speak of, about Omar.

A short ride brought us from Nishapur to Meshed: there we were welcomed to the Residency by our Agent and Consul-General Colonel Sykes and his charming wife, who had recently crossed, with a newly-born infant, the great waterless desert which extends nearly all the whole way from their former home in Kerman to Khorassan.

Colonel Sykes made a powerful impression on me as a man of the most multiform abilities, a soldier, a geographer and a historian who had produced the most up-to-date and interesting history of Persia. He was, indeed, on all Persian matters an almost encyclopædic authority, and he had become, owing to his familiarity with the Persians and their customs and habits, a unique representative in many varied fields of British Imperial Power in the East. During the week or ten days which I spent with him at Meshed, I was, of course, largely absorbed in the delicate and difficult subject on which I had been instructed to report. I came to the conclusion, after hearing a long succession of witnesses, that, although the incriminated officer was not entirely free from blame, I could not, after going very carefully and minutely into the whole circumstances of the case, regard him as deserving serious punishment or even a severe censure. Lord Curzon afterwards gave me to understand that he thought I had been too indulgent; and observed, in a conversation between us later on, that the traditions of the Indian service had always been somewhat Puritanical, a proposition which I thought it not easy to reconcile with the history of Warren Hastings and the Baroness Imhoff, not to speak of other Viceroys, such, for instance, as Lord

Lytton, who was criticized for his occasional, almost amorous public familiarities with ladies whose charms had aroused his impulsive admiration. My own object was to give a fair decision, without deference to the opinions of persons, other than those who were actually concerned.

Colonel Sykes took us for a great variety of excursions on horseback in the interesting country surrounding Meshed. Of these by far the most agreeable was that to the 'Kelat i Nadiri,' or fortress of Nadir Shah, so termed as containing the reputed secret place in which that able tyrant kept his treasure. When Lord Curzon, as a young travelling member of Parliament, had explored, with characteristic conscientiousness, all the places of interest in Khorassan, he had unsuccessfully attempted to penetrate into Kelat i Nadiri. He had, to some extent, disarmed the suspicions of the guardians of this great natural fortress, defended by a combination of walls of rock and artificial battlements, by letting it be known that he was an Englishman; for had he been thought to be a Russian, he would probably not have left the place alive. Unable to obtain an entrance through the main gate leading to its interior by the help of a guide, he had noticed an aperture in the summit of the southern wall of the enclosure which protects the village of Kelat and its extensive adjacent fields and gardens. Climbing from a rocky ledge in the wall, some thirty feet higher, he had reached a point on its summit, where the removal – accidental or natural – of some stones had created a V-shaped breach. Too lofty to enable him to effect an entry which would help him to climb down into the interior of Nadir's stronghold, this opening did not admit of a safe descent on the inner side of these colossal walls, and,

from my own subsequent inspection of the spot, under far more favourable circumstances, he was probably wise not to persevere in the attempt.

We spent about a week at Kelat i Nadiri and made a thorough study of its interior. It lies only a few miles south of Dushak, the Russian railway station just inside the Trans-Caspian province on the line built by General Annenkoff from Uzun Ada to Samarkand: and thence I soon reached Baku, to find that great oil-producing city in a state of considerable ferment.

The Tartars and Armenians, the latter many of them tinged with Nihilistic sympathies, had been for some days past reproducing the old battles of Christendom and Islam, complicated by the hatred of the Nihilists and other dangerous revolutionary fanatics for many of the Imperial Russian officers and civil administrators of the city and its province. After entrusting my Moslem attendants to the care of the most respectable of the Baku hotel-keepers, I paid a visit to a well-to-do English merchant, who had long been connected with the oil-fields. While we were talking together of things in general, there was a knock at the door of the flat in which our visit was being paid, and a new-comer called upon our host and introduced himself to myself and several other persons, who were having tea with us. He had come, it appeared, to obtain some financial assistance for the Revolutionary Committee, which was working for a Nihilistic outbreak; and our host quite placidly expressed to him his own willingness to assist him in this object. My Tory sentiments were somewhat shocked by what appeared to me so disloyal an attitude, and I expressed my astonishment at it: but one of the visitors present assured me that I need not be surprised, inasmuch as

a very much larger contribution had, to his own knowledge, been presented by the Civil Governor of Baku to the rebels and conspirators who were avowedly in arms against the Crown.

On arriving by way of Vienna in London, a week or so later, I found my wife settled in a comfortable house belonging to her godmother, Mrs. Wellesley, in Lower Berkeley Street, and, on the day following my arrival (September 5, 1905), she gave birth to our second boy, to whom King Edward and her uncle Lord St. Germans stood godfathers on his christening in the neighbouring church in Portman Square. I received a few days afterwards a summons to Balmoral where I found, besides Lord Kitchener, whom I had known so well in Egypt, Mr. Balfour and my own chief, Lord Lansdowne, who intimated to me the probability of some early negotiation with a view to a *modus vivendi* between Russia and Great Britain in regard to Asia. The King had quite forgiven and forgotten the trouble I had caused him on the subject of the Shah of Persia's Garter, and my father-in-law, who was a member of his household, was anxious, for the sake of our two children and their mother's own health, that we should exchange our post in Persia for one less distant in Europe. My own heart was and remained for long afterwards in the Mohammedan East, which I loved, and in which I had spent sixteen years – the most interesting, politically speaking, of my life; but domestic considerations overcame my personal preferences, and, after paying a flying visit to Brussels with the object of seeing our future Legation, I decided to accept the King's offer. Soon afterwards I became – as I have already described in my earlier volume – British Minister in the capital of Belgium.

APPENDIX

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE IN REGARD TO THE ABOLITION OF LEGAL SLAVERY IN ZANZIBAR.

The Earl of Kimberley to Mr. Hardinge.

FOREIGN OFFICE, NOVEMBER 27, 1894.

(*Extract.*)

It seems to me to be expedient to take into immediate consideration the status of slavery as now existing in the Islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, and the question whether some fresh steps cannot be taken towards its speedy extinction.

That question, as you are aware, is one which has constantly occupied the attention of Her Majesty's Government, and in the instructions which were given to you on the 5th May last you were desired to insist on the faithful execution of the measures which have already been resolved upon for the purpose of the gradual abolition of slavery in the Sultan's dominions, and to recommend any further measures which might seem to you feasible for facilitating and accelerating this object, without injustice to the Mohammedan owners.

The general rule of policy followed by this country has been to use all legitimate means, even at considerable sacrifice, for complete and prompt suppression of slavery and the Slave Trade, but in countries, such as Zanzibar, where the institution of domestic slavery has grown up with and forms part of the social life of the inhabitants, to resort only to such measures for its abolition as being gradual in their operation, may effect the change without unnecessary disturbance.

But it seems worthy of consideration whether the time has not come when the measures which were

adopted for the purpose with signal success in India fifty years ago might not be applied to the Sultan's dominions.

The Act of the 7th April, 1843, was a measure which, in the words of the late Sir Bartle Frere, 'was carried out in India without ultimate injury to the tens of millions of Mohammedan British subjects who were specially affected by it, and without leaving behind in the minds of those so affected any permanent feeling of grievance.'

The basis of that Act was the principle that every individual must be regarded as equally free in the eye of the law. After its passage no cognizance was taken by the Courts of any rights alleged to arise out of the holding or possession of slaves. The accompanying Parliamentary Papers,[1] relating to the status of slavery in Egypt, contain useful information on this subject. It will be seen that while the introduction of such an enactment was held by Sir E. Baring to be inexpedient in Egypt for political reasons, he had no doubt as to the effect which it would have on the institution of slavery.

The political circumstances in Zanzibar at the present moment give reason to hope that the adoption of the policy of the Indian Act in that island and Pemba would not entail the consequences which were to be apprehended in the event of its application to Egypt. On the other hand, it does not seem improbable that it might cause a dislocation of the labour market, and consequently affect the cultivation of the clove plantations, from which much of the revenue of Zanzibar is derived. It would also necessitate the creation of Courts in the Island of Pemba, where a Vice-Consulate is about to be established, to which

[1] *Slave Trade No.* 2 (1884); *Africa No.* 4 (1887).

persons affected by the Act could have recourse, and the formation of a police force in that island.

The combined result might be to cause at first a serious diminution in the revenues of the Protectorate, while adding considerably to its expenditure, and thus to give legitimate ground for an appeal to Her Majesty's Government to assist the Sultan by a grant in aid.

I have to request you to take the points dealt with in this despatch into your early consideration, and to furnish me with a report upon them, which, with the material already at their command, will enable Her Majesty's Government to come to a decision as to the expediency of taking any step in the direction which I have indicated.

Mr. A. Hardinge to the Earl of Kimberley.
(*Received March* 27).

ZANZIBAR, FEBRUARY 26, 1895.

MY LORD,

I have carefully studied the contents of your Lordship's despatch of the 27th November last, in which you direct me, in connection with the refusal of the German authorities to permit the searching of dhows under the German flag in Zanzibar territorial waters, to report whether some fresh steps could not be taken, such, for instance, as the introduction of the Indian Act of 1843, to put an end to the status of slavery in Pemba and Zanzibar, and thus destroy the chief incentive to the Slave Trade with these islands.

I have discussed the question in all its bearings with Sir Lloyd Mathews, whose long experience in this country makes his opinion on it specially valuable and authoritative, and I shall now endeavour to lay before your Lordship, as fully and as clearly as possible, the conclusions at which I have arrived.

I may state at the outset that, although I do not feel able to recommend the immediate abolition, whether by the introduction of the Indian Act or by any other sweeping measure, of the legal status of slavery, I believe that it would be perfectly easy to devise a few very simple measures which would stop the importation of fresh slaves into these islands. I would, however, strongly urge, in the interests of the solvency of this Protectorate, that if the steps which I shall suggest are taken, some measures may be simultaneously adopted for gradually introducing Chinese or Indian coolie labour (as has been done in Mauritius, the Seychelles, and elsewhere), so that when the period of transition is completed, and negro labourers are no longer available, Asiatics may at once take their place. It would also be very desirable that the German Government should be appealed to to carry out similar measures in German East Africa, as, so long as the Germans continue to maintain slavery in their territory, we shall, when we abolish it here, be placed in many ways, which I shall endeavour to describe, in a position of great disadvantage as compared with them.

I propose, so that your Lordships may have all the facts before you, to describe (*a*) what is really meant by the 'legal status of slavery'; (*b*) the effect which would be produced by the application of the Indian Act to Zanzibar and Pemba; (*c*) the relation of the legal status of slavery, and of the institution of domestic servitude generally to the Slave Trade; and (*d*) the measures, short of actual and immediate abolition, which might be safely adopted for destroying the trade so far as these two islands are concerned, and thus putting an end to the servile status.

§ I

The institution of domestic slavery is, whatever liberal and Europeanized Mohammedans may profess to the contrary, a fundamental principle of the social system of Islam. The Mohammedan religion has no doubt mitigated the hardships of the slave's lot, and imposed checks on the despotism of the master, but, within certain well-defined limits, it has emphatically recognized the latter's rights over his slave, and I have no hesitation in saying that every real Mohammedan in his heart regards interference with these rights as not only unwarrantable, but sacrilegious. He submits to it, as he at one time submitted, in Hindoo States, to the prohibition of cow-killing, or, as he would probably submit, if we imposed it, to the prohibition of polygamy, but he would regard all three forms of interference much in the same light as both vexatious and irrational in themselves, and as contrary to the Law of God.

While, therefore, Mohammedan Sovereigns and Governments, under pressure from a strong and dreaded European Power, may profess to make enactments for discouraging domestic slavery, their secret sympathies and convictions will always be opposed to their own measures, and the Mohammedan population, sometimes even including the slaves themselves, to which it is sought to apply them, will passively, if not actively, combine to render them inoperative. These measures affect not only the field of industry, but, what appeals to a much larger class, the whole family life, and the relation of the sexes, as sanctioned by the Divine authority of the Koran, and generally accepted by Mohammedan public opinion. I lay stress on this fact, because it helps to explain the slow, practical effects in all really Mohammedan countries, such,

for instance, as Zanzibar, of anti-slavery legislation, however theoretically sweeping.

In Zanzibar, as in other Moslem countries, the institution of slavery rests upon the 'Sheria,' or religious law, which is here, unlike that of Turkey and Egypt, the secular and municipal law also. This law has been modified in practice (1) by local custom, and (2) by the arbitrary Edicts of despotic Rulers issued under foreign pressure, and which, whilst condemned by native public opinion as illegal and contrary to the faith, and evaded whenever possible, have been enforced from time to time in a greater or less degree by the physical power of the infidel.

The following are the legal disabilities which the Mohammedan religion and law (and the two are in Zanzibar, save for the exceptions mentioned above, identical) impose upon the slave :—

(*a*) He cannot own, or acquire, or dispose of private property without the permission of his master.

(*b*) He cannot give evidence in a Court of Justice, nor, without his master's sanction, take an oath.

(*c*) He cannot, without the sanction of his master, contract a legal marriage, nor, according to most of the doctors, even with the permission of his master, have more than two wives at the same time.

(*d*) He cannot sue his master before a Court of law, unless severely ill-treated by the latter. In case of such ill-treatment the Cadi may and ought to warn the master that if the complaint is repeated, and proved genuine, he will forfeit his slave. Should the slave sue his master a second time, and the charge of cruelty be established, the Cadi may order the slave to be valued and sold and the purchase-money to be paid to the master.

(*e*) He cannot sue any other person, whether free or

slave, without his master's consent; with it, he is free to do so.

(*f*) He cannot, without his master's permission, engage in trade, undertake a journey, or even make the pilgrimage to Mecca, nor in general claim any legal or civil right, except through and with his master's sanction.

(*g*) There is no legal limitation to his master's power of punishing him, and, theoretically, I believe that he might put him to death without himself being held guilty of murder, or of any more serious offence than cruelty.

The principle of the Mosaic law which made it penal to scourge a slave to death, if he died under the lash, but not if he survived it one day (Exodus xxi. 20), on the ground that the slave was 'his master's money,' and his loss a sufficient penalty in itself, would appear to have been followed to a still harsher and more logical conclusion by the Mohammedan jurists; but, in practice, I imagine that in most Moslem countries, even without European pressure, the equity of the Ruler would be allowed to correct the injustice of the law, and that the severe, though not the capital, punishment of a master proved to have recklessly killed his slave would commend itself to the popular sense of right.[1]

[1]In Zanzibar usage, sanctioned by the Cadis, obliged the master to pay to the 'beitel-mal,' or public treasury, a sum equal to half the blood-money which would have been required for the murder of a freeman, and to be kept in prison at the Sultan's pleasure; but cases of the killing of a slave by his owner were, I believe, of rare occurrence. Barghash once imprisoned a master for six months for castrating two slaves who had ravished his daughter, on the ground that, although their crime deserved severe punishment, it was for the Sultan, not the master, to inflict it. If a slave is killed by a freeman, not his master, the law obliges the latter to pay the blood-money to the owner, though some jurists say that the owner may refuse to take it, and may insist on the killer being put to death. The killing of one slave by another slave is a capital offence.

A master may imprison his slave for a short term, and may give him nineteen strokes at a time as a punishment for an offence without being held guilty, by the usage of Zanzibar, of cruelty. To beat him without cause, or to inflict a really cruel beating with cause, would justify the Cadi, if complained to by the slave, and if the cruelty had been repeated twice, in ordering his master to sell him. The Ibadhis, I believe, allow the punishments which a master may inflict without committing cruelty to be somewhat more severe than is the case among the Sunnis.

(*h*) Save the general prohibition described above of ill-treatment or cruelty, there is no legal limitation to the amount or nature of the work which a master may impose on his slave, whether the latter be a man, woman, or a child.

These disabilities are mitigated as follows: (*a*) by custom, (*b*) by the arbitrary power of the Sultan.

(*a*) In practice slaves do hold property of their own, and are allowed by their masters to dispose of it. It is quite a common thing for a slave to have slaves of his own, and to treat the produce of their labour as his personal property. In practice, moreover, the slave is always allowed to labour two days in the week (Thursday and Friday) or at least one day (Friday) for himself and his family alone, and what he earns on those days is regarded by local custom as exclusively his. He is also permitted to retain a small proportion of what he earns while working for his master, and once every six months he is entitled to new clothing (one shirt or white cotton gown for a man, two pieces of cloth for a woman). If his master gives him neither board, lodging, nor clothing beyond the regular half-yearly allowance mentioned above he is entitled to half his earnings, or (taking an average) 2 dollars or

2½ dollars a month. Should his master refuse it him he can be summoned on the slave's complaint by the Cadi, and ordered to pay the slave, and, in the event of his persisting in his refusal, he can be imprisoned, not, however, be it noted, for harshness to his slave, but for contempt of the Cadi's order. If the slave gets no pay he is entitled to a portion of a room, a bed, and any food left over from his master's meals or cooked by the slaves of the house, or, in place of food, to 2 annas a day out of his earnings. If he is invalided, custom obliges the master to provide for him. Only last week I freed a slave on the ground of cruelty on the part of his master, who had turned him adrift when unfit, on account of a bad leg, to work, and who then, as soon as his leg was healed, seized and forced him to return to labour. All these relaxations and indulgences are, strictly speaking, conventional rather than legal, but they have become so stereotyped by custom that the Courts consider themselves justified in regarding a refusal to grant them as technically equivalent to cruelty. I have always myself so considered them, and have several times on that ground given their freedom to slaves who complained that they had been without reason withheld.

(*b*) The Sultan, by the exercise of his authority as Hakim, or temporal Ruler, prohibits the sale of slaves. In a case of 'cruelty,' therefore, the slave has to be liberated without the compensation which the letter of the law gives the master. This procedure, being, however, contrary to the Sheria, a Cadi would not apply it himself, but would send the parties to His Highness.

I will now proceed to describe the means by which a slave can acquire his freedom (*a*) by the law and (*b*) by the usage and positive Edicts of the Sultans, which have modified it.

According to Mohammedan law, no authority whatever, except his master, can free a slave.

There are, so far as I know, only three exceptions to this rule[1]:—

1. After the death of a master, two witnesses, being men of good repute, declare before a Cadi that they heard the deceased verbally pronounce the slave to be free. The Cadi can then free him without reference to the claims of the heirs. Some of the jurists of the Ibadhi sect, to which the Sultan and the Zanzibar Arabs, as distinct from the Swahilis, belong, doubt the lawfulness of such manumission on mere hearsay evidence. I may observe, indeed, that the general doctrines of this sect are much less favourable to the rights of the slave than those of orthodox Mohammedanism with which they are occasionally in conflict on points of the law of slavery, and that emancipation among the Ibadhis is a good deal rarer than among Sunnis.

2. A concubine who bears her master a child, if not actually freed by him on its birth, becomes *ipso facto* a free woman at his death, and cannot even during his lifetime be sold. This form of emancipation, which is known to the law as 'istilad,' is, of course, dependent on the master recognizing the child, which in most

[1]Throughout this despatch, in speaking of Mohammedan law I must be understood, where the contrary is not specified, to mean orthodox Sunni law like that of Turkey and Egypt. The vast majority of the inhabitants of Zanzibar outside the dominant class are Sunnis of the Shafei sect. The slaves, though circumcised and nominal Moslems, are practically, many of them, little better than heathen; but even in Ibadhi households they are reckoned as Sunnis, being usually admitted to Islam by a Sunni fellow slave, and thus following the sect of their spiritual father. The Ibadhis, who look on their own sect as an Arab and aristocratical one, rather scorn, I fancy, to admit slaves to it.

Mohammedan countries he is not strictly bound to do, even though he may believe it to be his; in Zanzibar he usually so recognizes it, but the 'mustallida,' or 'umm-el-walad,' as the mother is called, does not necessarily acquire absolute freedom till after the master's death. The latter cannot sell her, but he may lawfully continue, without marrying, to cohabit with her so long as she is a slave, unless he should give her in marriage to another man, in which case she must be divorced before he can again have intercourse with her. I should add, that a slave concubine, not being an 'umm-el-walad,' cannot, if married with her master's consent, and not divorced by her husband, be sold, but her master may compel her to work for him. Her children, even if her husband is a freeman, are slaves, and their master may make them work for him, but, like their mother, they cannot be sold. According to the Ibadhis, though the master cannot sell a concubine by whom he has had a child, her immunity ceases at his death, and she can be offered for sale by his children, born of wives, who inherit her as their property, and who can usually insure her being bought by her own children, the latter, though not heirs, being free. This cruel practice was prohibited for a time by Sayyid Barghash, who was himself the son of a slave, but his prohibition had, of course, no legal force.

3. A person committing certain specified sins, such as breaking the Ramadan Fast, killing another Mohammedan accidentally and unintentionally ('katl-el-hatta'), and divorcing his wife by 'zihar' (e.g. by saying to her, 'thou art to me as my mother's or sister's back,' for which he must perform 'kafarah,' or expiation, before resuming conjugal rights), may be ordered by the Cadi to manumit a slave, or to

feed a certain number of poor persons as 'tahrir,' or atonement.

Exclusive of these peculiar modes of emancipation, there are three forms by which a master can manumit:

1. 'Atak,' the verbal grant of immediate and unconditional freedom.

2. 'Tadbit,' a promise of freedom contingent on the master's death, and revocable by him at pleasure at any time before it, but otherwise conferring freedom immediately the master dies, not only on the slave himself, but on all his children born subsequent to the promise; and

3. 'Kitabah,' a written agreement to free the slave on certain conditions, such as the payment in instalments of a ransom, pending the completion of which the slave, under the title of 'mukaltib,' enjoys a certain amount of personal freedom, but cannot by himself perform any valid legal or civil act.

Of these three modes of manumission, I believe 'tadbit' to be the commonest in Zanzibar at present; 'kitabah' is, I am told, a good deal rarer.

It should be remembered, in this connection, that the emancipation of slaves is a very meritorious act in the eyes of the Mohammedan religion, and that it has always been common for devout Moslems to purchase them with this specific object, a bequest of money for this purpose by will (called 'curbah,' or a pious gift) being considered peculiarly commendable.

It is a tradition that the Prophet once exclaimed: 'Whosoever shall free a Moslem slave God will free every member of his body, limb by limb, from the fire of hell.'

The emancipation by a stranger, such as a British Consul or other authority, of slaves purchased with this religious intention, is therefore strongly resented

by their owners, as depriving them of the merits of their contemplated act, and defrauding them, so to speak, of an investment in the world to come.

To sum up, whilst the Mohammedan law generally encourages emancipation, it requires, with a very few exceptions, that it should be the master's own free and spontaneous act.

At Zanzibar, however, the principles described above, although theoretically immutable, have been undermined by the operation of modern non-Mohammedan legislation, such as the Treaty between Sayyid Barghash and Her Majesty forbidding the introduction of any slaves by sea, the Decree of Sayyid Khalifa giving freedom to all slaves entering his territory after a certain date, that of Sayyid Ali prohibiting the sale and purchase of slaves, or their acquisition by any means save direct inheritance, and the Articles in the Brussels Act permitting and directing emancipation by a variety of authorities unknown to the Sacred Law.

Thus both the Sultan and I myself habitually free slaves in the exercise, so to speak, of our prerogative. His Highness, I believe, keeps within the letter of the law by ordering the master in every case to free the slave himself, thus maintaining the fiction of a voluntary act, since no Arab or Swahili Hampden would ever be found to insist on legal rights, in the face of a Royal command. I, of course, simply grant papers of freedom, without regard either to the letter or to the spirit of the law.

It is indeed very doubtful whether emancipation granted, even by a master, under compulsion, could be regarded as legally valid in the native Courts. They would certainly not recognize emancipation by myself or the Brussels Act, and, as far as they dared

(and they are very timid when dealing with the Sultan), they would, if appealed to, hardly be able to help pronouncing it invalid.

Suppose, for instance, a slave freed by me contrary to the Sheria were to bring an action against his former master, and that the latter were to plead that the emancipation was illegal, and that the plaintiff was still a slave, and therefore could not sue him, the Cadi would, according to strict law, be obliged to dismiss the case, and would probably do so, if he fancied it would go no further; but if the slave were shrewd enough to threaten him with the Sultan's anger for ignoring one of his Decrees, he would most likely discover some pretext for referring the dispute to His Highness, and thus shifting on to the shoulders of the latter the responsibility of breaking the Sacred Law. One convenient and rather interesting loophole for the Cadis of the Ibadhi sect is the doctrine of 'takiah,' or pious hypocrisy, which permits a man to commit an action forbidden by God, if necessary, to save himself, so long as he abhors it in his heart. Thus the chief Ibadhi Cadi here once told me, in reply to a question which I had put to him, that it would not be sinful for him to eat pork, if commanded by a tyrant to do so on pain of punishment, and when I cited to him the examples of Daniel and other saints who had been flung to lions rather than violate God's commands to please Kings, he ingenuously remarked that these holy men, being endowed with the gift of prophecy, were enabled to foretell beforehand that God would not allow the lions to do them any harm.

'We, however,' he added, 'have no assurance, if the Sultan should put us in the fort, for applying the Divine Law without fear of man, that Allah would send an angel to release us.' It is probable that the

Sultans themselves, in signing and enforcing all these Edicts against the Moslem laws of slavery, in order to conciliate mighty infidel powers, have found, and will continue to find, much comfort in this pleasant and useful doctrine of 'takiah.'

The grounds on which slaves are now freed by the Sultan and myself are twofold: (1) illegal purchase or importation, and (2) cruelty. It frequently happens that slaves come here with complaints of one kind or another (many are sent by the English missionaries, to whom they go even in greater numbers than to Her Majesty's Agency, and who always send them on to myself), and that it transpires on inquiry that they have either been imported since the Decree of Sayyid Khalifa, or changed masters by sale, gift, or bequest, since the Decree of Sayyid Ali – both of which, owing to real or pretended ignorance, are, I regret to say, constantly disobeyed.[1] Complaints of cruelty are a good deal more frequent; but many of the cases brought before me are purely frivolous, and often amount merely to a blow or to a mild castigation with the stick for impertinence, laziness, assaults on other slaves, or some equally trifling matter. Once, for instance, a concubine complained to me that her master had brought home a second slave girl, and wanted either to be emancipated herself, or to be given, if her rival were not instantly dismissed, a separate house to live in with her children. On her master's agreeing to this she objected, because the

[1] I use the expression 'real ignorance,' for although the Decree of Sayyid Ali is generally known to have been published, some natives undoubtedly imagine, from an incorrect recollection of facts, that it was afterwards cancelled, or has become obsolete with the death of its author. Sayyid Khalifa's Decree of 1889 was, I believe, only partially published, the Article about the freedom of children born after 1890 being suppressed.

house was in the country and not in town, and she ultimately carried her point, and drove the rival concubine from the field. When, however, any case of real cruelty comes to my notice, and the slave shows either marks of severe beating, or of having been insufficiently fed, or been made to work when physically unfit, or complains of the withholding of any of the customary indulgences, I either free him myself if he belongs to the mainland, or send him, if a native of Zanzibar, to the Sultan, with a request that he may be freed, and his master punished according to the merits of the case; and His Highness has hitherto in every instance most readily carried out my wishes. I should add that the same procedure is followed in the case of slaves sold or imported contrary to the Sultan's Decree; and, further, that since 1890, under the agreement between Sayyid Khalifa and Sir Gerald Portal of the 13th September, 1889, all persons, whatever their origin, born in Pemba and Zanzibar, are born free. I have not so far insisted on this last measure, for it, at present, only affects very young children; and there is always the obvious danger that some owners (I trust not very many) might reply that, if these children are not their slaves, they are under no obligation to maintain or assist their slave mothers in maintaining them. Such a contention would, of course, be most inhuman, and quite opposed to the Mohammedan religion; but it might not be easy for the Sultan or myself to appeal to the Mohammedan law in this respect, after having ourselves disregarded it in so many others. The question as to how these children's rights shall be asserted, and what compensation, if any, shall be assigned to their present masters for providing for them till they grow up, will, however, become more pressing every year. My own

inclination would be, whilst treating them in every other respect (civil rights, etc.) as absolute freemen, to apprentice them for a term of years – seven, ten, or any other reasonable period – after the age of (say) 15, to their parents' master, and thus make them pay back in useful labour the cost of their maintenance during childhood.

§ II

Such being the theory and practice of the existing law respecting slavery, I now propose to discuss the probable effect of the application to Pemba and Zanzibar (the mainland, I understand, your Lordship would not now propose to touch) of the India Act of 1843; and before going further, it may be as well that I should state what, as far as I have been able to ascertain, are the relative proportions of the free and slave populations in the two islands. My figures are, of course, conjectural; but Sir L. Mathews, to whom I am indebted for them, has arrived at them by as careful a computation as is possible in a country where, owing to Mohammedan objections to 'numbering the people,' no census has ever yet been taken.

His calculation is roughly as follows:—

Zanzibar and Pemba :—	
Europeans (including Americans) and Eurasians (excluding Goanese)	200
Indians and other non-Arab Asiatics	7,500
Arabs (pure)	4,000
Swahilis (free-born)	30,000
Freed slaves	27,000
Slaves	140,000
Total	208,700

In Sayyid Barghash's time, that Prince estimated the population of Zanzibar at 300,000 and that of Pemba at 100,000, but of this total number about two-thirds, or 266,000, were slaves. As it is generally believed that the various measures directed in and since Barghash's reign against the import and sale of slaves, combined with the fact that, as your Lord-

ship is aware, they have few children, have during the last fifteen or twenty years reduced the slave population by about one-half, and as there has been, so far as can be seen, little change in the numbers of the free population, these estimates would seem to harmonize fairly well with one another.

We have thus a population of some 140,000 slaves working for about 60,000 free inhabitants. What effect would be produced on the relations of these two classes by the introduction of an Act making them equal before the law, and abolishing the legal subordination of one to the other?

Some time would no doubt at first elapse before the existence of the new law was generally known, or its real nature and meaning generally understood. Much, of course, would depend upon the manner in which it was promulgated. If ostentatiously and ceremoniously proclaimed by the Sultan in full Durbar its contents would very soon become public property, and would produce throughout all classes great excitement and ferment, but not, I believe, if proper precautions were taken, any disturbances of a serious nature. If, on the other hand (as I presume was done in India), it were merely published in the official *Gazette* or posted on the walls of Government buildings, it would probably create little attention, and only begin to be felt when some twenty or thirty slaves, who came here with the usual complaints, had been freed by me, not, as formerly, on the grounds either of cruelty or illegal acquisition, but simply because their servile status was no longer one known to the law.

I am not myself yet sufficiently acquainted with the condition and habits of the slave population to express any personal opinion as to the numbers who would

take advantage of their freedom; but Sir L. Mathews is of opinion that as soon as the change in the law was generally known, three-fourths of the whole body of slaves would abandon their work, and that, after a very few months, the great majority of the clove and other plantations would go out of cultivation, and the owners, already heavily in debt to Indian traders and unable to find a purchaser for their lands, which would have been rendered entirely worthless, would, with few exceptions, become bankrupt. He considers that about one-quarter of the present slaves might remain as free domestics with masters who had previously treated them well; and it seems only reasonable to suppose that a certain proportion might, from force of habit, disinclination (if old and infirm) for change, and the apathy and want of enterprise begotten of their natural laziness, remain living from hand to mouth on the plantations, and do work from time to time in a fitful way for their old owners whenever pressed by temporary want. Of the Arab landowners, as many as could do so, would, he thinks, leave either for Muscat or for the German coast, where some of the principal Zanzibar Arabs have estates, and where the maintenance by the German Government of a mild system of domestic slavery would permit such of them as had been able to save anything from the wreck, to cultivate, on, of course, greatly reduced incomes.

Sir L. Mathews estimates that about half the Swahili middle and lower class population would abandon Zanzibar and Pemba and migrate to German territory, where, under certain restrictions, they could buy slaves and concubines, and employ slave labour without Government interference. It must be remembered that nearly every free householder, in how-

ever humble a position, is also a slave-holder, and is quite unaccustomed to the idea of employing free servants or workmen, whose wages, indeed, would be far beyond his means, and who, if he were very poor, would probably not remain with him. He prefers, if a small trader, peasant, or artisan, to keep a slave of his own, who will help him to cook and eat his frugal meal, watch his dwelling and tools while he is absent, if he lives in the country, till or aid him in tilling his field, and, if a woman, share his bed without the claims and pretensions of a wife, till he tires of her, and either gives her her freedom, or perhaps bestows her, as part of a trade or private bargain, in marriage.

Of course, if the German Government could be induced to abolish slavery at the same time as ourselves, this migration from Zanzibar to German territory would have no reason for taking place; but if they continue to maintain it, and we put an end to it here, they will naturally attract at our expense such small native capital and industry as these islands possess by the offer of more favourable conditions for its development. This danger, if it can be called a danger, must, however, I think, in any case arise, for slavery appears likely to die a natural death by the operation of existing laws rather more rapidly in Zanzibar than in German East Africa, and the coolie labour which will save the plantations will not meet the household needs of the middle and lower classes. It may be hoped that the latter will gradually adjust themselves to an inevitable change, if it operates gradually and not suddenly. Many of them have had to do so already, as, if their one or two slaves run away or die, the Sultan's Decrees forbid them to replace them.

I have, so far, only quoted Sir L. Mathews as to the probable effects of the 'Indian Act,' but every

other European in Zanzibar whom I have ever talked to on the subject agrees with him, and I should imagine that even the missionaries, who are naturally and rightly anxious for the extinction of a system so repugnant as slavery to the humane spirit of the Gospel, would admit that it ought to be accompanied, if the material interests of Zanzibar are to be considered, by the introduction of non-negro labour. The French Consul, for example, was speaking to me the other day about the late M. Cottoni's estate in Pemba, which I had visited when in that island, and which he had just put up for sale. I asked him if he thought it would get another French purchaser. 'Of course not,' he said, 'no European would be so foolish as to buy land in these islands, which, being forbidden to own slaves, he could not cultivate.' The Governor of German East Africa is equally emphatic. In a Report by Mr. Gosselin on the German Colonies (Foreign Office Miscellaneous Series, No. 346 of 1894, p. 41), he is described as informing his Government that 'any general measure for abolishing slavery is at present out of the question, as it would inevitably entail the economic ruin of the Colony. Agriculture depends chiefly on slave labour, and were the slaves emancipated, the land would go out of cultivation. 'He is,' says Mr. Gosselin, 'of opinion that there is no need for a sudden abolition of slavery, which exists in its very mildest form in East Africa, and that emancipation is not even wished for by the slaves themselves.' This last assertion may seem to contradict those preceding it as to the ruin which would follow abolition, since, if the slaves are so contented, why, it may be asked, should they hasten to leave their work? What, however, Baron von Scheele, I imagine, really means, and what I believe to be true

both as regards Zanzibar and German East Africa, is simply this: that although there is on the part of the slaves, as a class, no deep or strong wish for emancipation, they would not, if it were offered them, be able to withstand the temptations of freedom. They may be compared to children in a schoolroom, who, without regarding the lessons set them as a special hardship, would, nevertheless, not remain at their books if suddenly told by their teacher that those who wished to were free to go and play.[1] Baron von Scheele further notices the difficulty of getting the natives to understand time contracts, 'the negro serving just as long as he feels inclined and then running away.' I may say that the opinions expressed by his Excellency on the slavery question, in the Report from which I have just quoted, entirely coincide with his own language to myself, and with that of every German official with whom I have spoken respecting it in German East Africa.

Perhaps, however, the best evidence that these fears are not chimerical is to be found, not in any general theories, but in the practical experience of the few persons who have attempted to make land pay, or even cover the expenses of cultivation in Zanzibar with free negro labour. Sir L. Mathews has himself tried the experiment on an estate belonging

[1]Count Tolstoy, the celebrated Christian anarchist philosopher, once started on his estates in Russia a school based on the principle that the amount of direction of the studies should depend entirely on the will of the children themselves. His great personal influence insured him a surprising success; but from time to time his pupils tumultuously voted against having any lessons at all, and he was forced to admit that the educational results were rather irregular. Agriculture with free negro labour *only* would be probably very much like education at Tolstoy's school. The negro, in East Africa at least, is little more than a grown-up child.

to him at Koani, in the central and richest part of this island. He started with exceptional advantages, his own thorough knowledge of and sympathy with his native labourers, and the prestige which he derived from his position as the Sultan's chief Minister, and which, in view of the vast powers of punishing and imprisoning the disobedient which it carried in the native mind, gave him an authority over them such as no other European could have wielded, and almost as great as that of an owner over his slaves. His treatment of his labourers was very liberal, but he was quite unable to keep even half of them at work. 'At Koani,' he writes, in a letter which is before me, 'I distributed seventy freed slaves over my shamba, and gave them daily food, clothing, and wives, and as much land as they could cultivate. After their first harvest, I found that many more could support themselves. I then made an agreement with them that instead of charging rent for their farms (or taking a part of their produce in lieu of rent) they should work for me every other day unpaid, and that on their days I would pay them daily wages, while during the clove season, when daily labour was requisite for picking cloves, I would pay them daily until the season ended. Out of seventy, thirty fulfilled the engagement, forty, who were lazy and drunkards, left me; of these, some are now roaming about the island, others working, as the fit and hunger take them, as labourers in the town. The barrack's prison is often their resting-place. Slaves cannot be reckoned on as regular workers except when under the strict supervision of their Arab masters.'

I will only mention one more fact, which, if not absolutely conclusive, is, I venture to think, a very significant and instructive one. A large proportion of the estates belonging to native proprietors throughout

Zanzibar and Pemba are mortgaged, and have been so for many years past, to British-Indians, chiefly Banian and Khoja traders. These men often find it a difficult matter, owing to the increasing embarrassments of the proprietors as the supply of slaves diminishes, to obtain the interest on their advances; yet they none of them foreclose. And the reason that they do not is simple: they are shrewd men of business, and they know, and will tell anyone who asks them, that inasmuch as being British subjects they cannot own slaves, the lands which they would thus acquire would, to them, be practically worthless.

Sir L. Mathews estimates the loss which would accrue to the State from the application of the Indian Act at about two-thirds of the revenue from cloves, etc., or nearly one-third of the total revenue, while the increase of expenditure which it would entail would be about 7,000L. a year.[1] It would be necessary to establish three Courts in Zanzibar and three in Pemba to see that the Act was not evaded, and for each Court he would allow an European inspector, a sub-inspector, and a force of fifty police, with a central office at Zanzibar itself.

[1]The present revenue of Zanzibar is, say, roughly, 70,000L. a year; its absolutely necessary expenditure 60,000L. The destruction of the clove plantation would mean, in average years, a loss of 20,000L.; the new expenses necessary to enforce abolition would mean a permanent charge of from 7,000L. to 8,000L. This would entail, even with the utmost economy and the abandonment of the mainland, a deficit, for a good many years, till new sources of revenue were created, of 17,000L. a year; or if slavery died a natural death, and no coolie labour took its place, of about 10,000L. a year. The estimated revenue from cloves this year was 300,000 rupees, or 16,000L.; last year, a good one, it was twice that amount or 32,000L.; so that the average estimate of 20,000L. is rather below than above the mark.

The following are his figures:—

Chief Inspector (English)	£200
Assistant	150
50 Police and N.C.O.'s	652
Uniforms, etc.	50
Incidental expenses	48
	1,100
Five other Courts on same basis	5,500
Central Office	270
Total	6,870

It would also be necessary to have barracks for the men, coastguard stations, and six boats.

I should say that, at the same time, it would be necessary to increase the ordinary police force to meet the increase of crime and disorder which would result (*a*) from the pauperization of a large number of the poorer freemen; (*b*) from the influx into Zanzibar city of large numbers of idle freed slaves, living not by any regular employment, but from hand to mouth on what, in slang parlance, would be called 'odd jobs,' whenever they happened to want enough pice to satisfy their very primitive and simple needs, and probably often robbing and stealing; (*c*) from the increase of public vice certain to ensue from the sudden throwing on to the street of numerous concubines, whose ruined owners could no longer maintain their former harems, and who, having been given their freedom, would easily be seduced into following strangers, and drift, being incapable of work, into living by prostitution; and (*d*) from the temporary demoralization of all classes, which scarcely ever fails,

in all countries, to accompany any sudden and unsettling dislocation of social conditions. Sir L. Mathews indeed fears, to quote a letter which he has written to me, 'that if slaves were generally emancipated without first taking strong measures for the protection of life, in Pemba many of them would rise against their former masters, and murders would take place in isolated parts of Zanzibar.' This happened, so he tells me, in Johanna. I should not venture, with my short experience, to say that his fears were idle, and they may be warranted by the fact that in Pemba, far away from European supervision, the evils of slavery have weighed, and, I am afraid, still do so, more cruelly on the slaves than in Zanzibar; but whether the danger is a serious one or not, it would be prudent, and indeed necessary, to provide for it.

Another item of expenditure, which I hardly think it would be just not to allow for, would be the allotment of a certain sum as compensation to such owners as lost their *lawful* slaves. The Arabs have always been led to believe that, although slavery must, sooner or later, be uprooted, the justice of the British Government would respect existing vested rights, and that slaves lawfully inherited or acquired by them would not, so long as they treated them humanely, be taken away from them by any retrospective enactment. Sir John Kirk, I see, suggests that no compensation should be given, on the ground that the majority of the slaves now in the islands may be shown, by a process of circumstantial reasoning, to have been illegally imported, but even if this were proved, there would still be a minority of owners who, having come into possession of their slaves in various manners hitherto recognized by us as lawful, or, at least, tolerable, should, I think, receive their fair value. I should sug-

gest that every owner who could prove that a slave was not held by him illegally, i.e. contrary to the Treaty or Sultan's Decrees, should be paid a sum to be calculated by the Slave Court on his actual present value as a labourer. Believing, as I do, with all deference to so high an authority, that a much greater number of slaves than Sir John Kirk seems to suppose are lawfully held, I should anticipate that the total amount to be paid in compensation would be considerable; but I feel sure that Her Majesty's Government would rather make, if it were necessary, a pecuniary sacrifice than do anything which might weaken in the minds of the natives their firm belief in the justice of British rule.

It may be argued by optimists that the picture which I have drawn is over-charged, and that none of these difficulties or evils attended the application of the Act of 1843, in India itself, though it affected, as Sir Bartle Frere observes, some tens of millions of Mohammedans. It is possible that my keen sense of the danger of the experiment here may have led me unconsciously to exaggerate it, and I certainly do not know enough about the conditions of Moslem slavery in India to venture any positive expression of opinion upon that side of the argument; but I should, at first sight, be inclined to suspect that the social conditions of India and Zanzibar were so different as to render any parallel between them misleading. In India, I believe, as in Egypt at the present day, the great mass of the population, the workers on whom the wealth of the land depends, were in 1843, as at present, both personally free and by habit and necessity laborious, whilst the vast majority of slaves were household domestics of various classes, ranging from the concubines, pages, pipe-bearers, and eunuchs of the Great

Rajahs and Nobles to the personal servants of the well-to-do middle-class Moslem. I should conjecture that a large proportion of these slaves, those, at any rate, who lived in the Palaces of the native Princes and aristocracy, were not only well off and well contented with their lot, but inclined to look down on the poorer freemen. Such was certainly the case with the so-called 'Mameluks' or 'white slaves' in Egypt, from whom the 'Circassian Pasha' class of to-day chiefly descend, and who, though legally slaves bought in Georgia or in the markets of Constantinople, were, in reality, an oppressive ruling oligarchy. It is certain that, if the status of slavery were abolished in Egypt to-morrow, however much the Mohammedans might cry out, as in their present temper they doubtless would, that religion was being attacked by the English, and whatever temporary inconvenience might be occasioned to a certain number of families of the higher and middle classes, the revenue would not be perceptibly diminished, or the labour in the fields affected. And, speaking of course without personal knowledge, I should say that the conditions of India in this respect in 1843 were in all likelihood not widely different, that the Indian peasants, whether ryots or holding under Zemindars, were hardly touched by the change at all, and that while many of the former slaves remained as free domestics with their old masters, a large number, especially in great households, never even attempted to claim their freedom. If we take Sir Bartle Frere's figures of over 10,000,000 Mohammedan slave-holders, allowing on an average two slaves to each, and if we calculate the total population of India at 200,000,000, this would make the slaves only one-tenth of the whole. How different is such a condition from that in Zanzibar, where the

slaves are more than twice as numerous as the free inhabitants, and where the labour, which, if left to themselves, they have no special incentive to perform, is the main source of the national revenue!

§ III

I now come to the question of the relation of domestic slavery to the Slave Trade. Sir Lloyd Mathews tells me he estimates the number of the slaves now imported into Pemba and Zanzibar at 1,000, or at most 1,500, yearly, of whom nearly 1,000 are probably raw slaves, and the number of slaves exported or stolen at about 500 yearly. The pilgrims returning from Mecca, which, with its annual world's fair for all Moslems free from any European supervision, is now, perhaps, the chief slave mart of the world, and will have, sooner or later, to be thrown open if any serious endeavour is to be made to stamp out the remains of the Slave Trade, only bring back about fifty a year, but the pilgrimage itself from Zanzibar is much smaller than it was in the time of Sayyid Barghash, who encouraged and assisted it in every way, and not more than a few hundreds annually, if as many, from the whole Swahili coast, now perform it. Of the slaves and freed slaves now living in the islands, Sir Lloyd Mathews thinks that about 6,000 or 7,000 were imported before the Treaty of 1873, but he says it is impossible to estimate by mere general calculation the proportion of those born in the islands to those unlawfully imported since the Treaty, especially in view of the absolutely unknown number who have died or run away during the last twenty years.[1] Nothing but a careful examination of

[1]In Barghash's reign there were 266,000 slaves. Allowing for thirty-five children for each 100 slaves, this would give us about 55,000 slaves born since then, plus 7,000 imported before the Treaty of 1873, i.e. a total of 62,000 slaves lawfully held, leaving about 78,000 introduced contrary to the Treaty since 1873, or on an average nearly 4,000 per annum. This does not allow either for deaths or births among the younger generation of slaves. If we allow, as

each plantation could give any idea of this, and even then the utter ignorance of the slaves, and the loose, inaccurate mental habits of the Arabs themselves, would deprive their information, assuming it not to be deliberately misleading, of any real statistical value. All that can be said for certain is that the number of slaves now brought across in dhows is much less than in former years, as the danger from men-of-war, and especially from the wholesome severity of the German authorities on the coast, affords a too powerful deterrent. The slaves are far more frequently, I believe, smuggled across from the mainland, two or three at a time, in small fishing-boats, which fly no flag, and attract little attention. They run into some small creek or inlet, far away from Zanzibar town, and the slaves are then landed, under cover of the darkness, and distributed through the inland villages and plantations. I had a bad case of this kind before me only a week ago, in which a boy from Unyamwezi had been kidnapped with two others (respecting whom I am making inquiries) under the very eyes of the German authorities at Bagamoyo, brought across in a small boat, such as I have described above, to Mangipani, a coast village about 15 miles north of Zanzibar, and then taken inland across country and sold at Uzini, one of the chief agricultural centres of the island; and I believe cases of this kind are now far more habitual than any large importation by dhows. This traffic would probably still go on, though, of course, in smaller propor-

Sir Lloyd Mathews estimates, thirty-five children to every 100 slaves, and therefore about ten or eleven children to every thirty-five slaves, the second generation of slaves born since 1873 would amount to about 15,000 or 18,000. But it cannot be too carefully borne in mind that all such calculations are mere guess-work.

tions, even if the Indian Act were applied here, and the legal status of slavery abolished. It is true that a slave so imported could at any moment claim his freedom, but so he can at present; the purchase of slaves of whatever description is illegal, and the buyers know that the slave has only to run to this Agency to claim his freedom; yet they buy, and would, in many cases, go on buying even if the legal status were abolished, speculating partly on the ignorance of the slave, partly on the prospect of his being satisfied with his lot, partly on the chance of their being able to finally prevent his coming to Zanzibar, even if he should take it into his head to do so, and partly on the assistance of every other native in combining with them to defeat the law. Of course, the uncertainty and risk attending the purchase would depreciate, and has already depreciated, the value of slaves, and if the legal status of slavery is abolished, and the clove plantations consequently put an end to, there will, no doubt, be a much smaller demand for them than formerly. They will still, however, probably continue to be imported in driblets, as concubines, household servants or labourers on small farms, and will continue to be bought as such. The Courts of Law, so long as they are Mohammedan and administer the Sheria, will, no doubt, not assist, but cannot be asked to actively interfere to prevent these transactions, though the new English Courts proposed by Sir Lloyd Mathews may do much to stop them; but slave-dealing is so ingrained in the whole life and habits of this people, is so completely part of their nature, that, whatever public measures may be taken to stamp it out, it will linger on surreptitiously for many years.

§ IV

Lastly, I would propose to consider, in view of the state of things described above, what measures can be advantageously adopted under present circumstances for finally extinguishing slavery and the Slave Trade in and with these islands.

Your Lordship will have inferred from what I have had the honour to submit above that I earnestly deprecate the application at the present moment of the Indian Act, or of any general measure of immediate abolition. I do so on two grounds: (1) because of its effect on the financial position of the Sultanate, and (2) because I consider that the instruments at present in our hands are quite sufficient, if properly used, to bring about the rapid disappearance of the servile status, a consummation which, however, would make it desirable, from a Zanzibar point of view, that some scheme for introducing coolie labour should be simultaneously set on foot. The present moment, indeed, seems peculiarly unsuitable for any step in the direction of wholesale abolition. The Sultan is about to pay down 200,000L. (a large sum for Zanzibar) to resume possession of the Concession now held by the Imperial British East Africa Company, and is also, at the invitation of Her Majesty's Government, to assume new and extensive responsibilities for the territories forming part of the British sphere of influence in the interior. To do this efficiently the Zanzibar Government will have to strain its resources to the utmost, and the initial expenses of the first few years, while the new Administration is being organized, and before it yields anything in the shape of returns proportionate to its cost, will be considerable. If it is called upon at the same time to sacrifice over a third of its present revenue, and to borrow or appeal for aid to Her

Majesty's Government to establish Slave Courts, increase its police force, and incur other indefinite expenses, all idea of extending its authority on the mainland must be abandoned, and its whole energies concentrated on the difficult task of averting bankruptcy from the islands.

What can, however, be done is this: (*a*) the existing Decrees can continue to be enforced, and an increasing number of slaves freed every year. I am constantly freeing them, and so is the Sultan at my suggestion and at that of Sir Lloyd Mathews, when evasions of the Decrees are, as frequently happens, brought before us; (*b*) some system of registration might be devised which would enable us to become acquainted with the exact numbers of the slave population at present in the islands, and thus to check fresh importations. The introduction of such a system would be unpopular, and would be open to certain objections, one of which would be its expense, but I should propose to connect it with a further organization, that (*c*) of a really efficient coastguard. I would divide Zanzibar into four coastguard districts (Zanzibar proper, Kokotoni, Chuaka, and Kizimkazi), and Pemba into three (Kishi-Kashi, Chaki Chaki, or east coast, and Kisungu), each under an English retired warrant or petty officer, who would have, say, fifty Askaris under him, and would patrol the whole coast of his district with the object of preventing the smuggling in either of slaves or of any other contraband merchandise. Allowing 800L. or 900L. a year for each of these coastguard districts and staff, there would be a charge on the Zanzibar Exchequer of from 5,000L. to 6,000L. a year, which, as being incurred in deference to the wishes and general Slave Trade policy of Her Majesty's Government, might be covered, either wholly or in

part, by a grant-in-aid from Imperial funds. Such a coastguard service would, I believe, especially if the penalties for raw slave-trading were made a good deal severer (the Germans hang for it, but perhaps it would be hardly fair to ask a Mohammedan Prince to do that, and I would suggest imprisonment for life), absolutely stop the import into the islands, and, combined with the application of existing Decrees, practically put an end in about ten or fifteen years, probably less, to the status of slavery, except of course in the form of 'concubinage,' which, so long as we permit polygamy and the harem system, must continue to flourish, and still does so, in spite of the Act of 1843, in India itself. A further precaution might be to make it penal for a British or Zanzibar subject to transfer his dhow to the subject of a foreign Power without previous registration before a British Consular officer, who might, if he thought fit, refuse it. This would prevent numerous British and Zanzibar dhows owned by Indians all along the German coast from being sold, as now constantly happens, to natives under German protection, and thus escaping search under the German flag. The German authorities at Dar-es-Salaam, etc., might not recognize this enactment in German territory, nor could we, of course, enforce it there, but we could punish the Indian seller on his coming to Zanzibar, and, as a matter of fact, a large number of those Indians are only the agents of rich merchants living here, who could be made responsible for their acts.

If, however, these measures, or any of them, are adopted, and the extinction of slavery, already inevitable, is thereby hastened, as probably will be the case, by several years, I would again most respectfully urge on Her Majesty's Government the importance of losing no time during the breathing space still left

to us in introducing coolie labour into these islands. Indeed, had your Lordship not raised the whole question, and had no fresh efforts against slavery been considered necessary, I should still have earnestly pressed for the adoption of some such measure, and even before receiving your despatch under reply, I had frequently, with a view to the future, discussed with Sir Lloyd Mathews and Mr. Berkeley the best means of importing coolies. They could begin by being employed by the Government on public works, State lands, etc., and once their introduction was seen to be assured, Europeans and Indians might recover confidence and begin to buy up native estates. If they filled the labour market with sufficient rapidity to spread over and take root in the island, and to step without any abrupt break entailing temporary loss of revenue (if only for six months or a year) into the place of the present slave population, the legal status might then safely be abolished, even before it had died a natural death.

I must apologize for the very great length of this Report, and for the numerous digressions into which it has led me, but the question with which it deals is of such vital importance to the Protectorate that I have felt bound to go into it very fully, even at the risk of appearing tedious.

I have, etc.,
(Signed) ARTHUR H. HARDINGE.

Mr. A. Hardinge to the Earl of Kimberley.

(*Received April* 5.)
(*Extract*).

ZANZIBAR, March 13, 1895.

MY LORD,

The telegraphic report of the views expressed in

the House of Commons in favour of the immediate abolition of slavery in these islands, even if it were necessary to make up the deficit in their revenues by means of a grant from Imperial funds, leads me to add to my despatch of the 26th ultimo a few remarks as to the probable amount which Parliament might be asked to provide.

In that despatch I dwelt chiefly on the loss of revenue which would accrue to Zanzibar from the almost complete destruction of her agriculture, and from the necessary reduction of the tax on such cloves as still remained. But I ought, perhaps, also to call attention to the indirect effect which would be produced upon the revenue by the blow which abolition will inflict upon the trade of the Protectorate.

In the first place, the great decrease in our exports must produce, not necessarily an exactly corresponding, but still a marked decrease in our imports. In addition to the loss of about two-thirds of our clove export, we shall lose a corresponding amount in copra, though, as the latter is not subject to any duty or produce tax, the effect on the revenue will be, comparatively speaking, unfelt. Last year, we exported 108,321 bales of copra, representing 1,034,755 rupees. Mr. Strickland of the Custom house informs me that, in his opinion, abolition will entail a reduction of this amount by just about two-thirds, and that all our other agricultural products will be similarly affected. This diminution of our purchasing power, combined with the consequent falling-off of the business done by the British and other foreign merchants, must tell in a variety of ways, though it may be difficult to estimate to what actual amount, on the income of the State. The actual loss of revenue will not be as considerable as it would have been had Zanzibar not

been made a free port. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that we lose only about one-third of our present imports, as a consequence of a loss of two-thirds of our exports, this would mean a yearly loss in direct duty of about 2,000L., and in indirect taxes on imports, such as wharfage, declaration stamps, of about 1,100L. A more serious effect of the rise in price of labour, and difficulty of obtaining it, will be that landing charges will be doubled, which will practically amount to a 4 or 5 per cent. duty on all goods landed at Zanzibar, and will very considerably impair the benefit derived by trade from the establishment of the free port. All lighterage, loading, and coaling operations will suffer. These operations are at present performed by two classes of slaves, the 'hamals' (or, as the natives here call them, 'hamalis') and 'chakuzis.' The hamals, of whom there are a few hundred in Zanzibar, are, like their namesakes in Constantinople and throughout the East, porters or carriers of heavy loads only, and are almost all held by two principal Arab landowners, one of whom is a native of Makallah. The chakuzis, who are also called 'vibarua,' are much more numerous, and from 1,000 to 2,000 of them can usually be procured for work at short notice. They constitute, indeed, the whole of the large class of slaves who are not required for plantation labour or domestic service, and are free to work for themselves on condition that they bring every day a certain sum home to their master. The latter generally has little difficulty in ascertaining what wages or what labour is obtainable by them, and should he find that they bring back nothing, or not enough when he knows that they could get good pay, he will probably lock them up or administer a beating, as a punishment for their laziness.

As a rule, they can earn from the merchants, on an average throughout the whole year, from 16 to 20 pice a day, or about 4*d.* or 5*d.* of our money (when business is active sometimes double that sum), of which the master gets a certain proportion, as described in my despatch of the 26th ultimo, and the knowledge that they must produce this amount every evening insures their hiring themselves out for work. Of course it sometimes happens that they cannot obtain employment, either because the market is overstocked or business slack; if so, their master must either free them or maintain them at his own expense until they can get work. A Swahili of the slave class, needing no coals or spirituous liquors or more than the very slightest clothing, can subsist on about 1*d.* a day, and for one day's work he is now commonly paid (though, of course, he does not get all or nearly all of it himself) 4*d.* or 5*d.*, and sometimes even 10*d.* He would, therefore, if freed, be able, especially in busy times, when plenty of ships were in port, to command twice or three times that amount, i.e. 1*s.* or 1*s.* 6*d.* a day (on special occasions 2*s.* 6*d.*), which would keep him in idleness (since he never thinks of saving) for a fortnight or more at a time. Thus the merchants and employers of labour generally would have to pay twice or three times what they now do, and the propertied class would, in addition to the ruin of their estates, have to suffer from a general rise of prices. All the British and foreign business houses here would undoubtedly be seriously affected. I was discussing the prospect only yesterday with one of the most active and clear-headed of the English merchants here, who is himself so little of a pessimist that he believes negro labour might be ultimately relied upon. 'I think,' he said, 'that after a year or two we should get

on to our legs again, though, of course, we should suffer a certain permanent loss; but at first there can be no doubt that abolition would upset and indeed completely paralyse trade.'

The precise effect of all this upon the Zanzibar revenue I cannot venture to gauge, but that it would have an effect can hardly be doubted, and I would submit that it is an element in the question which should not be lost sight of in estimating the amount which Zanzibar may fairly apply for to Parliament in return for the abolition of domestic slavery.

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